HOW THE SCHOOL SYSTEM BETRAYS SMART KIDS

Beyond Stuyvesant: 10 high schools that make the honor roll. By Susan Brenna

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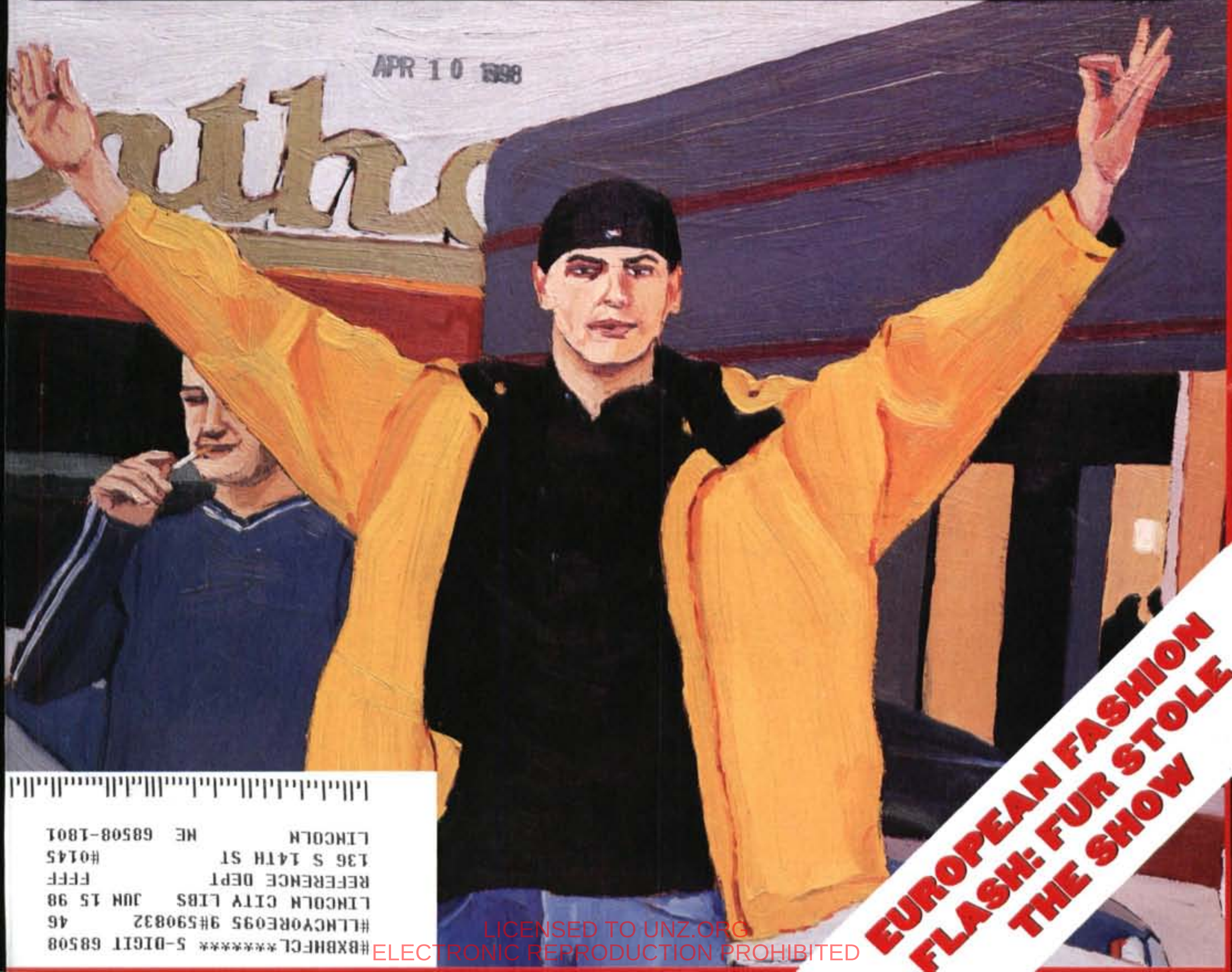

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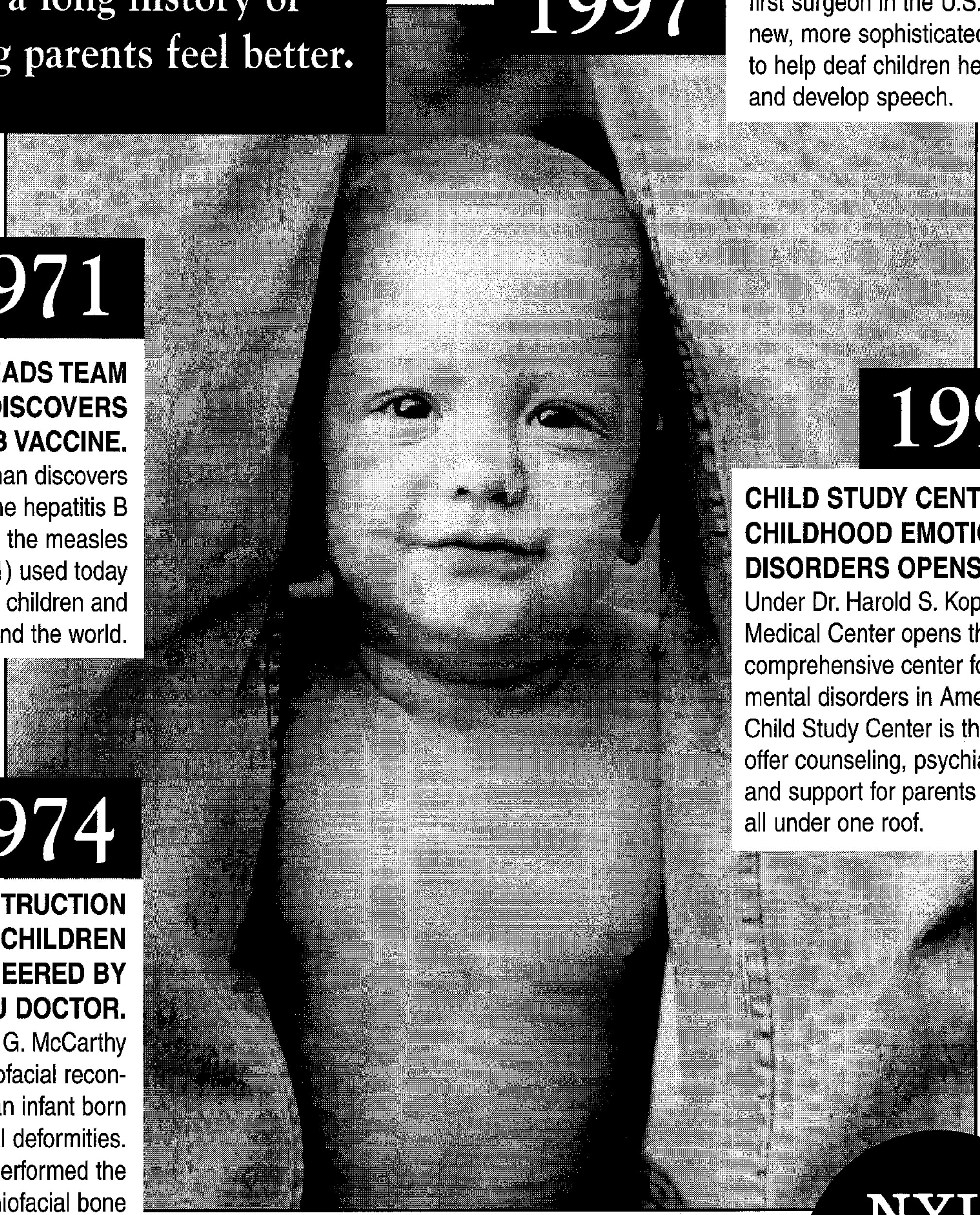

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NYU DOCTOR LEADS TEAM THAT DISCOVERS HEPATITIS B VACCINE.

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1997

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1998

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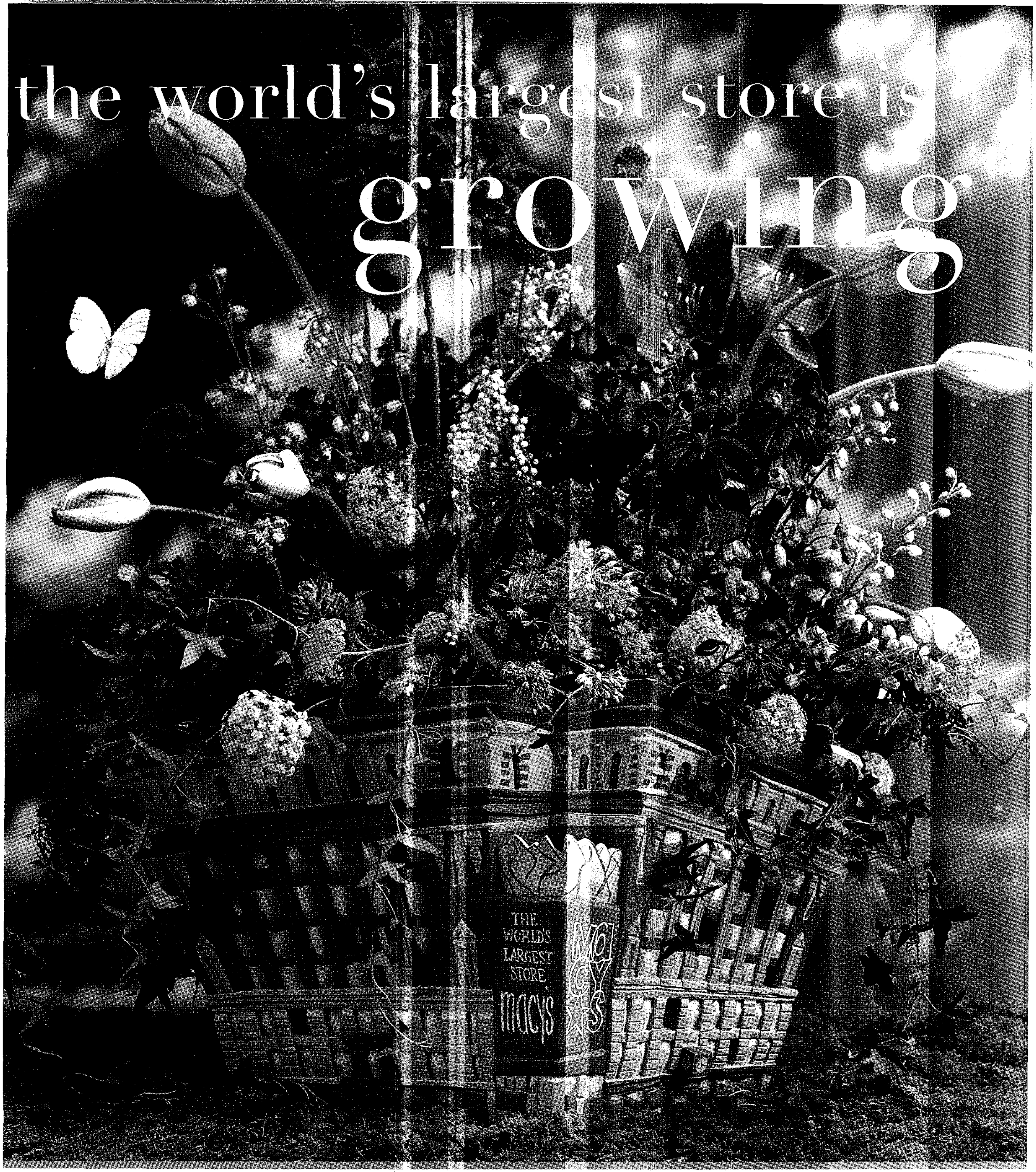
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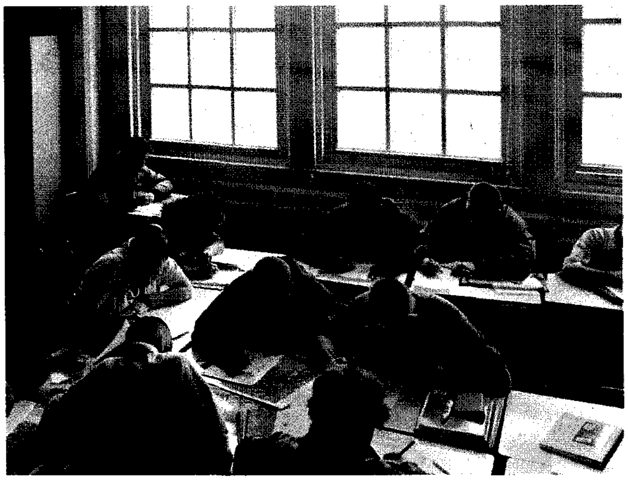

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By Susan Brenna

If you're a good student who didn't make the cut at Stuyvesant, you might think you'd be first in line at the next best school. Think again. A look at ten hot alternative public high schools—and the quota system that keeps smart kids out and seems to favor low achievers.

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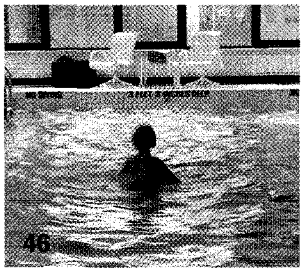
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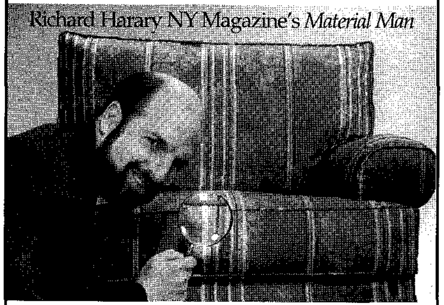
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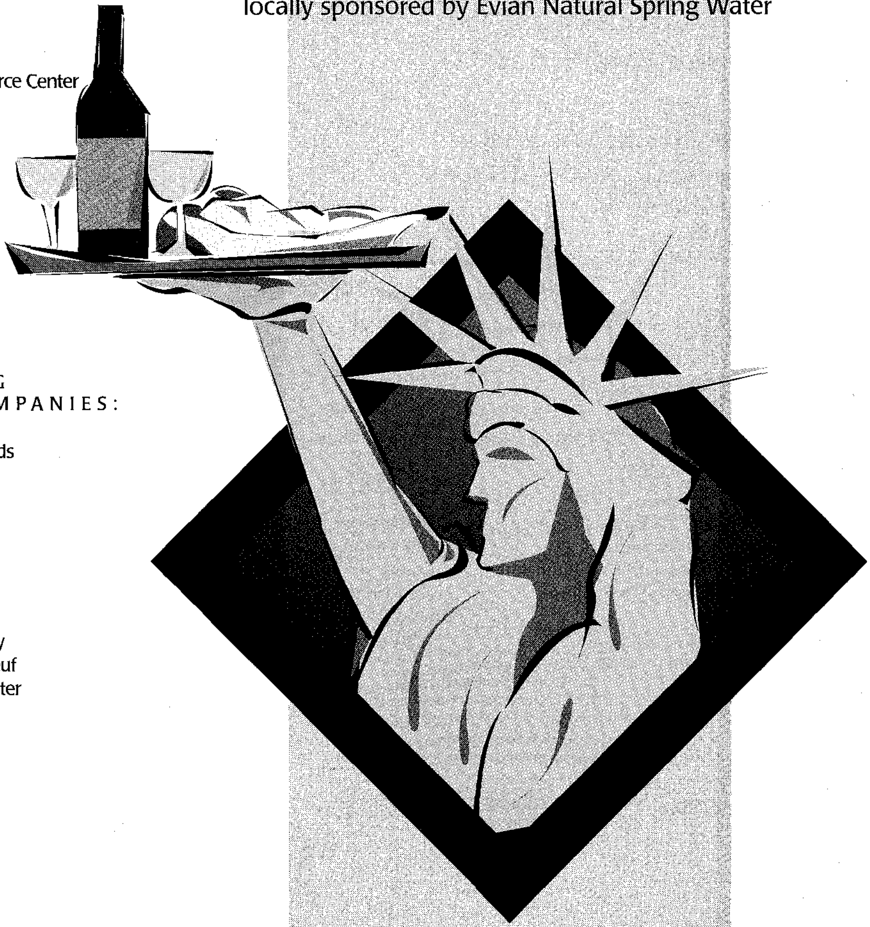

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The Civil City

I'M GLAD TO KNOW I'M NOT THE ONLY one puzzled by the poor publicity this city has for its attitude ["The City Politic: Uncivil Discourse," by Michael Tomasky, March 16]. Non-natives confuse haste with rudeness. Can you imagine if we said hello to everyone we met on the street? I am always amazed at how kind and thoughtful people can be in this crazy city. Many times I've seen a tourist surrounded by New Yorkers giving directions. I spent last summer touring in Europe and was surprised at how rude people there were compared with those here. Now that our reputation is improving, though, I wish it would go back to the way it was before. The city is getting too crowded, and the rent . . .

Gina Santonas
QUEENS

AFTER READING "UNCIVIL DISCOURSE," I thought it was time to share a story with the rest of New York. One day in late January, my boyfriend, James, lost his wallet on the subway. Fortunately, he was carrying only about $3 in cash, and no other valuables. About two weeks later, James called me at work. He said, "I got my wallet back." When he entered the 23rd Street uptown N/R station that morning, running a little late for work, a homeless man at the bottom of the stairs, shrouded in newspapers, caught James's eye. The man rose up and portentously said, "James Young." James, now a little nervous, answered in the affirmative. The man explained how he had watched James place his wallet on top of the garbage can two weeks earlier while reading the newspaper. When the train came, James had grabbed the paper and left the wallet. Freddie said he'd retrieved the wallet and had been waiting for James to return. The $3 was still in the billfold.

Stephanie Rothstein
MANHATTAN

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Garden State of Mind

I'VE COME TO EXPECT THE CURIOUS AND persistent Jersey-bashing that crops up in your magazine each week. The region needs a happy and secure Big Apple. I refuse, however, to take it from the likes of a Matthew Modine ["Gotham: Would Spike Lee Be Caught Dead at a Nets Game?," by Jacob Lewis, March 23]. I don't understand the embarrassment he refers to that Giants and Jets fans have suffered since those teams left the city. The reality is, one can't get a ticket to these teams' games, and they are played at a facility superior to anything available in New York. (Wouldn't you bolt from Shea if given the opportunity?) In the future, you may wish to rethink the strategy of allowing a third-rate actor to insult your audience.

James Negri
HACKENSACK, N.J.

Station With a View

THE SMITH–9TH STREET TRAIN STATION may be "hideous" ["Battered City Syndrome," by Mark Jacobson, March 16], but the view from up there is spectacular. I've been traveling that line all my life, and I still haven't tired of it.

Richard Fried
BROOKLYN

In the Clink

WHAT A HORRIBLE "LETTER FROM RIKERS" ["Gotham," March 23]. I do believe Jason Flanders about the conditions in prison. Do the higher officials in New York really think it doesn't happen that way? Why do they allow it to go on? This is not rehabilitation. I know that if you do the crime, you should do your time. But what about being treated like a human? The only authorities inside are the prison guards, who usually can't stand their jobs and take their frustration out on inmates. The guards are supervising the inmates, but who's supervising the guards?

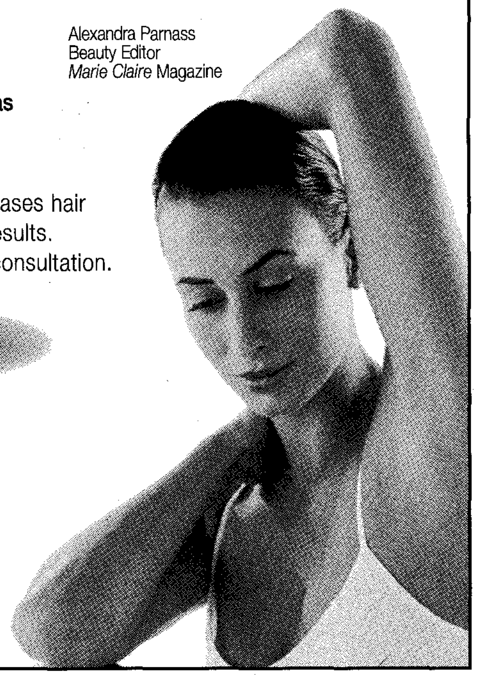
B. Chiappetta
QUEENS

MR. JASON FLANDERS, A CONVICTED MIScreant, complains of conditions at the city lock-up? An admitted recidivist in for purveying drugs in our community, he prides himself on secreting contraband in prison, and *New York* gives him almost a full page to vent his frustrations with the system? Society has laws he transgressed, and prison has rules he breached—ergo, the Bing.

Bill Rath
THE BRONX

"Hello laser, goodbye razor."

Alexandra Parnass
Beauty Editor
Marie Claire Magazine



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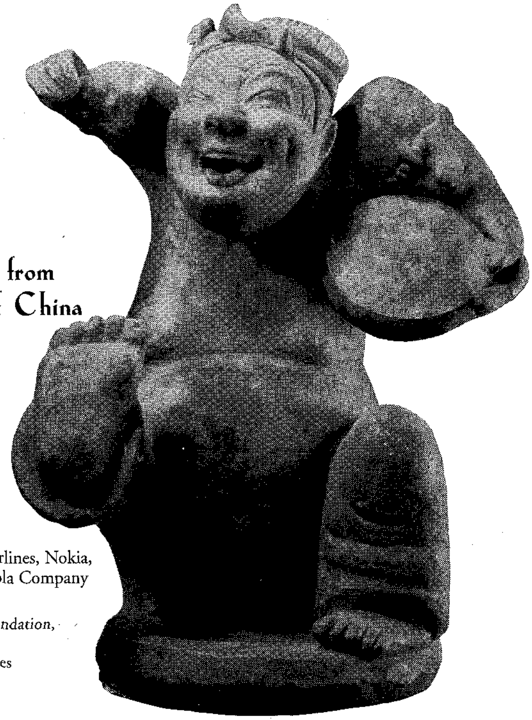

Squatting performer with a drum, Eastern Han dynasty (25–220 A.D.)

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INTELLIGENCER

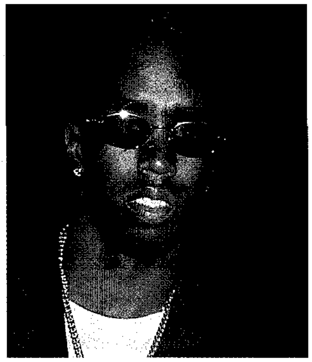
NO SPLIT YET, BUT SPEAR HEADS SOUTH

Alison Spear is leaving town. Sources close to Spear, whose husband, **Carlos Gomez,** has been charged with embezzling $10 million from Citibank, say that she is packing up her New York and Hamptons homes and moving to Miami along with her two children. Although she'll commute to an office she's maintaining in New York for her interior-design-and-architecture practice, she'll spend half of her time in Florida. Says a source, "It will be better for the children: Alison's family is there, and they will be around all their cousins." Although Gomez is not moving, Spear is not going forward with divorce proceedings, the source says, for fear that the development would hurt him during a trial. Says the source, "The guy ruined her life, but it wouldn't look good for him if she divorced him now." Spear declined to comment.

CAMPBELL STRIPPED OF PARTNER LYNN

Club owner and restaurateur **Nell Campbell** may be saying good-bye to one important person in her life, but she's about to say hello to another. Campbell is currently entangled in a touchy situation with E&O and Kiosk partner **Lynn Wagenknecht.** According to Wagenknecht, she and Campbell are "still partners, but we are currently in discussions regarding the fair separation of some of our combined interests." The two women have long had conflicting opinions about the business. "[Campbell and her boyfriend] had a certain way they wanted to manage their restaurants, and it was different from my style," says Wagenknecht. Word is she was not pleased, for example, when Campbell's boyfriend, third partner **Eamon Roche,** began scheduling strippers to appear at Kiosk twice a week. Wagenknecht would only say that she hopes things can be resolved amicably: "I don't want this to reach intense legal proportions." And these days Campbell undoubtedly has more important things to think about than legal wranglings: She is now seven months pregnant with her first child. Campbell did not return calls.

Nell Campbell:
Great expectations



Puffy Combs:
Police fan

A PARTY AT PUFFY'S ROUSES THE POLICE

It's hard to keep things in order when you're juggling more than one piece of prime real estate in Manhattan. Just ask rapper **Sean (Puffy) Combs,** who was holed up with his girlfriend in one of his city retreats while a wild party was under way in another. The party at Combs's Murray Hill pad lasted from late Sunday night till about 7:30 on the morning of Monday, March 30, when the cops came to break it up. The police were responding to a complaint that a 26-year-old woman wasn't being allowed to leave the party. A 40-year-old, 250-pound male was apparently preventing her departure by blocking the exit. She left with the men in blue—and declined to pursue charges, so there was no arrest. A spokeswoman for Combs says, "I know for a fact that Puffy did not have any parties over the weekend." Officer Olga Mercado of the New York Police Department says that police records don't include guest lists.

SCRIPPS WANTS A JUDICIAL REWRITE

Betty Knight Scripps just won a round in court. Last week, the 72-year-old widow of newspaper heir Edward W. Scripps was granted her motion to toss out the $50 million lawsuit filed in Massachusetts by her son **Barry Scripps.** Barry, 53, had accused his mother of taking advantage of his father's illness to sell the Scripps League of regional newspapers to the Pulitzers for $214 million. When Barry had asked his mother about sale rumors, she had flatly denied them in a note that read, "Your fears about rumors are not justified. Get rid of your fears." Her court papers denounce Barry's suit as "the ingratitude of a privileged son." The privileged son's attorney, **Natasha Lisman,** says he is now giving "serious consideration to an appeal." Barry's brother, **Edward Scripps III,** has joined him in another case in Palm Beach—to contest their father's will. Scripps left his entire estate to a charitable trust and to his widow, who—five months after his death—married a 54-year-old investment banker.

FUMENTO'S INTERNAL AFFAIRS AT AEI

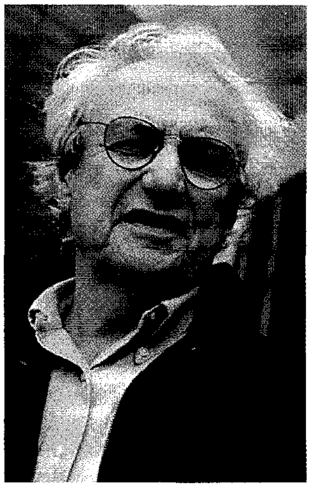
Allegations of sexual harassment may not have brought Paula Jones satisfaction, but they got results for an intern at the American Enterprise Institute. The conservative think tank summarily fired maverick journalist **Michael Fumento** after an intern complained about his conduct toward her. "When you want to get rid of an employee for whatever reason, you use sexual harassment, because everyone apart from the president of the United States is absolutely terrified of that," charges Fumento. He says two AEI officials confronted him with five of the woman's claims: that he asked if she was Irish; that he startled her with a *Weekly World News* picture of a 400-pound **Hillary Clinton**; that he joked about his cat

Photographs: top, Rose Hartman/Globe Photos; bottom, Gregory Pace/Sygma.

in heat; that, while holding a banana, he repeated Mae West's joke ". . . or are you just happy to see me"; and, finally, that he asked her to go with him to a Scottish bagpipe festival. "My reaction was, 'Yeah, I did all that. I don't see that I did anything wrong.' They said, 'Well, obviously we disagree with you. You've got 24 hours, pack up and go.' " This isn't the first time Fumento has been mired in controversy: When he published *The Myth of Heterosexual* AIDS in 1990, he was fired from the *Rocky Mountain News*. "Basically," says Fumento, "I just didn't fit in with their very staid corporate environment," adding, "The idea of me sexually harassing anybody just makes me sick to my stomach." AEI vice-president **David Gerson** declined to comment, explaining that, as a matter of policy, the institute does not discuss personnel issues.

NO WYNN SITUATION FOR GEHRY

He may be contributing to the new, improved Times Square, but **Frank Gehry** won't be adding any class to Atlantic City. Las Vegas hotel magnate **Steve Wynn,** set to break ground on a new resort and casino complex in New Jersey this fall, had been talking with Gehry, who's currently designing Condé Nast's new building, and architect **Philip Johnson** about co-designing the site. But now Gehry, who reportedly brought Johnson into the deal, is backing out. "Steve, Frank, and their friend **Charlie Rose** went to Bilbao together and discussed some hypothetical ideas for the project," says a representative for Wynn. "But when it came time to schedule actual dates, the time frames didn't work out." Gehry's office declined to comment on the project or the architect's reason for withdrawal, but for now Johnson is still on board. Wynn's office confirms that the nonagenarian is still "very much part" of the deal, adding, "They're in a meeting together as we speak." A spokesperson for Johnson's office said, "We are not at liberty to discuss the status of this project."



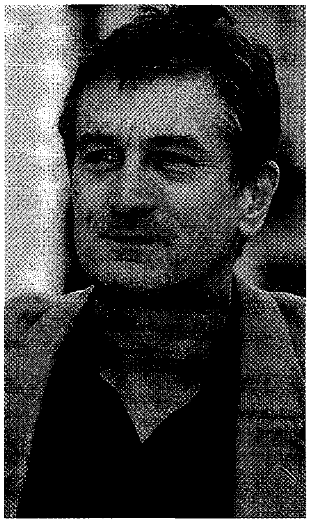
Frank Gehry:
Out of site

RUTH ON CAMERA; VESCO ON SCREEN

TEACHER'S PET: Though she recently applied for—and did not get—the post of welfare commissioner in Westchester, **Ruth Messinger** hasn't stopped looking for new career opportunities. Among the ideas Messinger's been tossing around since losing to Rudy: a move to academia. Although Messinger recently lunched with a dean from the New School for Social Research, nothing's panned out yet. "I have talked to the New School about different opportunities," she reports, "but no one's offered me a position." In the meantime, Messinger is working the inside track: "I have enrolled in two photography courses at the New School, since I've got the free time," she says.

THREE PRODUCERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR: Now that **Jane Rosenthal** of Tribeca Productions has signed on with **Kathleen Kennedy** and **Frank Marshall** to produce a movie on the fugitive financier **Robert Vesco,** can **Robert De Niro** be far behind? Rosenthal, who runs De Niro's production company, says she's "passionate" about the project, which is based on **Ann Louise Bardach's** *Vanity Fair* story about the pioneer Wall Street raider who became a fugitive rather than face SEC charges or answer questions about his $250,000 cash contribution to Richard Nixon's CREEP fund. De Niro bears an uncanny resemblance to Vesco, who's now in a Cuban prison, and one source close to the project insists that De Niro wants to direct as well as star in the movie. But Rosenthal cautions that the producers need to find a screenwriter before they decide on a director. Stay tuned.

Additional reporting by Kate Coyne.



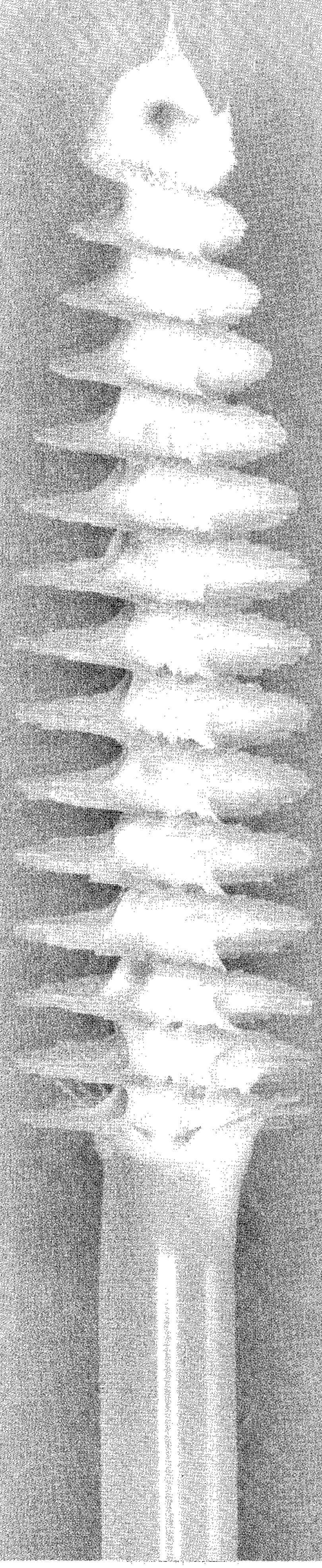
Robert De Niro:
Vested in Vesco

MANSON: FROM BITTER TO GLITTER

Are the goth-rock revival's days numbered? **Marilyn Manson,** who inspired scads of kids to dress up in dreary black medieval garb, is giving up his macabre image and planning to embrace the glam-rock look epitomized by **David Bowie.** "Glam rock is what inspired Marilyn to go into music in the first place," says a representative at Manson's record label. "He's embodying that with a style change." Manson's new look began when he spotted an homage to Bowie in the window of a Los Angeles vintage-clothing store, the Wasteland, complete with a mannequin clad in a vintage $800 Pucci unitard. "Marilyn came in and asked to purchase the leotard as part of his new look," says a store regular, who adds that Manson also spent more than $3,000 on white furniture from the store "because he's redoing his house entirely in white." As Manson gathered together his glad rags, wearing "huge Claudia Cardinale sunglasses," he reportedly commented, "I'm going to become Ziggy Stardust." Wonders the shopper: "What's going to happen to all those little gothic Satan worshipers now?"

Marilyn Manson:
On the glam

Photographs: top to bottom, Todd Eberle/Sygma; Carole Morgane/Starface/Corbis; Kevin Mazur/London Features.

Don't go out without your underwear.

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GREAT UNFILLETED SOLE SPREAD OUT ON A ROCK—*LE CORBUSIER*

GOTHAM

Carla Gehl and Marc Thompson of the International Church of Christ.

Beauty Worship

A controversial church preaches to models.

MARC THOMPSON stands in the basement of St. Veronica's Church on Christopher Street, a bare fluorescent-lit space that could pass for a high-school auditorium, and preaches to a crowd of about 200. He discusses the burdens of faith, cites a passage of Scripture, and passes the hat.

At a glance, it seems a typical service—unless, that is, you look closely at the congregation. The high cheekbones, the clean jaw lines, the gym-toned physiques: These are no ordinary parishioners. These are models.

Actually, a few of them are singers or dancers, but they're still a whole lot prettier than your average flock. They're here as members of the Arts and Media Professionals (AMP) Ministry, a branch of the International Church of Christ that was founded to address the particular spiritual needs of show people. "If you're in a ministry with people who work at nine-to-five jobs," says Carla Gehl, the leader of AMP's women's group, "they see God differently than performers. Performers tend to be more emotionally based, not as logic-minded." So the ministry's services include dancing, singing, and occasional dramatic performances and are held during weekdays, to accommodate the shooting (or waitressing) schedules of its members.

Though many outsiders look on such fields as modeling and singing as one big den of iniquity, these members see their professional and religious lives as profoundly linked. "Jesus was a model. We have never seen his picture, but it's not necessary to know what he looks like," explains Taras Mashtalir, a 22-year-old who joined AMP after emigrating from Russia last spring—and who has since appeared in *Details*. "In modeling and in my music," he says, "I am trying to be like him."

Critics have taken a much dimmer view of the Church of Christ, and the role that the performers' ministry plays in it. One of the fastest-growing religious groups in North America, ICC has been banned from numerous college campuses for its aggressive recruiting methods. And Ron Enroth, author of *Churches That Abuse*, warns that "the ICC uses talented people—whether they're celebrities or artists or gifted people—as window dressing. It's one form of attaining legitimacy." A few

(continued on page 14)

SCRAPBOOK

OBSERVED AT THE METS' OPENING DAY

Shea New

- Two words in English that Cuban shortstop Rey Ordonez knows how to say: "Hiya, cutie."
- Food you cannot buy at Shea Stadium anymore: green-meat heroes and gray-tuna sandwiches. Food you now can buy: dry pulled-pork barbecue and wilted green salad.
- Relief pitcher John Franco on which radio stations are not among the clubhouse boom-box presets: "No metal, no hard rap, no techno." And who made the rules?

  "Me—it's my radio."
- Attention, Senator Pothole. The only area of the entire stadium parking lot to be repaved over the winter: the Diamond Club section for luxury-box-seaters and club personnel.
- Mr. Met, call your agent: According to stadium concessionaires, the supply of Mr. Met stuffed dolls ran out last year. And there are no plans to order more.

BILLY ALTMAN

CAMEO

Time for a New Do

POOR PAULA JONES, OUT $700,000 AND, worse, robbed of her chance to be an American icon, demoted to footnote status without even the usual post-scandal modeling career to look forward to. Her evangelical lawyer, John Whitehead, took his last moment in the limelight to warn American women about the dirty old goats roaming the workplace, but he couldn't muster his usual rhetorical passion—perhaps because he was distracted by thoughts of his imminent return to obscurity. Bob Bennett, on the other hand, was surely enjoying his rehabilitation: Reviled only yesterday as the world's worst lawyer, he was now, at least for one moment, the hero who saved the Clinton presidency. Where was Paula? Home, in tears all day. Let's just hope she wasn't turning to any of her freelance confidantes. With friends like hers, who needs hairdressers?

Photographs: top, Amilcar; bottom, Ron Sachs/CNP/Archive Photos.

Model

continued from page 13

critics have gone further. Dave Anderson, who coordinates a help line for people who have left ICC, accuses it of "using mind-control or thought-reform techniques." (Kip McKean, the church's founder, has repeatedly said that it's not a cult.) Anderson worries that people "might join AMP feeling that it will help further their career."

If they did join for that reason, however, they might not be disappointed: Though the group does not explicitly endorse networking, its leaders are proud to mention its most famous adherents, such as Geoff Owens, of *The Cosby Show* fame—you know, the guy who marries the daughter who isn't the cool one or the cute one or the sassy one? Managers and agents, after all, might be powerful, but the Lord, the Bible says, is almighty. "If you put God first," says Gehl, "he'll put you where he wants you—whether it's on the big screen or in little Off Broadway productions." Trained as an opera singer, Gehl now devotes most of her time to the church.

"Right now, the fashion world is very keen on accepting everyone for everything," says Michael Malizia, president of Aqua Modeling Agency. "So whether you're into a religion or a certain belief system—whether its about fur or meat or milk products—it's still possible to achieve a superstar status."

Nevertheless, piety and fashion aren't always an easy fit. Jeni, a corn-fed blonde from Wisconsin, refused to appear in ads for cigarettes, lingerie, or bathing suits, which eventually forced her out of modeling altogether. (She has since sung at the Bitter End, and recently married a fellow AMP member.) Taras has struggled, too: Despite his continued interest in Jesus, his relationship with the AMP Ministry has waned since he first joined. Just last month—by coincidence, no doubt—the Aqua agency terminated his contract. Still, he maintains a spiritual perspective on his profession. "Modeling is a God-given gift," he says. At his first shoot, he recalls, "I tried to pray. I looked at the camera and I was talking to God."

PAULA S. BERNSTEIN

POLITICS

Ciao, Bella

Abzug's former campaign manager celebrates her passion, humor, and courage.

Bella Abzug, feminist, activist, and politician, in 1971.

BELLA ABZUG WAS THE greatest organizer I've ever seen. I was a young anti–Vietnam War sprout when I met her in 1964, and she quickly organized *me* into helping her organize peace activists to take over Manhattan Democratic clubs and turn them against the slaughter. This led to her key role in the creation of the Dump Johnson movement, which spawned the 1968 antiwar presidential candidacies of Eugene McCarthy and Robert Kennedy.

An unabashed but pragmatic radical, Bella was a person of great moral and physical courage, as I saw up close when I managed her winning campaign for Congress in 1970. At a demonstration against police brutality on the Lower East Side, she tried desperately to keep the rally from turning into a hot summer night's riot. While her aides cowered in a doorway, there was Bella, in the middle of the mêlée, exhorting the rioters to choose political action over violence as bricks and bottles crashed around her.

Bella could curse like a stevedore, belt out a song like Sophie Tucker, orate like *La Pasionaria.* In her tireless crusading for the issues she cared about, she was corrosively demanding; hurling the Yellow Pages at your head was a favorite expression of her displeasure. In her 1976 Senate campaign, which I also managed, she once tried to throw her press secretary out of a moving helicopter. But these *frasques* never lasted, and a few minutes later she'd envelope you with motherly concern or crack a (usually ribald) joke.

Bella felt people's pain in a way that Bill Clinton can only pretend to. That's why she became the first major political figure to embrace gay rights and court the gay vote openly. When I sent her to campaign at the infamous Continental Baths' gay cabaret night in 1970, she called me from a pay phone, hollering, "There's a bunch of fellas here wearin' nothin' but towels pinned together with BELLA buttons, and some of 'em are only wearing the buttons but not the towels!" We were all proud when she introduced the first federal bill to extend the protection of civil-rights laws to gay people.

She was a killer poker player, which stood her in good stead in Congress: She knew when to hold 'em or fold 'em, which is how she wrote—and passed—the Freedom of Information, Right to Privacy, and Sunshine in Government acts, as well as the first federal law guaranteeing women access to credit. Brilliant and exigent, she had a saving, self-mocking sense of humor. I know that Bella would be happy if we took as her epitaph the last words of labor martyr Joe Hill, immortalized in the song that she loved to sing on those rare occasions she permitted herself a Scotch: "Don't mourn for me—organize."

DOUG IRELAND

THE CRITIC'S EYE

A Rise Is a Rise Is a Rise

HEARING ABOUT THAT HOT NEW ANTI-IMPOTENCE pill, you may have thought, *How nice that such drugs need no longer be lovingly injected into the penis.* You may also have thought, *Viagra, now that's a beautiful name.* It is, in fact, the result of painstaking semiotic research. How best to connote the might of manliness and the resilience of youth? With a classical resonance, such as "Priapex," or an onomatopoetic riff, perhaps "Boingomyecin"?

"We want a name that people can remember," says Andy McCormick, a Pfizer spokesman, "that won't offend anyone in another language. And it has nothing to do with Niagara Falls." Yet I keep thinking of the mighty Horseshoe Falls, of abandoning oneself to the churning white froth, the honeymoon bliss, the ever-rigid wax-museum figures. Furthermore, "Viagra" differs by one letter and the merest anagrammatic nuance from genitals that a newly Viagrated male might pleasure—and that, too, hardly seems accidental.

So though drug nomenclature isn't scientific, it's not as arbitrary as, say, clothing colors—"available in bourbon, Schadenfreude, jalapeño, and Alice B. Toklas." Vivus Pharmaceuticals named its penile suppository—side effects of which include "pain, bleeding when misused, [and] fainting"—"Muse." Who wouldn't be inspired to paint, dance, or write at the sight of his own bleeding urethra?

DAVID RAKOFF

GATHERINGS

Seeking Higher Love

Tall people search for allies in a short world.

“People’s bodies have a natural harmonic frequency,” says George McQuilken, gesturing at a roomful of lanky couples flailing to Abba’s “Dancing Queen.” “They work together better on the dance floor if they’re about the same height. It’s the same with sex.”

McQuilken, a six-foot-six, fiftysomething venture capitalist, is representing the Boston Beanstalks Tall Club at the three-day “Worldwide Gathering of Tall People,” joining the Tulsa Tip-Toppers, the Cleveland Skyscrapers, New Jersey’s Moonrakers, and fifteen other regional groups. Somewhat less grand than its name implies, the long weekend thus far has comprised the usual tourist stuff: dinner at Lucky Cheng’s, beers at McSorley’s, walking tours of Gramercy Park. But Saturday night, 98 “talls” are cutting loose in style at a financial-district cigar bar. A few revelers go about their business in tiaras and sashes—MISS TALL ATLANTA, MR. TALL NEW JERSEY.

Ann Watt, the five-foot-eleven founder of the Tall Club of New York City, says her outfit and its parent—Tall Clubs International—serve a serious purpose. “People don’t realize it’s a disability,” she says of her unusual height. Nor, perhaps, do people realize how few talls are out there. According to a Tall Club flyer, “vertically enhanced people”—over five-ten for women, six-two or better for men—account for just 3 percent of the U.S. population. To make life more tolerable for this underserved minority, TCI offers services such as the Tall City Web page, where long-limbed consumers can locate everything from extra-large Rollerblades to advice on which airlines offer the most leg room.

That’s all well and good, says one six-foot New York woman, who asks not to be identified by name, but she considers the organization little more than a legal-size dating service. “I call it checking the traps,” she says. “Whenever I get out of a relationship, I like to come see who’s available. How often, as a six-foot-tall woman, do you walk into a room and know all the men will be taller than you?”

Seven-foot-tall Paul Badome mingling at a mixer.

Not often, especially if that room is in Polish farm country. “Growing up, I was very depressed because I was so tall,” says Alina Kowalska, 40. “There was only one boy in my whole school taller than me. I never had a boyfriend.” Six-three and glamorous in a way that only a retired Eastern European professional basketball player can be, Kowalska’s decked out in three-inch pumps. When she was eighteen, she heard an announcement on Polish state radio about a new club for tall people. “It saved me,” she says earnestly.

When the D.J.’s have spun the obligatory slow jams, Bee Gees hits, and “Last Dance,” when all the highballs have been downed, the giddy talls take to the streets. Their destination: The Greatest Bar on Earth—aptly located atop the tallest building in New York. Strolling with Miss Tall Boston on his arm, Steve Sweet, a six-foot-ten contractor from Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, is in tall-pride overdrive. “Do you play basketball?” he shouts to no one in particular. Miss Tall Boston giggles as Steve’s reappropriated taunts echo among the skyscrapers of Exchange Place. “Are your parents tall? What kind of bed do you sleep in? Do you have trouble buying clothes?”

ETHAN SMITH

THE SCENE

Show Time

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

Photographer Ellen Von Unwerth and Gwen Stefani of No Doubt at the Kit Kat Klub.

Pierre Berge, Fern Mallis, Stan Herman, and Beatrice Dupire at the opening of Yves Saint Laurent’s photography show, *Forty Years of Creation.*

Mira Sorvino, Donatella Versace, and Patricia Arquette attending the Versus show, held at Roseland.

Chris Stein, Lenny Kravitz, and Debbie Harry at Betsey Johnson’s 7th on Sixth show.

Helena Christensen and Ingrid Casares at Bond Street for a party thrown by Marilyn Gauthier models.

Photograph by Evan Kafka.

GOTHAMSTYLE

EDITED BY DANY LEVY

The New R. Crew Catalogue

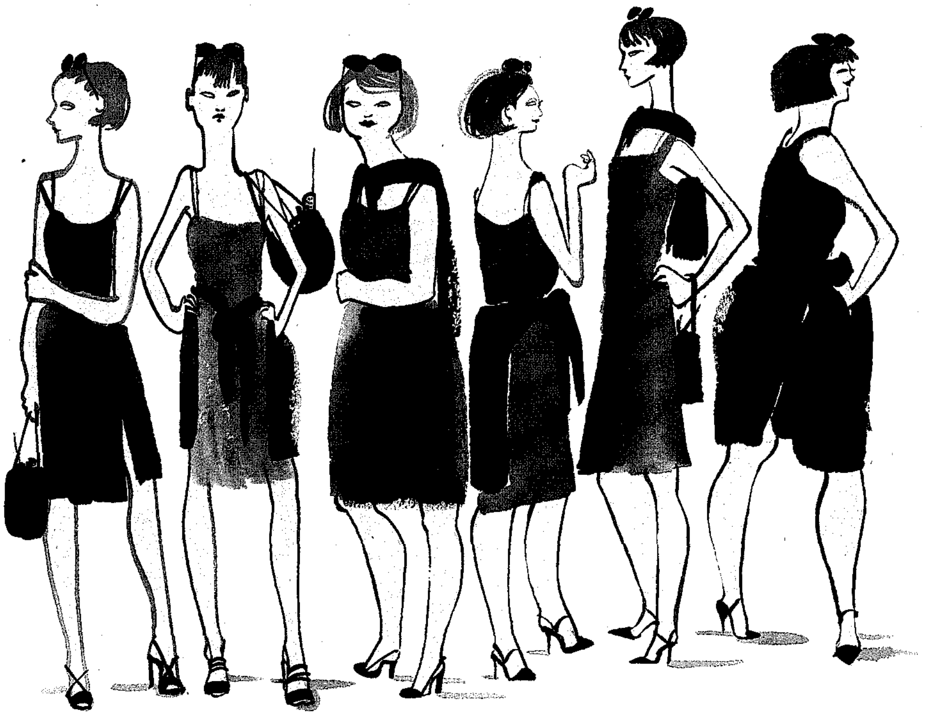
At the High School of Fashion Industries last Tuesday, yellow school buses were jammed against each other like limos vying for the red carpet. The Board of Education was holding its first annual student fashion show, and the sharply dressed students, fanning themselves with their programs and trying their best to look bored, squeezed into the auditorium—single-file, of course, no running.

As the houselights dimmed, highlighting a stage that had been simply decorated with an American flag and a podium, the theme from the Peanuts specials started pumping, and student models emerged wearing gym suits, navy sweater sets, and gray slacks. They sauntered out one by one, took a twirl for the assembled photographers, and retreated.

It was a bold experiment for the House of Rudy Crew, which recently announced plans to introduce a uniform for all public-school students. But was it hip? "The uniforms have become much more jazzy, accentuated with plaids and red ties," explained Joyce Johnson, Commissioner Crew's executive assistant.

The backstage verdict on the clothes was good. But Erika Everett, a 15-year-old model, complained that "it was hot back there, and there was some confusion"—especially, she said (affecting her best Ivanka Trump), "because most of the people we were working with were, um, younger."

SARAH BERNARD



I Know What You Wore Last Summer

No matter what innovations might sail down the runway, some things about Fashion Week seem eternal: skinny women, crippling heels, dark sunglasses, Evian bottles as far as the eye can see. But this year, the fall shows featured one thing that no one had expected: the weather.

The 7th on Sixth shows are the sort of thing for which trend-watchers organize their outfits weeks in advance. *Sunday, the Peruvian alpaca ski sweater with matching hat. Monday—Monday's definitely the light pink pashmina.* All careful plans were dashed, however, on the shows' first day; instead of chilly breezes and gray skies, it was 85 degrees and sunny. Courtney Small, *Allure*'s West Coast editor, was left with nothing to show for all her preparations. "I brought plenty of cashmere sweaters out here," she said. "Looks like this week I'm going to be all Gap."

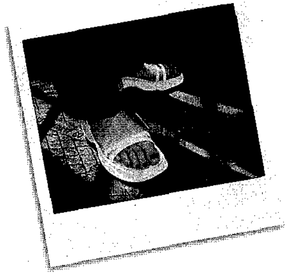
Kathleen Turner, in a Nicole Miller suit, kept her cool, insisting "I don't feel a touch hot at all," and Martha Stewart stubbornly wore a winter coat throughout Marc Jacobs's show. But everyone else threw in the towel.

"I'm sweatier than a pig," said Nicholas Graham, a designer for Joe Boxer, at Monday night's General Motors party. "Too bad I'm not wearing underwear tonight, or I'd strip."

By midweek, that elegant uptown look of last summer had emerged as a makeshift uniform: strappy sandals with a kitten heel, knee-length skirt, tank top, cardigan tied around the shoulders, and, of course, a Fendi bag. Variations on this theme filled the park and overwhelmed each day's champagne happy hour.

Those who held out were rewarded for their fortitude. "I came down here with a specific set of clothes—one outfit for each day, and another one for every night—to separate myself from everyone else, because everyone here looks exactly the same," said Giovanni Belanco, a stylist from Toronto. "It's working—I didn't have a ticket last night, and they sat me between Ivana and Pamela Lee. They told me how great my outfit was."

DANY LEVY AND VANESSA GRIGORIADIS



Yet another reason to wear shades: Day-Glo footwear was one way to stand out at the 7th on Sixth fashion shows (and keep cool in the heat).

Cripple chic: The $395 Gucci slingback, which everyone had scooped up during the Milan shows, replaced the stiletto as victim shoe of the year.

ADVERTISEMENT

GREENWICH CAFE

NON-STOP NEW YORK

By Elizabeth Kennedy

The Greenwich Cafe is more than a restaurant... It's another excuse for New Yorkers to linger over a meal, 24 hours a day.

I plan on spending the first beautiful Spring day surrounded by flowers, sipping an iced cappuccino and enjoying a luscious dijon dessert with raspberry and chocolate.

With Spring (hopefully) around the corner, the popular West Village restaurant/cafe, The Greenwich Cafe soon will open its unique 24 hour flower-lined sidewalk cafe, where one can enjoy the weather and the exquisite food. The interior of the restaurant is equally atmospheric, with a melange of colorful paintings, antique mirrors and chandeliers, and plush velvet banquettes.

Open 24 hours, the restaurant has 5 menus (Breakfast, Lunch, Brunch, Dinner and Latenight) with a myriad of American eclectic cuisine at remarkably reasonable prices. The "Business Lunch" is $5.95 and includes soup or salad and a choice of entrees. On the Dinner menu, appetizers are no more than $7.00, and entrees peak at $16.00. Some of my favorite specialties are San Francisco Style Clam Chowder served in a Sourdough Bread bowl ($7.00), Lemon Fettuccini Au Gratin with Grilled Duck ($11.00), Sauteed Boneless Stuffed Half Chicken served with Broccoli & Candied Sweet Potatoes in a Lemon Honey Rum Glaze ($13.00), and the Coconut Crusted Tuna over Grilled Vegetables with a soy, ginger and garlic dipping sauce ($16.00). The 24 hour pastry kitchen produces the fresh baked bread and array of desserts.

Greenwich Cafe
24 Hrs.

The ever-changing mood of the restaurant is part of its allure. The quiet, laid-back feeling of breakfast changes around 11am when the doctors from St. Vincent's Hospital across the street begin to bustle in for the business lunch. Dinner is a mixture of elegance and funkiness, and the latenight hours boast a lounge feel, complete with a live DJ, thumping music and dim lights.

Whatever the hour, the Greenwich Cafe is a great destination – I certainly plan to be there on that perfect Spring day surrounded by flowers...

A Dish of the Spring

Mint/Curry Crusted Chilean Bass with Chives & Sour Cream Crushed Mashed Potatoes in a Cilantro Sauce

Executive Chef J.D. Cardona

The Greenwich Cafe – 75 Greenwich Avenue, Corner of
Seventh Avenue South 255-5450/89 Amex, VISA, MC, Discover, Diner's

THE BOTTOM LINE JOHN ROTHCHILD

Bear Necessities

The Asian flu didn't stop the bull in his tracks, but stamina can take him only so far. A bear's take on what the postponed reckoning will mean for the faithful.

Bearbaiting is a popular pastime on Wall Street these days. The financial press gets a kick and a lot of laughs out of it. In public, bears say, "We're not wrong; we're just early." In private, we hope Suharto blows the IMF loan on the Neiman Marcus catalogue. We root for anthrax. We dream of hidden cameras in the White House, Clinton Lewinskying around, Starr with the tapes—whatever it takes to bring this senseless market to its senses and restore stocks to sensible prices so we can all afford to be bullish again.

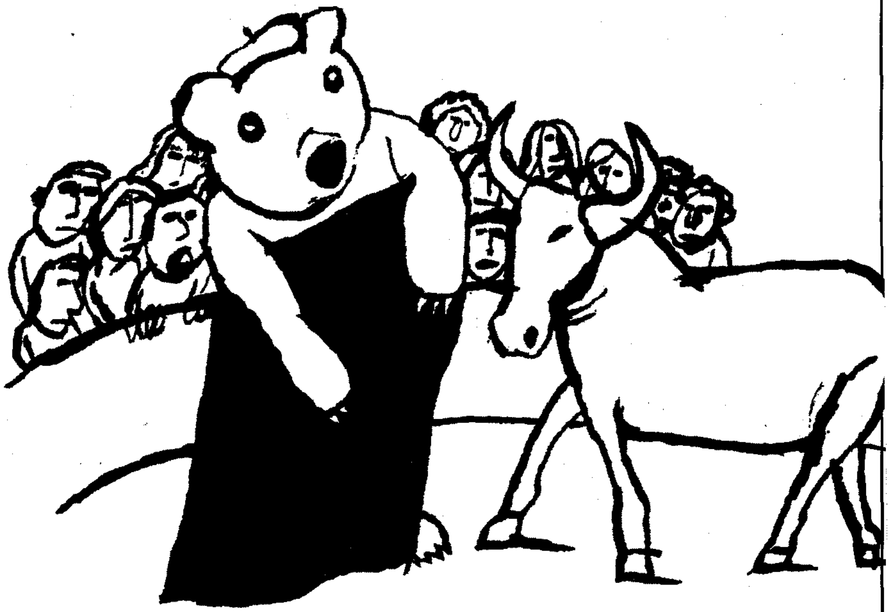
These days, the average stock lies somewhere north of twenty times earnings, meaning if all else stays the same, you'll earn your money back in twenty years. With earnings iffy at the moment, particularly for companies that do a lot of business in Asia, investors are paying sucker prices. At some point, we'll run out of suckers—and when we do, we're in a bear market.

There's nothing bearish about recent results, but don't be lulled into a false sense of your securities. Can stocks go a little higher? Probably. Can they go a lot higher? Possibly. Can they go a lot lower? Undoubtedly. Nobody knows where the top is, but at latest count, we've got U.S. households with $11.4 trillion riding on the market, up from $3.1 trillion in 1990. On prior occasions, this sort of mass enthusiasm has ended badly.

Maybe you heard Paul Samuelson on NBC two weeks ago: "The old-fashioned business cycle in its virulence should be as gone as the old-fashioned diphtheria and pre-penicillin diseases are gone." I'm keeping that quote on file, next to a quote by another famous economist—Irving Fisher, 1929: "Stock prices have reached what looks like a permanently high plateau."

Nobody knows where the top is, as bears are painfully aware. I grant you, most bearish forecasters didn't turn bearish last week. You can spot premature capitulation along the slope of the Dow: bears at Dow 4,000 who missed the chance to double their money; bears at 5,000, 6,000 (my personal threshold), 7,000, 8,000.

It's true that in the past few weeks, mutual funds have thrown their post-October caution to the winds, reinvesting in high-risk stocks. Maybe we'll see the Dow rush to 10,000. But in the thin air of valuation, the higher the prices go, the more attractive selling becomes to a lot of people, once they're convinced the momentum is reversed. What might reverse it? Alan Greenspan and the Fed could raise interest rates; the Chinese, facing high unemployment and warehouses full of unsold merchandise, could devalue their currency in an attempt to move the inventory, sparking another Asian currency crisis; new revelations about the year-2000 computer odometer might cause investors to bail out in advance.



Another 1929–32 with the Dow hurtling off a high plateau to 89 percent below is far-fetched. Of course, Asian markets recently took a similar plunge. And it's not far-fetched to think the next bear market will be more severe than the standard 20 to 25 percent variety. Bearish pundits say U.S. stocks must fall nearly in half to return to what they consider the normal price range based on earnings, book value, and other such measures.

This is where investors may be underestimating the downside. Maybe the market reaches Dow 10,000 before it figures out it's overpriced. A 40 percent drop from there takes the Dow to 6,000, in which case investors who exited the market above Dow 6,000 will look smart again, smarter than the bulls who got in higher and are sliding on losses. They'll look smarter, even, than bulls who got into stocks at Dow 6,000 and have returned to the break-even point. True, they've collected some dividends on their round trip, but dividend yields are stingy compared with the interest a stocknostic can earn in bonds or the money funds. Today's record low dividends are another reason to be bearish. These days, stocks won't pay you to wait while they recover.

Conventional wisdom tells you to wait it out, but recovery time in a severe bear market is longer than most people imagine. Can you afford to wait twelve years to break even? The Dow was higher in 1969 than in 1981. Twenty-five years to break even? The Dow was higher in 1929 than in 1954. A replay of the seventies will catch the first wave of baby-boomers with their portfolios down.

If you can't afford to suffer through a

Illustration by Scott Menchin.

long decline, what are your options? You can buy bonds or bond funds, but there you're making a bet interest rates won't rise. You can reduce your stock holdings or move some of your assets out of stock mutual funds and into the safety of the money market. You can switch from aggressive-growth stocks and momentum funds into balanced funds that divide their holdings between stocks, bonds, and cash. You may get some protection in so-called "value funds" that avoid the pricier issues, or in utility stocks and certain preferred stocks that pay a decent dividend.

No doubt you've heard baby-boomers are the main reason stocks will go higher. They'll keep buying stocks because they can't afford not to, not if they want to turn those equities into cruises, golf-club condos, assisted-living facilities fifteen years down the road. Boomers are banking on the 15–20 percent annual gain they've come to expect from their portfolios. And why not? They're confirmed long-term investors.

These days, everybody's a long-term investor, which has given millions of shareholders a false sense of security and convinced them any setbacks will be temporary. History contradicts that happy thought. Long-term investing has enjoyed widespread popularity only twice in this century—the late twenties and the late sixties—and both times, a severe bear market followed. Long-term investors have a habit of becoming short-term investors once a bear market gets going in earnest.

Take Japan in the early nineties. (The bears did.) No nation ever produced more dedicated long-termers than Japan. The Japanese consumed little, saved patriotically, and bought stocks without regard for price—60, 70, 100 times earnings wasn't too much to pay. Mystified Americans figured that kind of faith was a Japanese cultural trait.

Yet in the Japanese washout of 1990, all those patriots sold in earnest, knocking down their Dow (the Nikkei) from 39,000-plus to 15,000-minus. Eight years later, the Nikkei slouches below 17,000, more than 50 percent below its 1989 high. These days, long-term investors are in short supply.

There's no such thing as a long-term investor who refuses to sell at any price. Even Warren Buffett has shed a stock or two—near the 1968 market top in the U.S., he beat the rush, disbanded his partnership, and avoided big losses. That put him far ahead of the loyalists who never sold, even farther ahead of the would-be loyalists who sold near the 1974 bottom.

Buffett was peanuts then. Today, he can't so easily exit a $25 billion portfolio in his Berkshire Hathaway holding company without rousing a bear on his own. Is he bearish today? It's hard to tell, since he speaks mostly Greenspanese. But lately, he's dropped some hints. Two years ago, he noted all stocks were too expensive—including his own company's (investors bought it anyway). More recently, according to his latest annual report, he's been selling large blocks of Disney and McDonald's, both core long-term holdings.

So he's taking some profits. Two trillion dollars' worth of profits built into this bullish levitation creates powerful temptation for other savvy investors to follow suit. No doubt they'll sell with gusto once they're convinced the bull is a goner. Can long-term investors fend off this onslaught? It's never happened before. Will your mutual funds protect you in a similar Dowfall? Not likely. The Japanese had their version, and the funds didn't help them. In the U.S. today, the standard all-in-stocks-caution-be-damned funds won't be spared the damage. They'll have their own problems in a bear. Managers will be forced to sell stocks at declining prices to pay customers who want out.

As it stands today, most funds lack the cash to cover even minimal redemptions. They must remain fully invested to catch every iota of gain on the upside, or else the managers won't be around to worry about bear markets.

Funds aren't the safety net they're made out to be. If anything, they push stocks to dangerous levels by creating a buffer between investors and what they own. Pick your own stocks and you might say: "It's ridiculous to pay 60 times earnings for Microsoft." Own stocks in a fund, and you may not know Microsoft is in there. Managers, for their part, are forced to buy stocks at today's silly prices. If they wait for something sensible, they underperform.

Your fortune teller may be better than mine, but we both know this much: Stock prices can't continue to advance at 15, 20, or 30 percent a year unless corporate earnings rise accordingly. If stocks perform as investors expect them to, every schlep with a lunch pail will retire a millionaire, and we'll have a Lexus in every driveway, a Rolex on every wrist, an Armani in every closet. More likely, we'll have a bearfest. ■

John Rothchild's most recent book, The Bear Book: Survive and Profit in Ferocious Markets *(John Wiley & Sons), will be out this month.*

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THE SALVATION ARMY
SHARING IS CARING

HEAR IT NOW: Guitar class spills into the hallways at Edward R. Murrow High School.

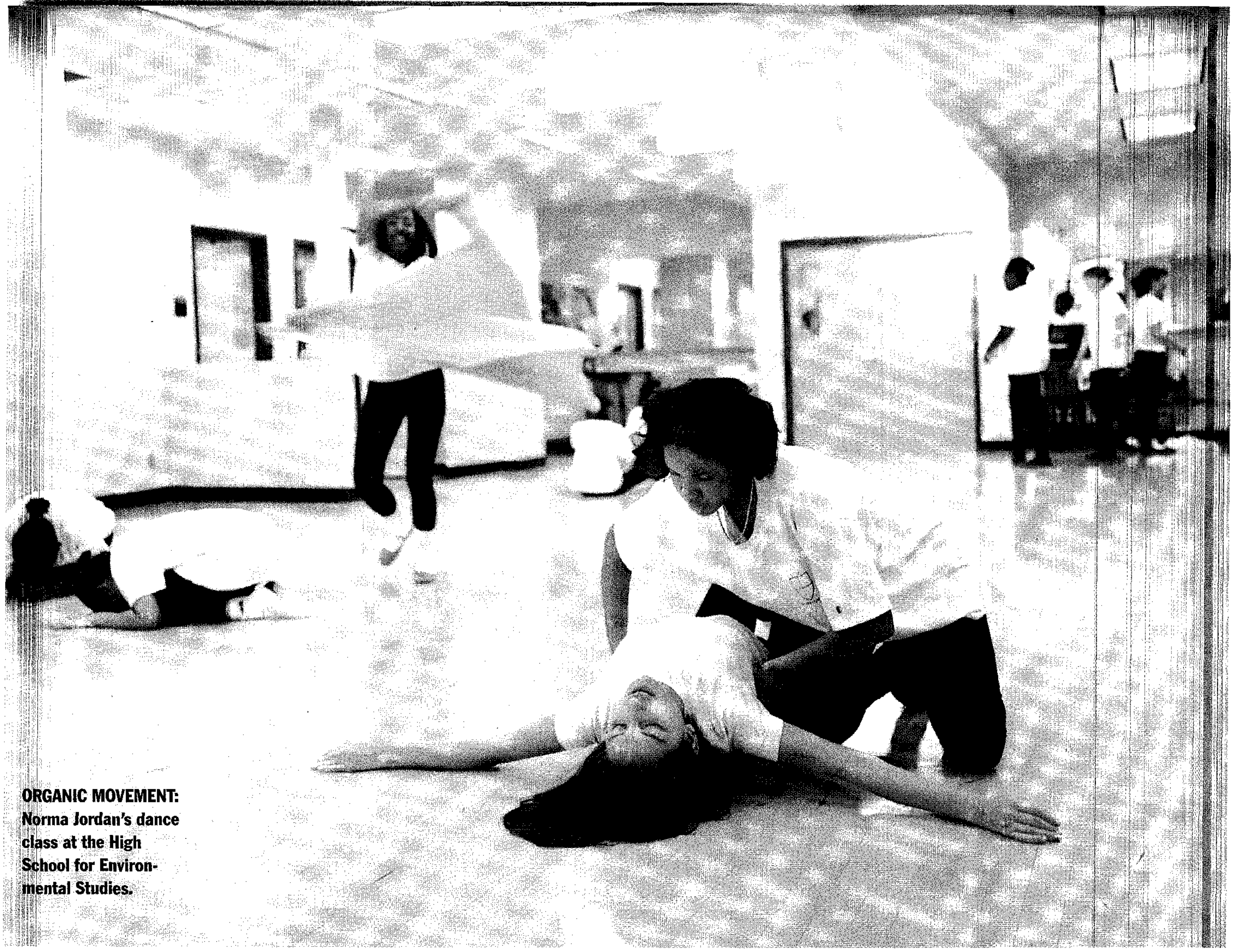
High Schools Report Card

hard lessons

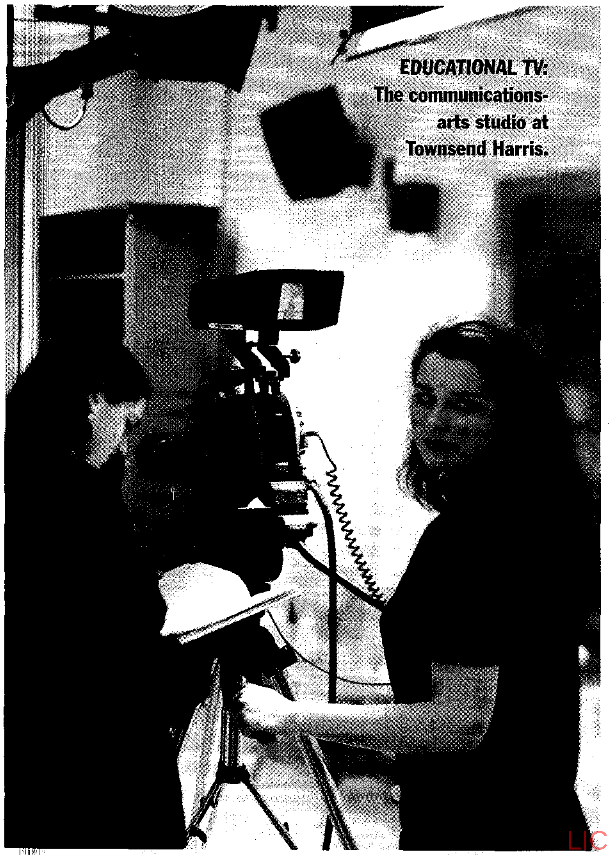
Why does a kid who's barely scraping by have a better chance of getting into the high school of her choice than an eager B student? An investigation into the school system's peculiar new math.

By Susan Brenna

TEXTBOOK CASE: A science experiment in Brendan Curran's class at Townsend Harris.



ORGANIC MOVEMENT: Norma Jordan's dance class at the High School for Environmental Studies.



EDUCATIONAL TV: The communications-arts studio at Townsend Harris.

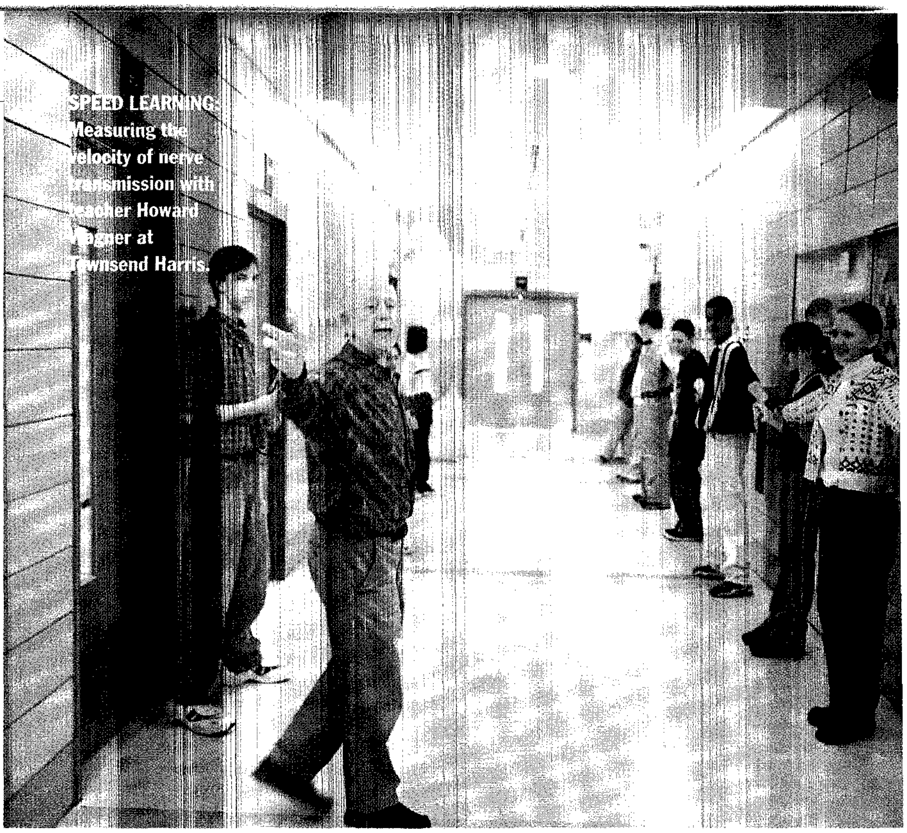
YOU DON'T WANT TO BE IN A MIDDLE SCHOOL when the news bears down like an early-spring hurricane ripping through a beach town. If you happen to be hanging out in a typical sort of public school, stocked with a hopeful crew of eighth-graders, anywhere from a quarter to almost all the students will have taken the entrance exam for the elite, so-called science schools: Stuyvesant, Bronx Science, and Brooklyn Tech. Now along comes heartbreak day, when most—more than 10,000—will learn they haven't made the cut.

Some principals try to contain the public histrionics by notifying students individually of their scores, but others just try to shift the mess off-campus by divulging the results as late as possible on a Friday. "And we still have to spend a week rehabilitating these kids, they're so devastated," one West Side middle-school principal told me. "The crying, the hysteria, the 'I'm not worth it,' the 'I'm no good.' It's the worst week of the year around here."

Why so much angst about not making it into three admittedly superior schools out of an astonishingly varied 219 public high schools and high-school-like programs available to the adolescents of New York? It's not as if choice consists of "Stuyvesant or the army," as one eighth-grader melodramatically sketched his options for me.

It's just that "the drop-off is so severe between the best and

Photographs by Greg Miller



SPEED LEARNING: Measuring the velocity of nerve transmission with teacher Howard Wagner at Townsend Harris.

the rest," as an English teacher in Queens noted, when you compare the 96 percent–or–better Regents graduation rates at Stuyvesant, Science, and the equally elite Townsend Harris (a Queens school that chooses students by their records instead of their test scores) with the graduation rates at most neighborhood schools. In fact, some schools grant virtually *no* Regents degrees.

But there's more: The schools with rigorous academic programs that are emerging as strong alternatives to stressed neighborhood high schools are bombarded by applicants, with ten kids fighting for every seat. And parents who assume city high schools work like colleges—giving the most academically advanced students the best shot—face a rude awakening. An admissions quota system designed to create a more equitable system overall actually works *against* the most accomplished students by severely limiting the number of high-performers that some sought-after schools can accept.

In fact, it's not unusual for better students to be rejected by all the schools of their choice. Last week, the mother of an East Side eighth-grader who has a 97 average but didn't get into a selective school found out he was also rejected by all of his other choices: "When he didn't make La Guardia, he put his head in my lap and he cried, bitterly, like a little kid. But when he came home yesterday with the letter, he said to me, 'I've been rejected *eleven times.*' He's a very serious kid, and he can't really believe this yet. I think he's in mourning."

IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE QUOTAS, GIVEN the way smart kids are trying to vote with their feet, the city could have several more superschools on its brag list tomorrow, with no shortage of qualified students to fill the classrooms. Take Manhattan's tiny Baruch College Campus High School, which is so young (less than a year old), so barely established, that the sleek, high-rise chambers where its 100 young scholars read Roman history by day actually revert back to college classrooms at night. The school's small but intensely ambitious, self-critical founding staff concocted an all-Regents, all-the-time curriculum that pushes writing and one-on-one teaching, in which every student pursues a weekly literary correspondence with a teacher. The school was just two months old when it came time for prospective freshmen to turn in their high-school applications last fall. Even so, word was out among Manhattan guidance counselors, who pushed it hard; some 1,394 students bid for next year's approximately 100 freshman openings.

More than a third of the applicants—553—came from among what high-school admissions officers define as the city's top talent pool, based on their reading scores. Another 878 came from a group the Board of Education expansively defines as the "middle," and 63 applicants came from the lowest-scoring readers, those below the 16th percentile nationally.

"That is *some* applicant group," says the school system's longtime director of automated admissions, Robert Klein, after pulling Baruch's figures from his foot-thick computer data file on this year's 90,000 high-school applicants. If it was able to assemble a class that reflected its applicants, Klein says, "it could be a powerful alternative to Stuyvesant."

But the citywide admissions policy doesn't allow that to happen. To ensure that no student, regardless of his record, is cut off from the best high schools, Baruch, a so-called Education-Option, or Ed-Opt, school, must accept as many applicants—16 out of every 100—from among the lowest achievers as it does from among the top achievers, defined this year by the Board of Education as students who score at the 79th percentile or better on standardized reading tests. The remaining 68 come from the middle—students whose reading scores fall between the 78th and the 16th percentile. The upshot: At hot schools like Baruch, the least accomplished students have the best chance at getting in.

School administrators argue that there are other places in this vast system for bright students: honors programs within zoned schools, and a few schools that screen all students for academic excellence. The problem is that most of those are also besieged by good students. Most of the 82 new schools that have emerged out of the small-school movement are not screened. Like Baruch in District 2 and Beacon in the West Side's District 3 or the High School of Environmental Studies (which got eight times more applications from high-achieving students than it did from low-achieving ones), they're Ed-Opt.

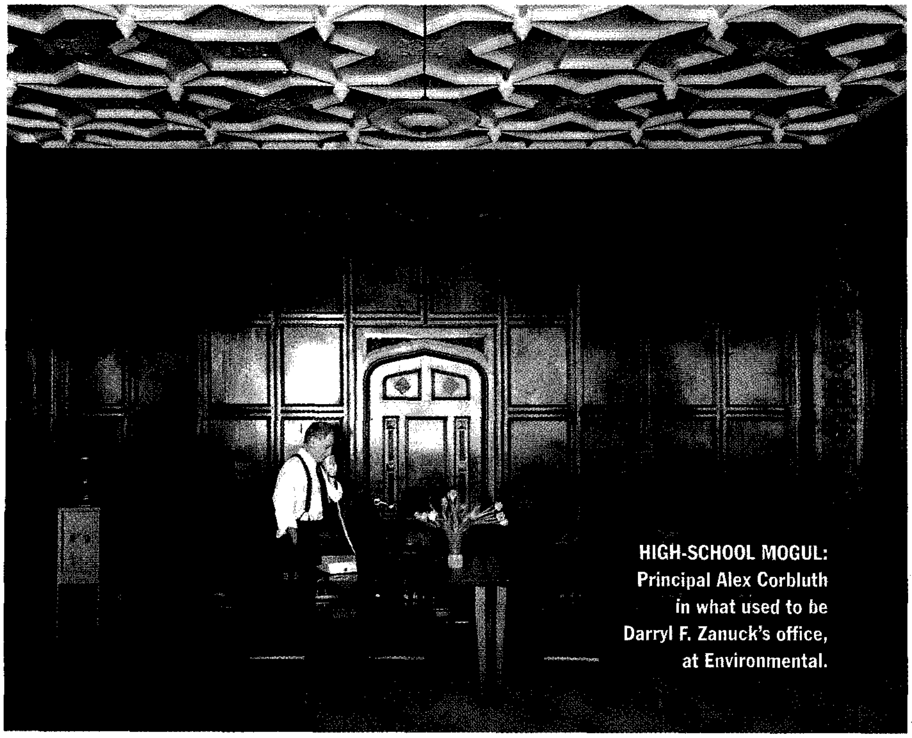
Middle-class parents who've been successful at getting their kids into good elementary and middle schools—and who believe their kids' work should be rewarded—feel especially betrayed by the system. It violates their sense of fair play. "For the struggling middle-class family that has an average bright kid, there's no safety net," complains Michelle Daniels, co-president of the Parents Association at Robert F. Wagner Middle School on the East Side, and herself a city teacher.

But architects of the choice plan argue that what makes public education public is that the playing field is level. No matter how poorly a student has done in school, he is never cut off from an opportunity to do better. "We believe that all children should have access to every program," says Board of Education executive in charge of high schools Dr. Margaret Harrington, "and that every school should educate all children."

The policy reflects a decision that the city's interest in not conceding a large proportion of its best students to private or suburban schools is secondary to the urgent challenges in a school system where 40 percent of entering freshmen are overage and underprepared. To get at that group, Dr. Harrington argues, schools must team strugglers up with bright kids who can help pull them along. If schools overall are to improve, she says, "you don't talk about your best and brightest. You talk about your bottom. . . . As you raise your bottom, everyone goes up."

But tell that to a kid who consistently pulled A's and B's in middle school but has been passed over by his top-choice school in favor of a D student.

In New York, perhaps the most unforgiving professional **meritocracy** in America, high schools exist in a **philosophical atmosphere** that's from another planet.



HIGH-SCHOOL MOGUL: Principal Alex Corbluth in what used to be Darryl F. Zanuck's office, at Environmental.

"My guidance counselor told me I was too smart to apply to easy schools, and now look what happened. I think I made a mistake," a devastated Melissa Herrera said last week when she got back her application form marked NOT ACCEPTED by all eight schools she applied to. Now she's headed to her zoned Bronx high school (her family is unable to finance her escape into a parochial school), which graduated less than a third of its senior class last year. Melissa is the quintessential B student who can't get a break, with grades hovering right around 80 at her Morrisania middle school.

For the thousands of students who memorized their math texts (or at least tried to) but didn't make Stuyvesant or its ilk, seeing lesser students rewarded while they're shut out of even their backup schools can have a crushing impact. But the reverberations go beyond individuals. These are the tales that ripple through circles of public-school parents, driving families directly to Milburn and Chappaqua. When good kids are shot down, anger becomes fury in families who are stressed by the entrance exams, worried by their local school's metal detectors, resentful that their children are being exposed to so much rejection.

"Is it easier for a bad student to get into a very hot, wonderful school? The truth would be yes," says one principal who, for obvious reasons, does not want to be named. "And when good students don't get into any of their choices, and they're saying, 'You told me to be at school on time, you told me to work harder,' then yes, you are sitting there with egg on your face. You really don't know what to say to them."

The problem may be, in part, a cultural mismatch. In New York, perhaps the most unforgiving professional meritocracy in America, high schools exist in a philosophical atmosphere that's from another planet. As if to compensate for the brutal winnowing of tender talent by the elite selective schools, the rest of the system is determinedly anti-elite.

The current Ed-Opt formula went into place eleven years ago when the board decided that, with few exceptions, it would not allow new schools, old schools, striving schools of any kind to try to marshal scholastic talent. Before that, schools were allowed to set their own admissions criteria, and the hodgepodge of screening rules favored savvy, mostly white, middle-class families. A coalition of reformers representing students who fared poorly under those old, more subjective criteria persuaded the board to make Ed-Opt schools more hospitable to students at risk of flunking or dropping out.

High schools of "choice," or choice programs within schools, could no longer hand-pick all their students. To further cleanse the process of favoritism and string-pulling, half of those chosen from along the 16-68-16 curve would be "randomed in" by a Board of Education computer manned by the aforementioned Klein. It was decided that only the top 2 percent of public-school eighth-graders would be guaranteed admission to their first-choice Ed-Opt school.

Those changes, along with the blossoming of alternative schools, have cut in half the number of kids shut out of all their choice schools. Last year, Klein says, only 10,000 were in Melissa Herrera's *discouraging situation—sent to their* zoned schools or to undersubscribed theme schools whose themes did not interest them.

Still, that's of little comfort to those 10,000, especially if they have been high-achievers in middle school. Larry Hirsch, who ran the East Side Middle School for gifted students before becoming a Yonkers principal, says, "This is what happened to the kids in my school. The 98 percenters, the really top-notch kids who were good test takers, got into Stuyvesant or Science or Tech, and another four or six would go to Townsend Harris. But the kids who suffered were the hardworking, bright, wonderful, to-die-for kids with the 85 or 90 averages." As soon as the first-round results on high-school applications came in, Hirsch would hit the phones and start hustling for places for those students. And that's exactly what principals and middle-school counselors citywide are doing right now, exactly a week since the first round acceptances and rejections went out.

At the end of the board's three application rounds, and after all his networking, Hirsch says, "there was always a cadre of twelve or eighteen who were bypassed, and a lot of them would go to private or parochial schools, if their parents could afford it."

Fourteen-year-old Shari Thomas had been commuting from East New York to Manhattan public schools since fourth grade and had a 90 average at Wagner Middle School when she was rejected last year everywhere she applied. "Okay," she says, "I understand they want the schools mixed so it's not all brains or all stupid people—but people I've known for years who had low averages were getting into three and four schools." Because Baruch had just been approved to open this year, she was able to apply there late and was admitted.

"Get used to it," a schools administrator told me as we were debating the fine points of high-school admissions one day. "The assumption is and always has been that middle-class families in the city will take care of themselves." Meaning that they'll pull what strings they can, and if the system doesn't make room for their children, they'll pay for a private school that will.

Harrington makes a similar point, though more gently: "If we all chase after the top 10 percent, we forget about the other 90 percent, who are entitled to a public education and who are more in need of us in terms of making a difference in their lives, the lives of their families, and the life of the city."

Michael Serber, the founding principal of the new Academy of American Studies, a tiny but rigorous academic high school in Long Island City, must take every one of his lowest-scoring applicants. And Serber is happy to do it. "Do you really want to draw a line for a kid, at 13 or 14 years of age, and cut off his opportunities?" Serber says. "I'll tell you the truth, I was not a great student until my senior year in high school. Spanish IV nearly killed me. I had to go to summer school. I failed high-school math. Then something happened in my psyche in my senior year, and I started to work."

But principal Nathalie McFarlane of A. Philip Randolph High School at City College says, "I don't know that I'd buy into this thing that every child should have the right to go wherever they want." Randolph screens students academically for the medical/science and engineering programs but accepts Ed-Opt students in humanities and general academics.

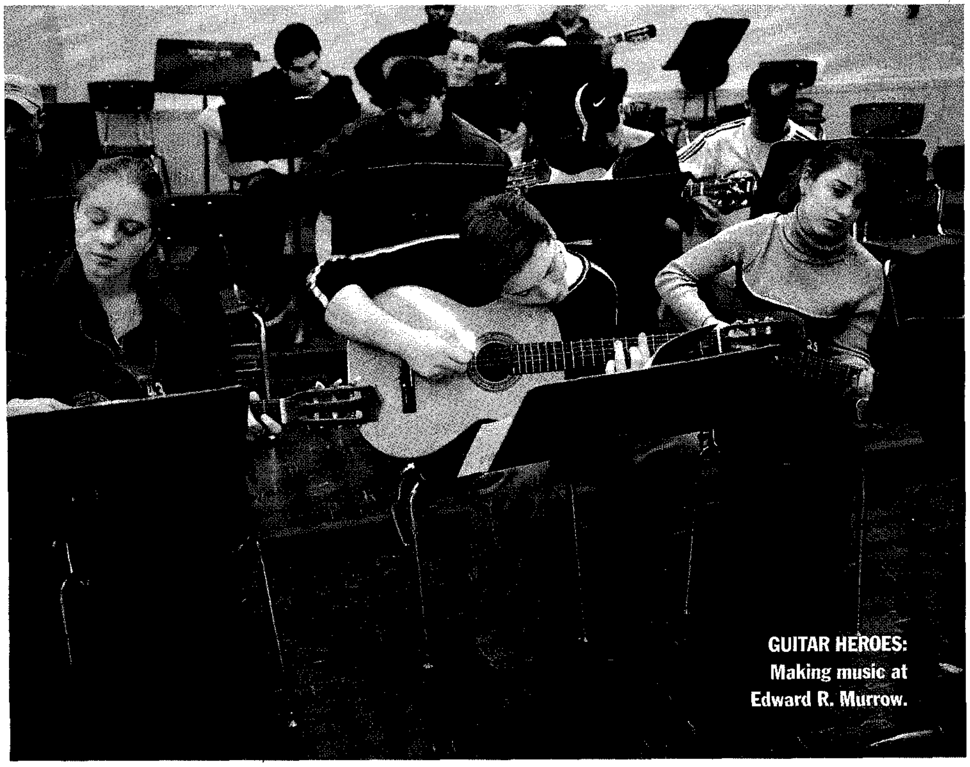
While McFarlane worries that placing remedial students in tough academic classes can distract from the mission, she says, "I'm more concerned with the effect it can have on the individual student, which can be quite severe. Sometimes what they give me in the lottery is so unrealistic. What can I do with a student in the one percentile on reading? Tutoring. That's all. Classes are large, and he's really going to struggle.

"You don't want to be perceived as an elitist kind of school," McFarlane says, "but I think it's so unfair to suggest that students apply to schools where they'll have difficulty meeting the academic standards."

SO WHERE, THEN, ARE THE STRONGest alternatives to the elite schools? Much depends on a student's interests, and whether the personal attention of a small school is more important to him than having the ability to sample lots of subjects and extracurriculars in a larger school. The ten schools in the sampler that follows represent a range of academic styles. Some are untested but promising; others have a long, strong track record. All possess the key ingredient for a strong school: strong leadership.

As parents of passed-over students file their appeals and work the phones in the coming weeks, it's worth noting that some stories have happy endings. Four years ago, Lotus Ahmed went into a panic when, despite her A average in middle school, she was given no option but to attend her Brooklyn zoned school, rock-bottom by every measure. "My mother doesn't speak English well, so I wrote a letter to the Board of Education—I didn't even know who to send it to—and I said it wasn't fair," she recalled the other day. "I said if that's how things were going to be, I was going to stop trying so hard. It wasn't a letter that was supposed to sound good. I was just saying what I felt because I was so aggravated."

She is ranked fifty-fourth in a senior class of 780 at Edward R. Murrow. She skipped lunch for four years to double up on math and science, and right now she's searching for college-scholarship money. Robert Klein, the automated-admissions guru, does not remember reading Lotus's successful appeal, but it cheers him to hear she used her opportunity well. "We're not heartless," he says. "I'm glad she got in."



GUITAR HEROES: Making music at Edward R. Murrow.

"I think it's so unfair to suggest that students apply to schools where they'll have difficulty meeting the academic standards," says one principal.

ten hot high schools

Your kid didn't make the cut at Stuyvesant? Here are some promising alternatives.

HIGH SCHOOL FOR ENVIRONMENTAL STUDIES

444 West 56th Street, Manhattan

SOMETIMES LUCK HELPS. ENVIRONMENTAL Studies benefits not only from an au courant theme and generous backers (the Friends of HSES foundation sinks $200,000 annually into teacher training, student internships, and curricular development) but also from its fabulous if anachronistic location in a former silent-film studio, complete with gilt-trimmed lobby. A group of private-school parents on a recent tour began by meeting with the principal, Alexander Corbluth, in the mahogany splendor of his office, which used to be Darryl F. Zanuck's. A $26 million renovation five years ago brought in state-of-the-art science labs and compressed-seaweed ceiling tiles.

Given the recent renovation, Corbluth was surprised by what sophomores in a Participation in Government class found when they exercised their citizenship by testing in-house noise and air pollution. They reported that in many classrooms, the air vents were so noisy teachers were closing them. These same rooms had elevated—though not harmful—levels of carbon dioxide. Hearing the results of the study in a recent classroom presentation, Corbluth looked pained in a proud sort of way. He suggested students apply more scientific rigor by increasing and varying the times of their samplings, and promised to direct their findings to the chancellor.

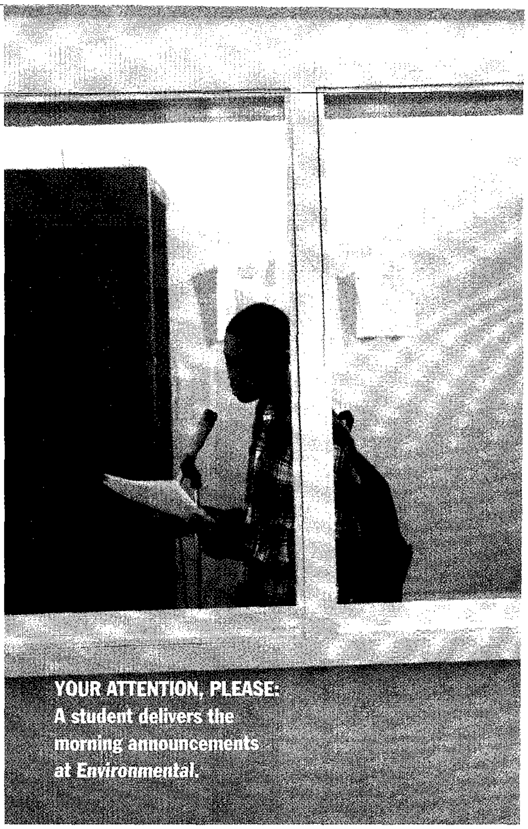
STUDENTS
1,175
FACULTY
72
REGENTS GRADUATES
36.4 percent
FOUNDED
1992

Accepting students from all five boroughs, the school, despite its progressive theme, has a rather ordered and traditional curriculum. "Many of our families are very conservative, very middle-class, from the tons of unserved middle-class families in town," Corbluth said. "This is a high-commitment, high-performance culture." Assistant principal Martin Blumenkranz promises, "If you're not going to come here and work, we're going to make you miserable." But the pressure goes both ways. "We can't believe the demand we get from students for more AP [advanced placement] classes," Corbluth said. Polish was recently added to accommodate native speakers who want to take the Regents exam.

Students must take all required Regents courses, but those designated at risk of failing certain subjects are served in smaller classes. All freshmen additionally complete a one-year introductory study of the urban and natural environment. Sophomores pursue internships that expose virtually all of them to some sort of fieldwork, from trail-clearing to manning the touch tanks at New York's aquarium in Coney Island. Students who want to continue with the eco theme can take environmental law, literature, and justice; marine biology; or courses that touch on the environment through anthropology, sociology, and psychology.

Corbluth budgets liberally for teacher development. There are occasional weekend staff retreats at a Nature Conservancy preserve on Shelter Island. Once he finds his multiple-degree holders, and sometimes team-teaches with them for a semester, Corbluth then must maneuver around seniority rules to keep them from being bumped to other schools. The staff includes Leila Wolley, a geologist finishing her doctorate in Spanish lit who teaches earth science, AP Spanish, and conflict resolution; Mark Fortney, who has degrees in East Asian Studies, education, and anthropology and teaches anthropology, sociology, and Intro to the Urban Environment; and novice environmental-law teacher Palma Repole, who one year ago was practicing civil-rights law on the Rosebud Sioux reservation.

The school got its first full-time college adviser this year, and was recently hooked into the EXPAN college electronic search network. Corbluth says he'd also "like to see senior year more focused, with students in small seminars around interdisciplinary themes."



YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE: A student delivers the morning announcements at Environmental.

But generally he's comfortable with the rate of progress. "There were a lot of people who came along with visions for schools who don't know a thing about pedagogy," he said. "I'm suspicious of making big sudden leaps. . . . I think schools succeed as a result of the long, hard work of a knowing staff."

THE BEACON SCHOOL

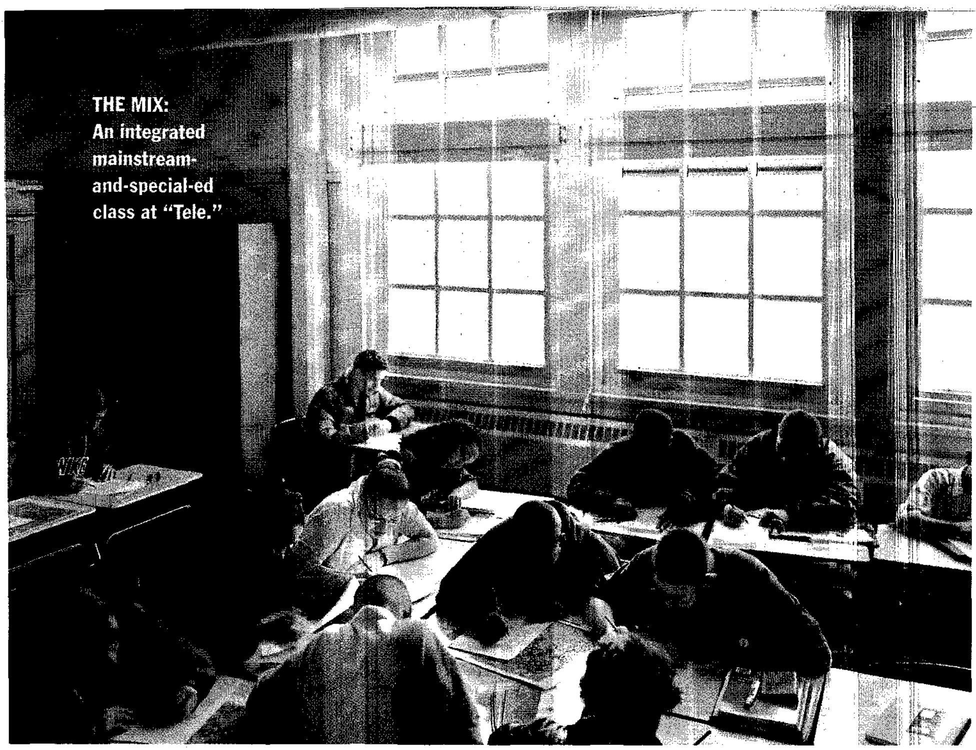
227–243 West 61st Street, Manhattan

BEACON IS "A FIVE-YEAR STRUGGLE TO turn a noble idea into a concrete reality for kids," as one teacher told me. Instead of administering Regents exams, the school has a waiver that allows it to grant students local and Regents degrees based on portfolios of their work in all the required disciplines. ("Is it for the portfolio?" is Beacon code for "Is it on the test?") Seniors must also produce and orally defend a major research project. "My requirement for the project is, 'Do something that twenty years from now you'll be really glad you did,' " technology teacher and senior adviser Chris Lehman said. One senior is producing a video biography of his late father.

With a curriculum heavy on technology (students have unlimited computer-lab access from 7:45 A.M. to 5 P.M. daily) and the arts, the goal here is to redirect students away from preparing for standardized tests toward producing more work on their own initiative. So a student's Participation in Government portfolio might include his analysis of community fieldwork done through a NYPIRG internship, and his English portfolio might include a group-composed piece of hypertext fiction.

STUDENTS
670
FACULTY
40
REGENTS GRADUATES
47 percent
FOUNDED
1993

Located by the riverside in a brightly reno-



THE MIX: An integrated mainstream-and-special-ed class at "Tele."

vated former prop warehouse, the school is large and established enough to have a medium roster of extracurriculars that run a West Side swath from Ultimate Frisbee to Aspira, as well as a heavily used dance studio and black-box theater. But it lacks the budget to support a full-time librarian, a decent library, or one of the students' most frequently demanded classes: home economics, believe it or not.

At Beacon, freedom generally beats out restrictions. A senior like Jennifer Verbit, upon discovering she has a substitute teacher in her health class, can head over to the art room and join the more engaging pastel-portrait exercise. The hat rule—a reliable measure of how liberally a school interprets students' rights—is exquisitely calibrated. Guys may sport their Hilfiger skullcaps in the common spaces but must remove them on the turf of objecting teachers.

The college-placement adviser, Julie Beck, alternately cossets students with herbal tea and goads them and their parents (many not college-educated) to look beyond CUNY and SUNY to less fashionable nonurban schools (Macalester, Wheaton, Goucher) that offer financial-aid packages.

As for the portfolios, such "authentic assessment" approaches are popular among educators who argue that schools should concern themselves less with transmitting bits of information and more with ingraining habits of inquiry—but skeptics argue that no exams means free-for-all standards. To that, English teacher Jonathan Goldman replies, "When we saw the quote-unquote New Standards, we sat down with the English department, parents, and administrators, and we giggled—we so exceeded all of them. Read 25 books a year? Our kids are saying, *If only we could get away with that.*"

"This really is a lot of work," senior Pilar Zaremba said recently. "December was the worst. I was trying to pass my math and science portfolios and apply to Bard early-admission. I complain about it all the time, and everyone's bugging out right now on their senior projects, but I would complain about tests, too."

Who does the school look for? "A student who asks questions," said director Ruth Lacey, "who wants answers, who goes farther."

BARUCH COLLEGE CAMPUS HIGH SCHOOL

111 East 18th Street, Manhattan

BARUCH IS THE OUTGROWTH OF A CAMPAIGN by Upper East Side parents to get themselves a nearby zoned school. When uptown space did not materialize, Baruch College president Matthew Goldstein was so persuaded the school "would have something behind the word *rigor,*" as principal Jill Myers phrases her mantra, that he offered to make a home for this District 2 high school on campus.

STUDENTS	*100*
FACULTY	*5*
REGENTS GRADUATES	*(no grads yet)*
FOUNDED	*1997*

Fourteen, of course, is a self-conscious age, a time for stomping into your room and shutting the door. To be in a high school so tiny that your principal helps out as your gym teacher means never experiencing an unobserved moment. While the girls at Baruch don't seem to mind, the boys, in their mile-wide pants, have the air of big dogs behind pet-store glass. "Most of these teachers know our handwriting," one of them told me, with genuine dismay. When I repeated this to Myers, she laughed and said, "They really are like first children in a family. They've got more rules than God here."

At least the panoramic views from Baruch's sleek sixteenth-floor classrooms on 18th Street take the edge off incipient claustrophobia. Students here must perform community service and earn credits beyond city requirements in Regents science, math, English, and social sciences. The minimum passing grade is 70. (Students citywide can be promoted with 65's.) The tone is businesslike—I didn't hear any teacher try to wheedle a loitering student into class, as I did at some other schools—and the curriculum grounded. While many grand plans are afoot elsewhere for use of the Internet, teachers here said their immediate goal was to help students distinguish Web gold from dross. They don't want to see a research assignment, in other words, cite the Drudge Report.

Myers knows this is not exactly the school parents had in mind, so she campaigned by leading weekly tours all autumn. The second-in-command, math teacher Susan Elliott, vows that parents on the school-based management committee won't debate wall colors. In fact, they'll be interviewing candidates and helping to hire next year's expanded faculty.

As students progress toward graduation, Myers hopes to get a hand with electives from Baruch professors, and eventually to see upperclassmen in college classes. Students now enjoy access to Baruch's library, its cafeteria food, and its gym.

Since the school was approved only after most students had made their choices last year, Myers said, "these are the kids who got burned by the [admissions] system." If anything, many show unusual commitment to their work. The first club they asked to form was for peer tutors—Study Buddies, they call it. And student representatives recently asked Elliott to increase math tutorials from one day a week to two. This is not to suggest that Baruch students are easily led. When teacher Danielle Salzberg chose an *Atlantic Monthly* essay on electronic archiving—a densely argued dissertation peppered with words like *reliquary* and *oubliette*—to demonstrate superior essay writing, some students responded with outrage. "I know we are supposed to write about the author's style, but first let me say this topic was boring and dry!" one student scribbled in her class journal.

Each week students and teachers exchange letters discussing their out-of-class reading. For teachers, the correspondence is enlightening but draining. "We're cursing Susan for it," Myers said, referring to the plan's originator, "but it's one of the best things we do. I'm convinced this is the way to encourage individual reading."

NYC LAB SCHOOL FOR COLLABORATIVE STUDIES

333 West 17th Street, Manhattan

CONSIDERING THE GROWTH OF STATE-MANDATED coursework, this tiny downtown socio-educational collective, wedged inelegantly into an old junior high, comes as close as a high school can these days to being a curricular democracy. Latin expired here for lack of interest, but sociology was added on, as was advanced physics. Every senior must choose a research topic and enlist a teacher to “mentor” a yearlong thesis project. Lower East Sider Kate Tull, wearing a WICCA T-shirt the day we met, is exploring the influence of Celtic mythology in sixteenth-century Irish witchcraft trials. All eighth- through tenth-graders must join a book-discussion group, but students were polled on their interests before the staff chose genres.

STUDENTS
260
FACULTY
35
REGENTS GRADUATES
65 percent
FOUNDED
1993

The academic demands are tough, but students seem up to it; Lab’s attached middle school ranked No. 1 in the city this year in reading scores, and half the freshmen in the five-year-old high school move right in from Lab junior, leaving only about 45 seats for outsiders, mostly from District 2 lower schools. “Finding your voice,” as co-director Rob Menken explained, is a goal for all students, though some arrive in full song. Ninth-grader Danya Weiss, an aspiring herpetologist, told me she chose Lab to get “as much individual attention as possible” for her reptile-study needs.

Menken argues that students will push the edge one way or another, and some of that passion can be channeled educationally by letting them shape electives, work collaboratively with friends, and pursue independent studies. “When that happens, then kids buy into the academics,” he said, “even when you’re asking them to do something that’s hard and possibly unpleasant”—like showing up early for an add-on science lab. But it’s also a necessity to a school this small, which lacks up-to-date laboratories or a broad choice of majors. “We have to make up for that by giving students a richness of experiences,” he says.

The rule is that any student who can line up nine cohorts and an adviser may start an extracurricular, and while team sports are gaining favor in this formerly exercise-deprived school, most of the extracurriculars have a certain spice. Describing the ninth-graders who started a drama club this year, Kate Tull said, “Even though they’re all girls, they’re doing *Twelve Angry Men.*”

But if the school seems alternative in an Ani DiFranco kind of way, its underpinning educational aspirations are classically ambitious. A recent college night saw three fourths of the junior class turn out with parents in tow. Parents, in fact, take on unusually time-consuming functions, including advising clubs and coordinating students’ community service.

Lab established its bona fides when it graduated its first seniors last year and dispatched them to Columbia, Cornell, and Carnegie-Mellon (not counting one rebel who went into the Marines). Menken and co-director Sheila Breslaw tout that placement record as vindication of a curriculum that sends juniors out into the world on twice-a-week internships, then crowds senior year with advanced science, math, humanities, and computer programming. As for teachers, they contort themselves to deliver the required elements of the Regents curriculum in as flowing and lively a way as possible. Global history plays into ethnomusicology, and students are challenged to draw on-the-spot connections between the vernacular of Dante, to take one example I heard, and Zora Neale Hurston. A master of the critical-thinking game is the popular history teacher Lem “M.C.” Martinez-Carroll. Leading a circle of eleventh-graders through a discussion of Thoreau and theology one recent afternoon, he posed the question: Is virtue learned or innate? “I think it’s a combination of both,” one girl haplessly ventured. “Aaaahhhh,” he moaned, waving her down, “you’re playing the safe role with me. Someone else! Give me an argument!”

PROFESSIONAL PERFORMING ARTS SCHOOL

328 West 48th Street, Manhattan

GAVROCHE’S SINGING CUE, UNFORTUNATELY, never came. Just down the hall from John Wenk’s tenth-grade humanities class was a kid who’d sung the part in *Les Misérables* on Broadway, but as Wenk later explained unapologetically to the assistant principal for performing arts, “We had too much material to cover” in analyzing Victor Hugo’s novel to break for a song.

“You see,” the assistant principal, Kim Bruno, responded, “I think there’s always time for a three-minute song-and-dance.”

STUDENTS
260
FACULTY
16
REGENTS GRADUATES
18 percent
FOUNDED
1990

Such is the tension and the spark that energizes this school, whose slight size matches its obscurity (it’s often confused with the similarly named private school). It has a distance to go to reach the academic pantheon, but with a collegial group of teachers and a core of preternaturally focused students who can do laptop algebra in a rehearsal hall (like Sara Zelle, Liesl in Broadway’s *The Sound of Music*), new principal Mindy Chermak is trying to elevate PPAS into a respectable La Guardia alternative.

Mornings are for academics. At lunchtime, students scoot down four flights to the cafeteria they share with Midtown West elementary, grab something breaded on a styrofoam plate, and dash back up for peer tutoring—math is in high demand. Just after 1:30 P.M., the school switches from academics to performance classes. Some 80 dancers head by bus to the Alvin Ailey studios, and a few musicians, to the Lucy Moses School. Visiting pros arrive to teach Scene Study in the auditorium and Movement for Singers in the school’s one airy space, a top-floor dance studio.

Just as the day is divided, so is the school community, between wage-earning performers and civilians who are happy to be extras in, say, an Aaliyah video. Senior Sean Nelson, who’s been on *Touched by an Angel* and played a lead in the film *Fresh*, is charmingly low-key about the cell phone he carries for trading calls with his agent.

Teachers at PPAS say they have a common goal: to use their students’ prodigious talents in the service of deeper, more meaningful lessons. Wenk, for instance, had three of his sophomores invigorate the classics by presenting an original seven-minute operetta based on *Medea.* (Singer-librettist Peter Previti said, “We were able to write it in a few days by coming to school early and staying late.”)

Principal Chermak rid the school of out-of-license instructors—the art teachers teaching science—and used this year’s healthier school budgets to feed the rest new texts, computers, and encouragement to toughen the curriculum. English and history are taught as a combined double period of humanities.

But no one will come here for the science labs. And because of the compressed academic day, the school can’t offer AP courses. To compensate, students are sent off campus for college courses, and recently the school joined a student-exchange program with Japan.

This past fall, Chermak produced a brochure for prospective parents noting each teacher’s degrees and professional qualifications. All sixteen were there at the open house, with syllabi and reading lists. Then came the song-and-dance: the school repertory company in three numbers from *Rent.* The magic, they had; their battered stage could have used a curtain and lights.

TOWNSEND HARRIS

149-11 Melbourne Avenue, Flushing

THERE’S SOMETHING STRANGELY RITUALIZED about every activity in this austerely pristine school in a three-year-old building on the Queens College campus. From the freshman recitation of the Ephebic Oath of induction (“I shall never bring disgrace to my city, nor shall I ever desert my comrades in the ranks . . .”) to the rule that all classroom remarks be delivered in full sentences, it’s plain that there’s a standard high-school way of doing things, and then there’s the Townsend Harris way. Even bells are out; Sibelius and Ravel signal the changing of periods.

STUDENTS
1,020
FACULTY
46
REGENTS GRADUATES
99 percent
FOUNDED
1984

But nothing is more ritualized than the boastful complaints students apply to the workload (severe), the grading (a B here is an A anywhere else, I was assured a dozen times in a day), and the social life (the ratio of girls to boys is 66 to 34). Even the humor is gripey, as in the school paper’s account of the No. 1 campus pickup line:

"What a coincidence, I have no life, either."

There's a temptation to say "headmaster" when discussing the founding principal, Malcolm Largmann, who recently asked student officers to address what he considered insufficient door-holding and other hallway courtesies among students. He described to me the school ethic this way: "We don't expect excellence. We merely accept it." Not that most students need the prompt. "A lot of the pressure students feel here is self-imposed," said Dominika Bednarska, who won early acceptance to Brown University this year.

Townsend Harris, originally an academy that prepped gifted boys for City College, was closed in 1942 and reopened in Queens in 1984, when civically inclined and highly successful alumni got the political backing of Queens politicos who wanted a selective school for their borough. Partly to distinguish itself from the science schools, it chose to emphasize humanities, with a strong classical base. All students take Greek or Latin.

Several told me that their parents had made clear to them, since their elementary days, that they'd better get A's, since they were going to Townsend Harris. While the school is open to students from all five boroughs, it draws most heavily on Queens and can take a limited number of students from any Queens neighborhood high-school zone. Students are chosen based on their academic records and their standardized reading and math scores.

AP English and history are requirements. Electives offered this spring (in addition to Queens College courses) include a creative-writing workshop, Literature of Oppression and Protest, a law seminar, and Science via Art. All students are encouraged to pursue independent-research projects in the social or hard sciences. In fact, the research facilities are so spacious that student scientists planning to enter national science competitions get individually dedicated lab space.

To be included in an honors society, students also must perform 40 hours of community service a year. Largmann tells them it's payback for the privilege of attending the school: "We're building leaders of the future. This is what we expect of leaders." While a fresh round of griping greeted that newly imposed standard this year, junior Annie Yan said that her work leading ceramics classes for disadvantaged children had been the formative experience of her high-school life. Having volunteered 100 hours last year at the Jamaica Arts Center, she called it "my second home."

While the school is financially supported in part by an alumni association and a parents' organization, it lacks the budget to exploit its modern building fully. The audiovisual lab is sometimes locked for lack of staff.

Counselors at Townsend Harris are known for being particularly industrious about helping students secure summer internships at law and financial offices, as well as gaining entry (often scholarship-supported) to such summer college seminars as the writing course Bednarska attended at Brown. And junior Chadwick Stewart mentioned how a counselor recently called him in to ask why his chemistry grade had slipped from a 90 to an 85. He wasn't complaining, he said. He appreciated the nudge. "They always put you back on top of your game."

BENJAMIN N. CARDOZO HIGH SCHOOL

5700 223rd Street, Bayside

NEARLY 11,000 STUDENTS FROM WELL beyond Bayside continue to vie each year for the 300 places in Benjamin N. Cardozo High School's math-and-science, law, and dance programs. The school is twelfth among public high schools nationally in the number of students taking advanced-placement exams, and it still shines in the citywide bake-offs for student scientists and sculptors.

STUDENTS
4,100
FACULTY
191
REGENTS GRADUATES
63 percent
FOUNDED
1967

Still, the question of how securely it rests on its green hilltop remains in play. It took a hit this year when Board of Education investigator Edward Stancik suggested there might be gang troubles at the school, only to be quickly rebutted by the mayor, who declared the school gang-free. Sensitive to parents' need to have their public-school choice validated, principal Arnold Goldstein bombards them with charts and graphs demonstrating the school's academic dominance not only among neighborhood high schools in the five boroughs but in comparison to Nassau and Suffolk too.

But the best example of Goldstein's skillful spin traveled home this year with the announcement of PhoneMaster 2000. The new automated phone system is an unglamorous tool to reduce class-cutting. Parents can dial in and discover if their kid skipped a class that day. But sounding a more positive note, Goldstein noted that parents will soon be able to get recorded updates on team schedules, band concerts, and college nights. "I consider PhoneMaster a triumph for Benjamin Cardozo High School," he wrote, "and hope you share my enthusiasm."

Cardozo has as full a schedule of AP choices as can be found beyond the selective schools, and a team-and-club roster that's constantly building (though scheduling choices can be tough: Do you debate or join Students for a Free Tibet? Lacrosse conditioning or the stock-market club?). Though the last dance fizzled (security rules kept out dates from other schools), the spring pep rally rocked. The science labs, where top students in the DaVinci Program tend years-long research projects, are getting a $1.3 million update that will allow for DNA research. Alternative-science aficionados explore the mind-body connection in stress-reduction classes.

Many teachers here have deviated from the monotony of chalk-and-talk, but Goldstein says he'd like to see faculty break up the classroom rhythms even more with small-group discussions and student-initiated projects. Still, the general calm of the instructional culture at Cardozo seems to carry over into what could be a tense social situation: Some 4,100 students knock backpacks in a building meant for 2,400. Students complain they can't program their schedules with as many electives as they'd like. "Before, the problem was budget; now it's crowding," Goldstein says.

Goldstein doesn't want to lose anyone to the crowd, and his staff is serious about reaching out to every kid. "Does each student in the building have one adult he feels confident going to if he has a problem?" he says. "That's really important to us."

Students here are not faceless. Shortly after visiting Cardozo, I met an administrator who told me about a senior whose mom, a teacher at another city school, had developed terminal breast cancer. As the student's mother rapidly declined, it became clear she would not make it, as she'd fervently wished, to her daughter's graduation. The story reached Goldstein late on a Friday afternoon. He found a diploma and drove to the woman's house. There, at her mother's bedside, the senior was granted her degree.

ACADEMY OF AMERICAN STUDIES

28-01 41st Avenue,
Long Island City

MICHAEL SERBER NOTES THAT HE HAD nothing to prove by founding a new high school. He could have retired honorably in a year or two as history chairman at Forest Hills High. But he and Cardozo High School history chairman emeritus Howard Seretan had started a free, surprisingly popular Saturday history academy for city kids six years ago. When the backers of that effort, local magnates and historic-document collectors Richard Gilder and Lew Lehrman, wanted to launch a public high school, Serber could not pass up the challenge.

STUDENTS
235
FACULTY
15
REGENTS GRADUATES
(no grads yet)
FOUNDED
1996

Perhaps not surprisingly, the product of this partnership between the Queens High School Superintendency and the Gilder Lehrman Institute of American History seems simultaneously threadbare and well-nourished. The school makes its home in the shell of the old Long Island City High School, and if some of the windows are missing a few panes and the floor undulates, the new $100,000 computer lab has a T-1 line that teachers use to mine materials ranging from Bulfinch's *Mythology* to Jefferson's writings on religious freedom, pulled off the Smithsonian Website. Funny mounted snapshots of teachers on "dress-down day" share hallway space with glass vitrines holding priceless historical documents, including the letters of slaves, on loan from the backers' collection at the Pierpont Morgan Library.

Located near the nexus of the E, F, 7, N, and R trains, the school primarily draws on a Queens population that is mostly foreign-born or first-generation American. Several students told me their parents wanted them here because the school seemed small and sheltered; they, on the other hand, relished getting away on field trips—a major point of interest here. The ninth-graders are going to Boston, and the sophomores will be overnighting in Gettysburg. This is the second summer two A students will be sent on scholarship to study literature for six weeks at Cambridge University.

Coursework is heavy; in addition to requirements, students must take a research-techniques course and three extra years of American history. Some students admit to being shocked by the stiff expectations. "Mr. Resnick [the technology teacher] gives research papers to everyone, and in English we have to write sonnets and myths—you actually have to make them up yourself," said ninth-grader Kuncharee Kunjara. "I was going crazy with that stuff."

But Serber says, "I have never had a parent say to me in this school, 'I don't think my child should be in the Regents math class—don't you have something easier?' If you try the work and you need help, teachers are always available to you. But there's no opt-out. Everyone's got to read *Othello*."

The staff has tinkered with the scheduling to allow smaller classes and longer periods of math and English in the freshman year. As teasers, they offer Wednesday-afternoon seminars in such popular subjects as dance and computer art, but only for passing students. The rest go to tutorials. By next year, Serber said, the school will offer its first advanced-placement class in calculus.

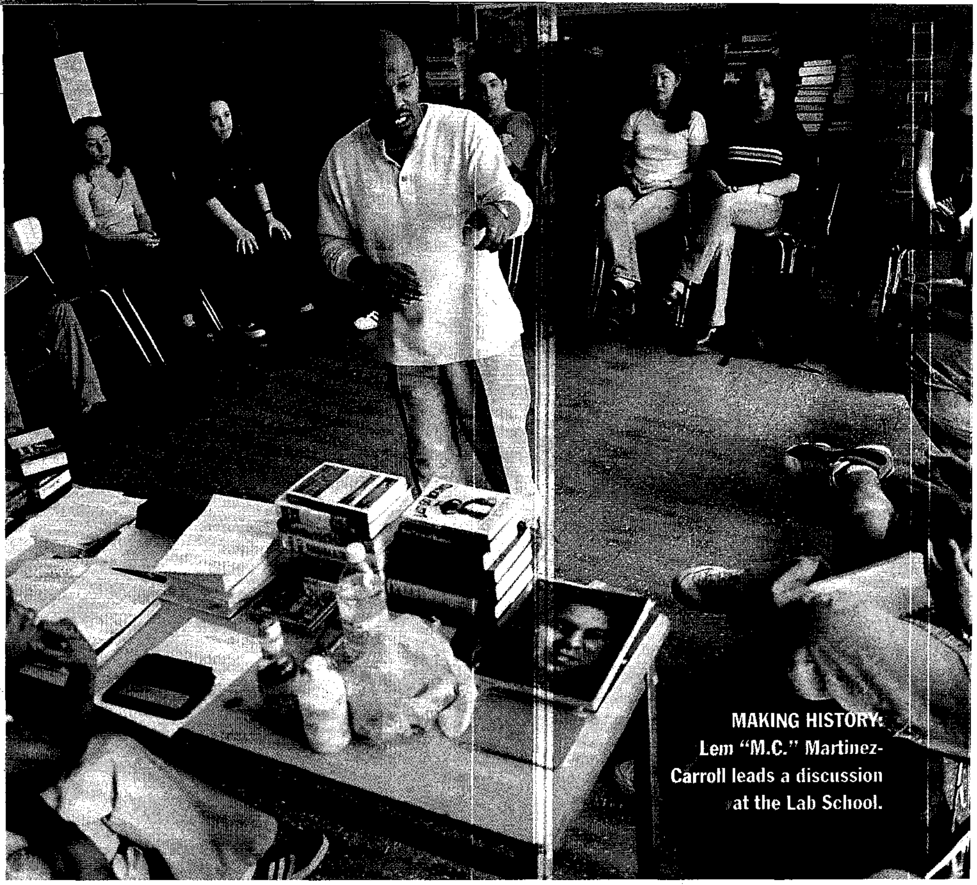
The small faculty features several postgraduate-degree-holders in their first teaching jobs but their second careers. The biology teacher was a hospital administrator. One English teacher was an actress (she assigns *Huck Finn* alongside the Civil War). Another worked on Wall Street and sold Saturns.

Sharona Kay, a Princeton history graduate with a master's from Columbia, has only been a teacher. On a recent afternoon, she had her class imagining they were generals prioritizing what they needed to win a war.

"Water?" one student suggested.

"I see you remembered my theory that the next world war will be over water," Kay responded.

"Food?" said another student.



MAKING HISTORY: Lem "M.C." Martinez-Carroll leads a discussion at the Lab School.

"I'm so glad you said that. What would your soldiers do if they were hungry?"

"Eat each other," another student replied.

"They would not eat each other," she said with an amused smile. "You need to watch less TV and read more history."

EDWARD R. MURROW

1600 Avenue L, Midwood

MURROW IS FAMOUS FIRST AS THE school where students sit in the halls and second as the place where aspiring Brooklyn thespians want to follow in the footsteps of alumna Marisa Tomei. Those two elements—theater and hanging out—come together in a particular stretch of corridor where the drama kids lounge in piles, languorously resting their heads in each other's laps.

STUDENTS	3,860
FACULTY	193
REGENTS GRADUATES	53 percent
FOUNDED	1974

During Regents week, students spend fourteen hours a day here rehearsing "Sing," that fading city tradition in which a school splits—freshmen and seniors versus juniors and sophomores—and teams compete to write and present the better musical show. But for all the attention to talented musicians and artists—who have to audition or submit portfolios when applying—Murrow is a big enough world for Russian chess champs, math fanatics, science-lab researchers, and aspiring lawyers who intern with congressmen. Some are zoned in; others from around Brooklyn must apply for a space.

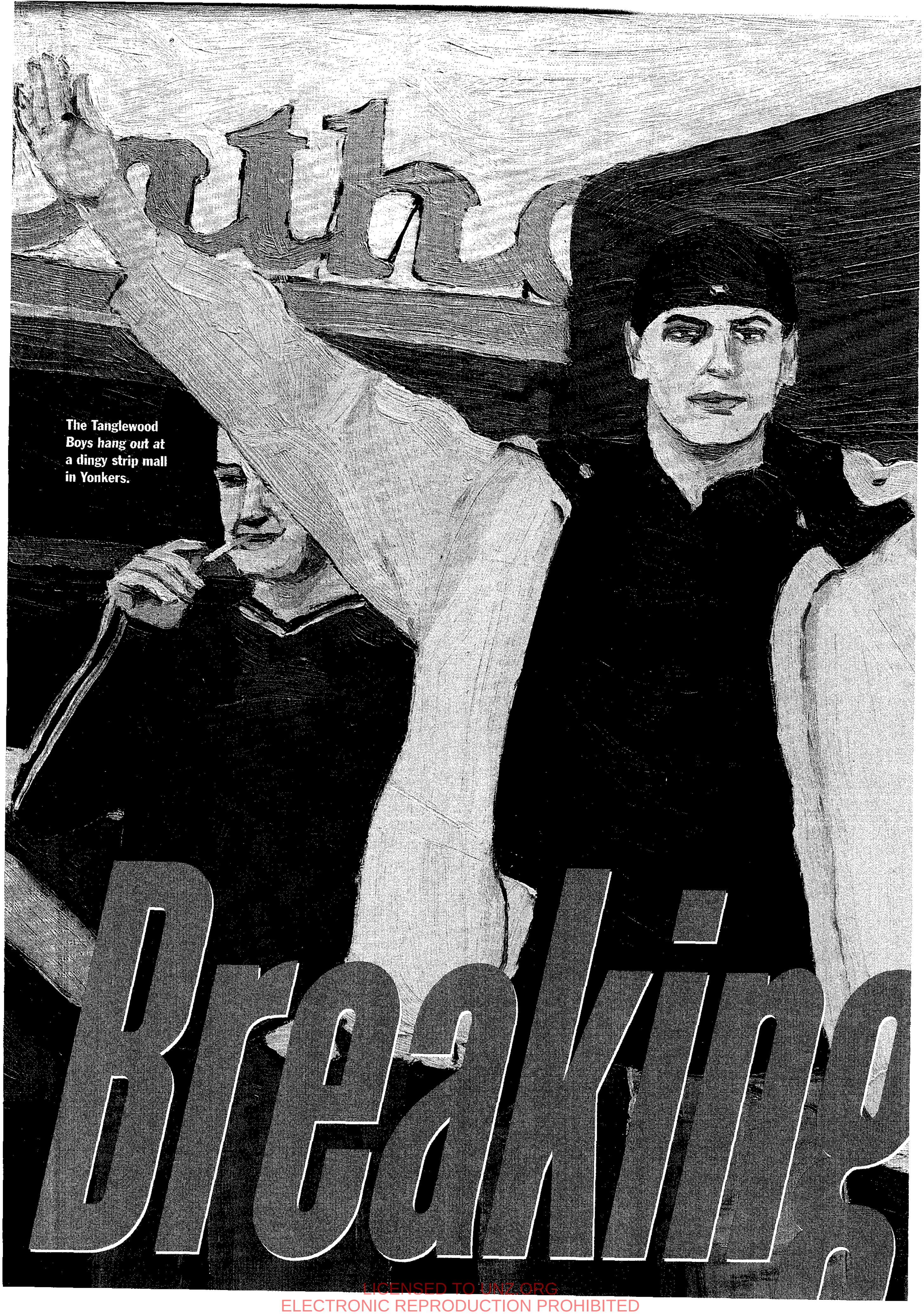
What it hasn't got is jocks. For many students, a deciding factor in ranking Murrow and Midwood on their choice forms is that Midwood has teams and cheerleaders, while its academic borough rival has kids batting volleyballs around in let's-get-this-over-with co-ed gym classes.

As much as any high school in the city, Murrow is the personal expression of one educator, founding principal Saul Bruckner. He still teaches his AP American-history class each day at 7:40 A.M. and is a famously critical evaluator of other teachers. That's because students are even more critical, he says. "Kids have very sharp antennae, and they know by the first or second day of class if they're going to be taught anything."

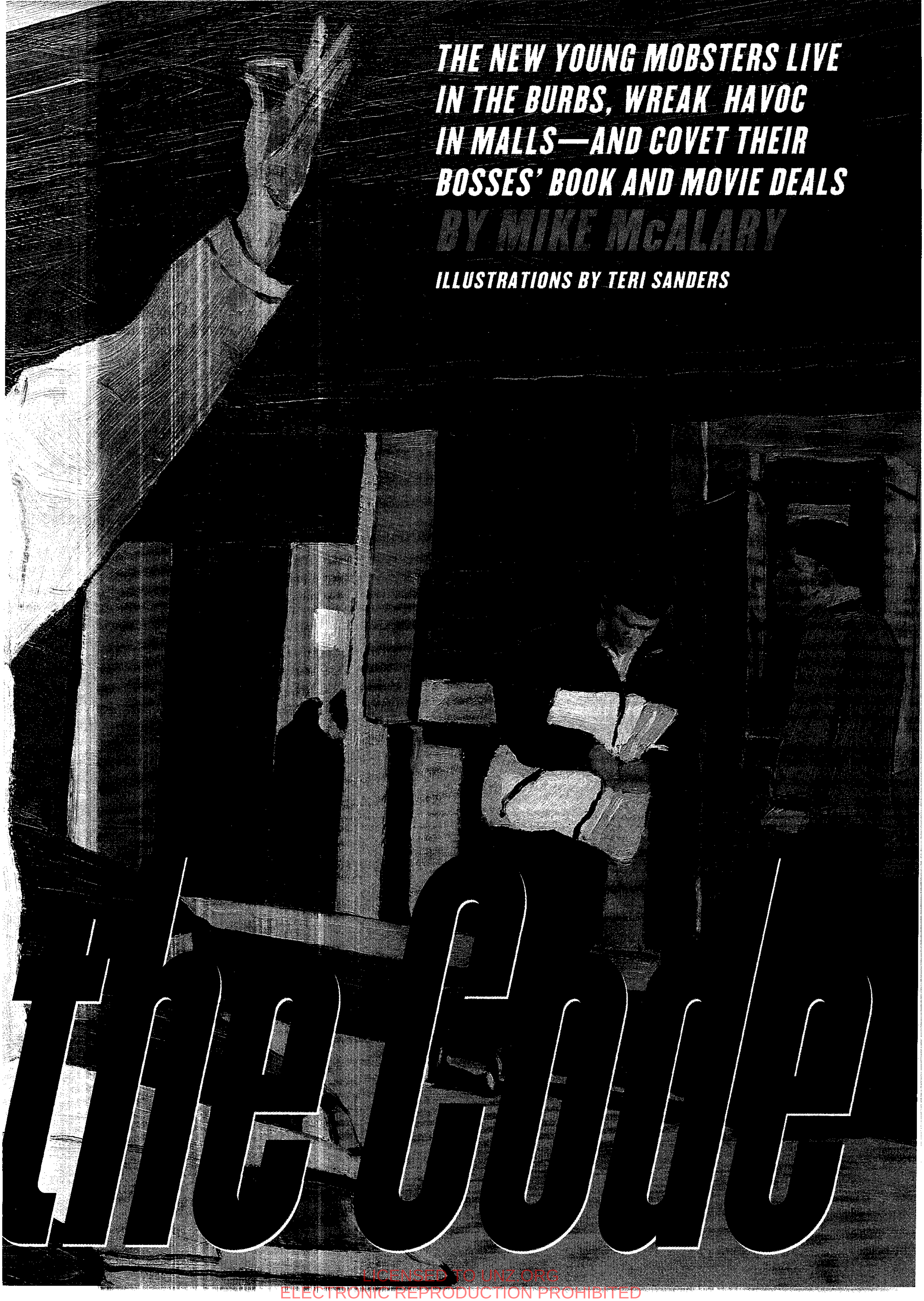
As curmudgeonly as he looks, Bruckner seems to have a deeply personal connection to his students, who are often immigrants or children of immigrants. Stopping a Guyanese-born senior in the hallway on a recent morning to ask how her college acceptances were looking, he heard a frustrated account of how her parents were holding her back from attending school in Connecticut. "There's no one in front of me—I'm the first to try to go to college," she said. "Your parents are like mine," he told her. "I'm the first and only member of my family to go to college, too."

Bruckner is a libertarian principal. He holds to the view that given broad choice, broad freedoms, and good guidance, students will not only work more productively but will think it was their idea to do so. Those not capable of the most advanced work find other outlets, including a thriving internship program. Most students are scheduled for one or two periods of *(continued on page 63)*

Breaking



The Tanglewood Boys hang out at a dingy strip mall in Yonkers.



the Code

THE NEW YOUNG MOBSTERS LIVE IN THE BURBS, WREAK HAVOC IN MALLS—AND COVET THEIR BOSSES' BOOK AND MOVIE DEALS

BY MIKE McALARY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TERI SANDERS

THE YOUNG MOBSTER, WHO CARRIED HIMSELF MORE like Brett Favre than like John Gotti, was wearing a wool J. Crew sweater and a green rain slicker against the sweeping winter wind. As he stepped off the *U.S.S. Nautilus,* the nuclear submarine docked in Groton, Connecticut, the low sky was gray and cold. This aging monument to a world below the surface, I thought, was the perfect place to meet the latest gangster turned rat. ■ Run silent, run deep. ■ To see the new face of the mob, look no further than 27-year-old Darin Mazzarella. He is slope-shouldered, about five feet ten and 180 pounds, with reddish hair. Like a retired quarterback with ruined knees, he has horrific scars and a severe limp—the legacy of an incident two summers ago, when he took fourteen bullets from a mob rival outside a crowded Bronx playground. Instead of wearing sharkskin suits and listening to Frank Sinatra, the new young mobsters favor Eddie Bauer jeans and Annie Lennox CD's while committing their mayhem. The *Goodfellas* days of Henry Hill and the Robert's Lounge in South Ozone Park, Queens, are long gone. Until last year, Darin Mazzarella, along with the sons of gangsters who were his lifelong buddies, hung out not in social clubs in Little Italy and on Staten Island but at a low-rent strip shopping center in Yonkers. They're suburban rats.

When I meet him for the first time in Groton, he is still jail-pale after being held for eight months without bail in the 1994 murder of a Westchester politician's kid. Mazzarella and his vicious brother, Nicholas, had been in protective custody for a month. The FBI had sprung Darin from a county jail cell, ostensibly to marry his high-school sweetheart, and then made it look like the suspected killer was under house arrest so he could wear a wire around his pals.

A former high-school baseball star and community-college engineering student, Darin Mazzarella is a keen but barbed character who talks philosophically about the future of "the gangster soul." Like John Gotti Jr., he is where New York's mob story is headed.

"I was gonna come down to Manhattan one night and baseball-bat you," Darin said.

For four years, I had been following Mazzarella and a wanton crew called the Tanglewood Boys who had been terrorizing Yonkers and the Bronx and had recently extended their brutal reach to the Upper West Side of Manhattan. One day last fall, after he became a protected federal informant, Darin called me at home saying he wanted to talk face-to-face. Mazzarella, who is now in the witness-protection program along with his brother and their wives, suggested we meet at the submarine base.

"I WAS GONNA SEND YOU E-mail from a public library near where the FBI has my family stashed, but the computers they got aren't modern enough," Darin explained when we met. "I used one of those phone cards the mob is selling now to call you." We wound up in a Ground Round restaurant, sitting at a wooden table, surrounded by sailors. The Jets were playing the Minnesota Vikings at the Meadowlands, and with the televisions blaring, no one seemed to notice us at first.

"Back when I was locked up, I saw Sammy Gravano talking on television with Diane Sawyer," Mazzarella said. "I was left to twist in the wind by guys who hired high-priced lawyers like Ben Brafman. I was in jail protecting wiseguys who weren't doing shit for me. The guys in my own crew ain't even paying my fiancée money they owe me. Then I see Gravano on television. Here's a boss who ratted, kept his money, wrote a book—and I'm thinking, *What the fuck am I doing? I'm gonna be the last stand-up guy?* Fuck that. Like politics, the gangster culture has bottomed out. Even the mob bosses we aspire to be have movie deals."

Mazzarella was talking too loudly, and I was concerned that a couple of sailors nearby had him on their radar. The waitress coughed. Darin lowered his voice to a whisper.

"You know, when you were writing about the Tanglewood Boys all the time, I was gonna come down to Manhattan one night and baseball-bat you," he confessed. "You were in one of our clubs. and I got beeped. 'McAlary is in here right now, with his wife.' This was a big going-away party for somebody from your newspaper."

I was jolted into remembering a dark, velvet-covered room.

"Yeah, that's our place," he continued. "The Genovese capo who used to run hiring at the Javits Center is the secret owner. At the same time the *Daily News* is screaming about the Javits mob, you're renting our nightclub!"

"We didn't know."

"I didn't come down and whack you because I realized, hey, if I ever get in trouble, you know, maybe I'll need you. We could be partners."

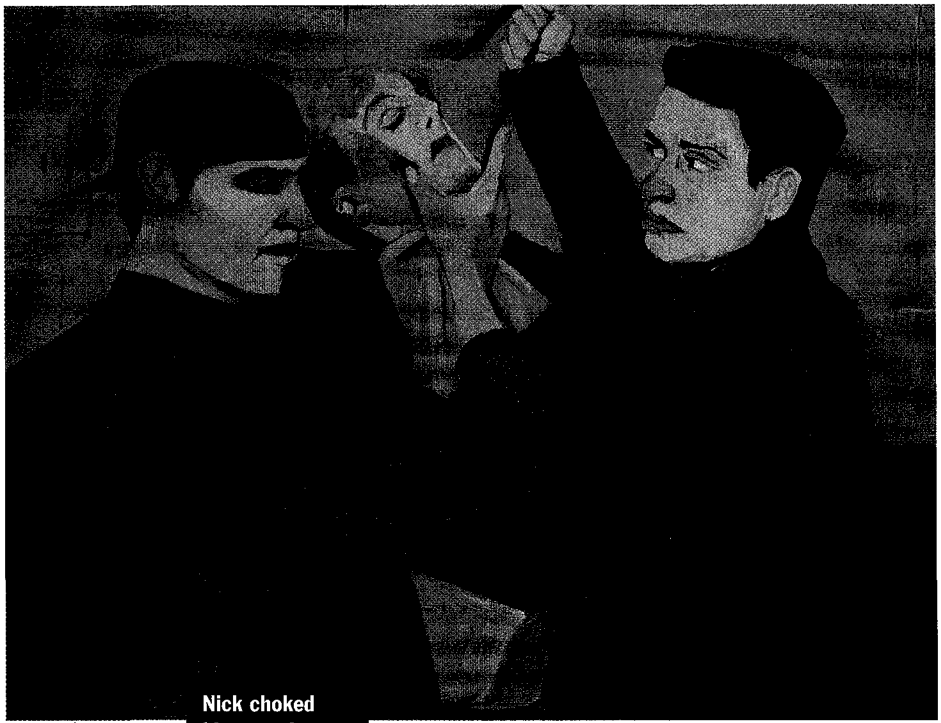
"Partners? In what?"

"You know, partners in a book-and-movie deal."

ON DECEMBER 13, 1997, AS THE FEDERAL COLLAR TIGHTENED ON Junior Gotti and 40 others, including Tanglewood Boys past and present, Darin surfaced again at the submarine base, this time wearing a Tommy Hilfiger shirt. He and his brother had just pleaded guilty to federal racketeering charges in White Plains and agreed to cooperate with prosecutors. Even though news of the arrangement wouldn't get out for nearly two weeks,

Darin wanted to tell me about the crimes he had committed between 1989 and 1995 with several generations of established Gambino, Genovese, and Lucchese gangsters.

Before he is sentenced for racketeering, Mazzarella's keepers say, he will testify against his old boss, Anthony "Blue Eyes" Santorelli, in a half-dozen state and federal trials covering a wide variety of crimes, including mob murders, assaults, armed robberies, hijackings, loansharking, and ruthless mob extortion schemes involving union jobs and building construction. Although most of his testimony will focus on his involvement with the Lucchese family, some of his best friends were arrested on January 21 with Junior Gotti, including several charter members of the Tanglewood Boys. Junior was also found, the government charges, with a list of names the prosecutors have called "The Holy Grail." The list included names of two Lucchese mobsters—Joseph Cosentino and Anthony Magana—who executed John Petrucelli, the father of Darin Mazzarella's best friend.



Nick choked him; another Tanglewood Boy then ran in and stabbed the guy in the neck.

THE TANGLEWOOD SHOPPING CENTER ON CENtral Park Avenue in Yonkers is a dingy thirteen-store, one-pay-phone, gray-and-maroon backwoods strip mall just across the street from Nathan's Famous restaurant, where the nice kids hang out. I first began receiving letters from a guy in the Tanglewood gang in 1994, after writing about the murder of Louis Balancio, a student at Mercy College. The writer called himself Jack and wrote single-spaced, severely misspelled letters. He seemed to know a great deal about murders, assaults, arson, and bookmaking operations. In 1995, FBI agent Dave Calore and his supervisor came to see me about the letters. It turned out Jack used to write to the FBI but quit them for me. The agents showed me an advertisement they'd placed in the *Daily News*'s classified section trying to communicate with him. I shared Jack's letters with the FBI, about eight of them. Some of Jack's information was good. Some of it was wrong. The identity and motive of the mysterious mob letter-writer was baffling.

Jack knew about bookmaking operations being run by Darin Mazzarella, his friend Alfred "Freddy Boy" Santorelli, and their underlings. He gave me a complete list of the gang, which included the Santorellis, the Mazzarellas, the DiSimones, Johnnie Boy Petrucelli, and ten others. The FBI used this information, and the bookmaking phone numbers Jack provided, to make a 1995 raid near Yankee Stadium, arresting Darin Mazzarella.

"Jack made us be more careful," Darin said. "But we figured it was the FBI writing the letters to you anyway. Only after I agreed to cooperate did I realize Jack actually existed."

Mazzarella has since helped the FBI identify Jack, who is also being protected. "Jack helped us break up Tanglewood and solve three murders," said Dave Calore. "He was the real deal."

DARIN MAZZARELLA WAS LIVING THE JOCK LIFE AT ROOSEVELT HIGH School in Yonkers until 1988, his senior year, when he broke his wrist and had to quit the varsity baseball team. He lived with his mother and Nicholas, now 29, in the Crestwood Arms Apartments, behind the Dumpsters in the Tanglewood shopping center. He was from a broken family, the son of an electrical engineer with a union job in the city. The Mazzarella brothers used to hang in the mall near the deli, where they carved their names in the redbrick. Darin also had the word TANGLEWOOD tattooed on his calf.

No cops came around then, but today there is a Dunkin' Donuts in the shopping center, and last month I counted ten Yonkers cops stopping by for coffee in one hour. The strip includes a couple of delis, a pizza store, a Laundromat, a dry cleaner, a Chinese restaurant, and some hairdressers. It's working-middle-class—the stickers on the rear windows of the cars parked there read NEW PALTZ, ALBANY STATE, and NEWBURGH.

By 1989, Darin said, he had abandoned the jock life for the gangster life. In quick succession, he'd dropped out of community college, grabbed a mob construction job in Manhattan, and dreamed of becoming a gangster like the ones in the movies he rented from Tanglewood Video. Instead of playing baseball, he began stealing rare baseball cards, selling Mickey Mantle and Henry Aaron rookie cards to Lucchese mobsters for as much as $6,000 each. By then, there were about twenty Tanglewood Boys hanging out in the parking lot, listening to Mike and the Mad Dog on WFAN or Hot 97 FM and selling stolen goods,

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"I DON'T KNOW HOW MANY BULLETS I WAS HIT WITH, BECAUSE THERE WERE SO MANY IN-AND-OUTS. I MAKE IT HALFWAY DOWN THE STREET RUNNING. FINALLY, MY LEGS COLLAPSE."

splitting gambling receipts, loan-sharking, or robbing local supermarkets and fast-food stores with guns.

"We were like every mall kid you ever saw in the nineties, only we got the sons of six gangsters in the Tanglewood parking lot almost every night," Darin told me. "We got Anthony DiSimone and Freddy Boy Santorelli from the Lucchese family. Johnnie Boy Petrucelli is the son of a guy who got whacked for hiding a guy who killed a federal agent. Stevie Crea is the son of the Lucchese underboss. There is Craig DePalma, the son of a Gambino capo; Greg DePalma, who is with Junior Gotti. Pasquale Parrello is around, too. He's the son of a Genovese soldier, Patsy Parrello. The kid got whacked after his father slapped Torrie Locascio, the son of Frank Locascio, the Gambino underboss guy who went away with John Gotti. We would hang out there before we went to the clubs, listening to music. We liked everything from Springsteen and Billy Joel to Neil Diamond and even the black gangsta rap. Anything but Metallica . . .

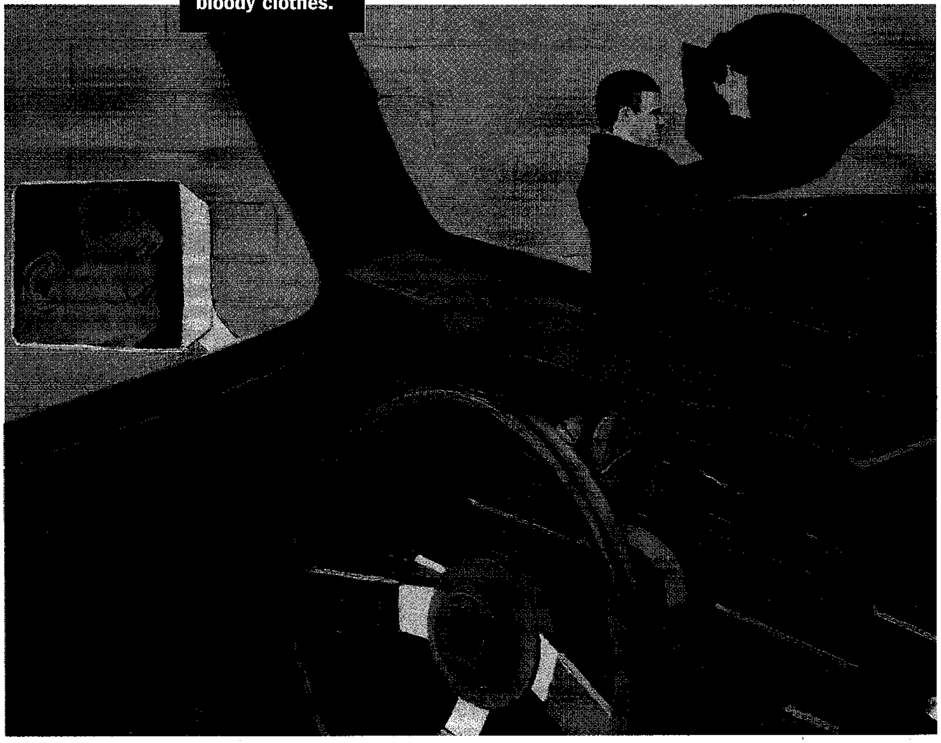
"We used to go to clubs all over Westchester and the Bronx and beat the shit out of people. We were just raging through the night. We intimidated the old wiseguys. We got free drinks, and if we started a fight, the other guys got thrown out. We dressed like clean-cut college kids, and we even used to make fun of gangsters in those stupid white-on-white shirts and silk suits. Our heroes were Phil Simms, Don Mattingly, and John Gotti. How could you not like the way he dressed? We would do robberies and go shopping at Take Six and Century 21 in Manhattan. Mostly we wore Gap clothes or Nike outfits. We thought we looked better than the old-timers.

"Out of high school, I had a brand-new Cougar, and Freddy Boy had a brand-new maroon IROC Camaro convertible. You sleep till noon. You got girls and cash. You go on vacations whenever you like. Anybody that doesn't like it got to be insane. We played softball and football, and when guys owed me and Freddy money, we took their rice rockets too—red, white, and blue Kawasaki motorcycles. Once, Freddy took this guy's girlfriend. He just called this guy down to Tanglewood and told him, 'If you see her again, I'll break your legs.' Freddy even got engaged to the stolen girl. We didn't give a shit about wiseguys, though we respected them because they were older. They had guns. We had guns. We had fathers to protect us. So we did what the fuck we wanted. It's great until you go to jail. Then the betrayal starts."

DARIN'S FIRST AND CLOSEST MOB friend was Johnnie Boy Petrucelli. Because of his deal with the prosecutor, Darin had to give Petrucelli up in three murders, including the 1995 stabbing of a 17-year-old in the Bronx. In the eighties, he and Johnnie Boy would do gangster sleepovers at Petrucelli's mother's house in Ardsley. They also frequented a New Rochelle restaurant where John Petrucelli Sr., who liked cocaine and silk suits, hung out five nights a week in the back room. John Sr. was a big partyer but a rebel gangster who never wanted to go to Brooklyn to his boss.

For as long as there has been a Mafia, its story has been one of fathers and sons. The senior Petrucelli was a convicted Lucchese hit man who shot two guys in a Bronx bar in the late sixties. He claimed it was an argument over heroin, but it was a classic mob hit. He fled, and the mob, of course, protected him. But eventually he went to trial, and was out on bail waiting across the street from the Bronx Criminal Courthouse when someone relayed the guilty verdict. Petrucelli fled again. After nearly ten years on the lam, he was captured in Florida and shipped to Green Haven. Sometimes Petrucelli's sons—Johnnie Boy and Joey—would travel upstate to see him. The kids were enthralled with the gangster's life and charmed by their father's notion of fealty. It is all romantic fable, but the Petrucelli boys took it for truth.

In prison, Petrucelli befriended a muscular young gangster named Constabile "Gus" Farace. When another inmate threatened to drop a set of weights on Petrucelli's head, Farace saved him. Petrucelli returned the favor after their release from prison. On February 28, 1989, while working on a drug deal, Farace shot and killed Everett Hatcher, a federal undercover agent. The murder was front-page tabloid news for weeks. Farace, now wanted by the Feds and the mob, turned to his Green Haven family, and John Petrucelli, then 47, agreed to hide him. A Lucchese boss sent word to John Petrucelli: "Either clip Farace or kill yourself." He refused, and on September 13, 1989, Petrucelli was executed by his boyhood friend Joey "Blue Eyes" Cosentino and Anthony Magana, two names that would wind up on Junior Gotti's list. In time, their sons went to



In the White Castle parking lot, the FBI agent saw "Blue Eyes" dump the bloody clothes.

war, the fight going on in the name of their mob fathers.

The Petrucelli boys and the Cosentino boys began to ricochet through the mob world. On March 8, 1992, outside a New Rochelle bar where Darin worked as a bouncer, the younger Petrucelli son, Joey, 16, got into a racial argument and shot another 16-year-old to death. He is doing a life bit. Johnnie Boy Petrucelli and Darin Mazzarella have beaten up on the Cosentino boys and were planning to kill them when the FBI came crashing down.

"Johnnie Boy definitely wanted to revenge his father," Darin said. "I remember his dad's wake in the Bronx. I was like 18 and didn't know all the wiseguys then. It was mostly Johnnie's friends. The Petrucelli brothers went crazy after that. I started a life of crime with Johnnie Boy. His father was on his way out of a girlfriend's apartment trying to get to his navy-blue Mazda 929 when he got hit. Johnnie Boy got the car when the FBI was done with it. All the panels were ripped out. We didn't care. We still drove it around. That was kind of weird, I guess, driving around in FBI evidence.

"After his father's closed-casket funeral, Johnnie got the car and $4,000 cash from his grandmother, and I stood by Johnnie. We tried to make money and started using the car to do robberies. The FBI crime scene was the getaway car. The first crime we did was rob a New Rochelle bookmaker one night in 1989. We just knocked on his door and Johnnie stuck an unloaded gun in his face. We grabbed $3,500 and left the guy in his bathtub. Then we started robbing baseball cards in Yonkers and Hartsdale and spending money on clothes at the Cross County Mall. Our technique was simple: Break the glass with a baseball bat and run in.

"We robbed assault rifles from a sporting-goods store. We were down in the Bronx when some Albanians we were always arguing with shot up our cars. Johnnie Boy came back and killed one of them outside a bar. That was his first murder.

"Then Johnnie told me he killed another guy to revenge his brother, Joey. Johnnie said he just ran into a crowd of kids in the Bronx and stabbed one kid to death. He didn't even know if it was the right guy and didn't care. I gave the FBI Johnnie's three murders. It will be difficult to testify against him, though. Loyalty died with his old man, but Johnnie never betrayed me."

BY 1991, DARIN MAZZARELLA HAD MOVED FROM VIOLENCE to bookmaking. He opened an office in a building controlled by a friend's father on 109th Street, between First and Second Avenues, and was making $100,000 on some weekends. The crack dealers on the corner never messed with Anthony "Blue Eyes" Santorelli's Tanglewood Boys.

They still gathered in the parking lot, but the Tanglewood Boys were rich now. On February 2, 1992, the Mazzarella brothers went to a friend's house for a party in Tuckahoe. An older Gambino associate was snorting coke in the bathroom all night and teasing Nick Mazzarella, who then grabbed the guy by the throat and choked him. He fell to the floor, unconscious. Another Tanglewood Boy ran into the kitchen and stabbed him in the neck with a kitchen knife.

"I never saw anyone killed before," Darin recalled. "Instead of people breaking the stereo while his parents were away, we killed somebody in this kid's house. We wrapped his body in a handmade quilt, and I drove his van with the body to Manhattan. We had just seen *Goodfellas* and were listening to the CD on the stereo. I left the van on the Upper East Side with a body." The case went unsolved until Darin and Nick, who were both wired by the FBI, ratted out their friends. Nick pleaded guilty to the murder last month, and Darin admitted dumping the body.

Then, on February 4, 1994, the Tanglewood Boys killed a 21-year-old Mercy College student in a very public way. Louis Balancio was knifed to death outside the Strike Zone Bar, a mob hangout, now closed, across the street from Darin's high school in Yonkers. Although there may have been as many as 30 witnesses, none came forward.

"I WAS IN THE PLACE A COUPLE OF HOURS BEFORE THE fight broke out," Darin said. "Louis Balancio is already in the bar with another guy, who I know socially but I never did business with. At the same time Balancio's friends are trying to get in, there is an Albanian crew trying to get in. But they had a fight outside the place too, and DiSimone don't want to let them in. The Irish guys and the Albanian guys start to fight outside at the top of the steps. There is a rumble. I got out. We are 100 percent on the Irish guys' side. DiSimone came out to help me and them. I am gonna fight this Albanian kid near the underpass, but he says he knows my brother. I run back past the bar, see Balancio bleeding on the ground. He's going to die.

"We get in Anthony DiSimone's car. We were ready to pull out of the parking lot, and Anthony pulled out a pistol to shoot people running. The kid was in a rage, I guess you could say. On the way to my house, we throw the knife out the window. Anthony's driving. He has blood on his clothes and his hands. I take him into the house and bandage his hands in my bathroom. He says, 'I killed an Albanian kid.' I say, 'That kid you killed, I don't think he was Albanian, I think it's a friend of one of the younger guys.' He was thinking it was an Albanian he grabbed, because he never saw Balancio before. He just stabbed him up.

"I call the bar from my house and speak to one of the owners. He says, 'Tell Anthony to get out of here; that kid's dead.' My roommate, Freddy Boy, walks in. We're going to help each other any way we can." They put all the bloody clothes in bags. "Freddy Boy leaves with the clothes, and he leaves with Anthony's gun. He also leaves with the money we had in the house—in case the cops get a warrant and find it—about $100,000. Freddy leaves with the garbage bags."

About twelve hours after the Balancio murder, FBI agent Calore, a former Boston cop, was sitting in his government-issue Chevrolet Caprice, eating a hamburger outside the White Castle restaurant on Bruckner Boulevard. He watched as a white Mercedes pulled into the lot and a man got out, looked around nervously, and dropped a paper bag in a Dumpster. At the time, Calore was working on an old murder case involving another mobster, and he was curious. The guy, who was with a woman, returned to the car and finished eating. Then he went back and dropped a second bag in the Dumpster. The agent waited until they left, and after running the plate and discovering it belonged to "Blue Eyes" Santorelli, expected to find gambling receipts in the bags. Instead, Calore found the bloody clothes.

"This part is amazing," Darin *(continued on page 74)*

"I GAVE THE FBI JOHNNIE'S THREE MURDERS. IT WILL BE DIFFICULT TO TESTIFY AGAINST HIM, THOUGH. LOYALTY DIED WITH HIS OLD MAN, BUT JOHNNIE NEVER BETRAYED ME."

Ogle MOGUL

The sexually explicit plays of Ronnie Larsen always do well at the box office—as long as their subjects are gay. But his new one is about female strippers. So will anyone pay to see naked girls? By Jennifer Senior

RONNIE LARSEN IS EXPANSIVE IN EVERY sense of the word: chatty, generous, lustrously fat. As he shambles down the aisle of the Actors' Playhouse, an overstuffed grocery bag swinging from each hand, all three of these qualities are in evidence. "I . . . have . . . cookies!" he shouts. An actor approaches him, burbling concerns about her blocking. "Have a cookie," he tells her. His producer has a logistical problem to discuss. "Have a cookie," Larsen repeats. A visitor walks through the door. "Are you the guy from L.A.?" the producer asks. Larsen: "Cookie?" He has bought eight large boxes of them—for a company of twelve.

It's practically impossible not to see this young playwright and director in terms of his oral fixations and outsize appetites. When Larsen speaks, he filters almost nothing—confessions follow endearing indiscretions following more confessions—and his sentences come out in a high-speed whir, like a printer on its fastest setting. And when he writes, he tends to focus on one thing: sex.

"At this point, it really has gotten out of control," Larsen confesses. "This obsession with sex has taken over my life."

Perhaps, but it has also made the affable, 29-year-old Larsen—a lapsed Mormon and three-time college dropout—an infamous and rather wealthy young man. In this era of Giuliani and Disney neo-Puritanism, he has successfully transformed the 170-seat Actors' Playhouse into a home for his plays about the sex industry, all of which contain enough bare buns to stock a bakery. *10 Naked Men,* a parable about male prostitution in Hollywood, closed last month after netting $100,000. Before that, *Making Porn,* a comedy-cum-exposé about the making of gay skin flicks, raked in more than $2 million (and still counting: Productions will soon open in London, Sydney, and Berlin). *Porn* was an instant cult sensation, a literal money shot; it stayed at the Playhouse for more than a year, spawned clones around the country, and at times was running in three cities simultaneously. For a while, a rotating crew of real porn stars even studded the ensemble. Devotees would come running back to the theater for every cast change, just to see their favorite new pork chop in the lead.

"Putting naked men in a play, whatever the play's relative merits, is guaranteed a certain kind of success at the box office," muses Tony Kushner, author of the Pulitzer-winning *Angels in America*—which did not feature naked men, and did not turn a profit on Broadway. "His shows are the *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding* of the gay world," agrees Elise Harris, an editor at *Out* magazine. "Actually, they're the chitlin circuit of the gay world—low-rent, identity-based. At a time when hip gay playwrights are running as fast as they can from gay content, he's doing gay underwear theater. I think that's great."

Larsen's latest production, however, doesn't have the same ready-made gay male constituency. *Peep Show,* which opened last week, is set in a gritty Eighth Avenue girlie palace and follows the lives of four female booth dancers, their johns, and their johns' wives. In light of recent anti-porn zoning developments, one would think there'd be an equally large (if not larger) heterosexual market for a play with girls, girls, girls. "But it's been hard to sell," admits producer Caryn Horwitz, an ex-criminologist from Fresno. "Gay people have no problem going to see shows about sex. It's not the same thing with straight people."

If *Peep Show* fails, though, heterosexual prudishness won't be the only reason. *Making Porn* and *10 Naked Men* worked because porn daddies and hustlers are familiar, intriguing, and beefy targets for parody; both shows had the wit and rat-a-tat pacing of well-made sitcoms. But female sex workers can hardly be held up as figures of fun when the stench of exploitation hangs so noxiously over their world. And *Peep Show,* as it turns out, isn't typical Larsen: It's not chock-full of barbed, culture-specific in-jokes. It's surprisingly bland when it isn't discomfiting, and that's a tough sell—unless Larsen recruits female porn stars to give the show some more buzz and campy appeal.

Whatever he decides, *Peep Show* inadvertently exposes one of Larsen's dirtiest secrets: His plays, though billed as racy and lurid, aren't much of either. The sex is simulated and untitillating, the monty only occasionally full. The two things that Larsen does best, in fact, are the two things that blue films do worst: humor and plot. In the opening monologue of *10 Naked Men,* the narrator goes so far as to confess: "Actually, the title has nothing to do with the play at all. But it got you here, didn't it?" So there's the rub: No matter how apt Larsen is at depicting hustlers, he's even better at hustling an audience.

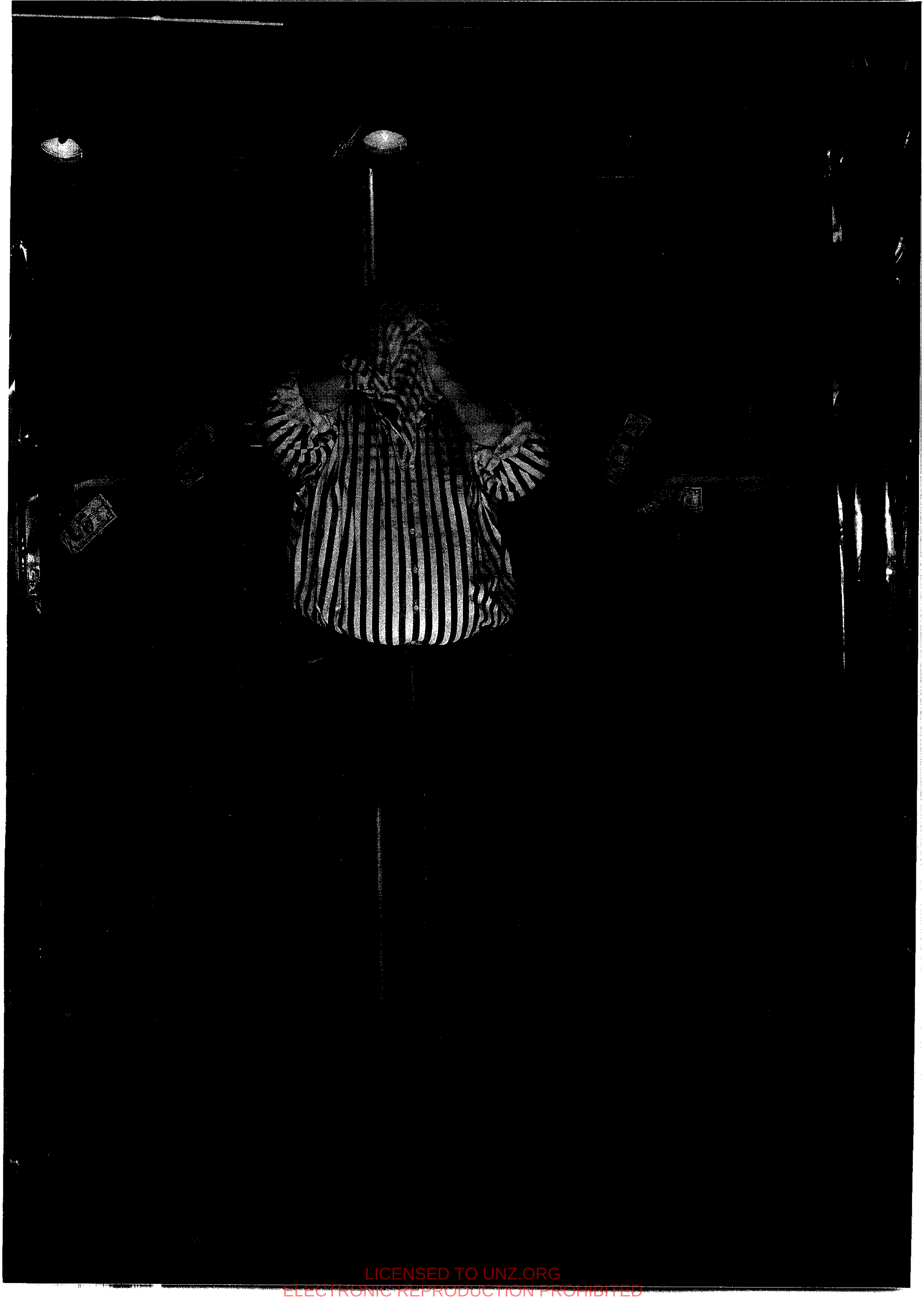
Larsen, whose personal nut comes to $10,000 per month (he has apartments in both New York and L.A., and phone bills of $1,000-plus), readily admits he isn't out to create enduring works of art. "I don't think *Making Porn* is a great play," he says. "I don't think it deserves a Tony or an Obie. But I think it's entertaining." He pauses. "Besides, I don't want a Tony anymore. I want to buy my mother a house." Another pause. "Though maybe I do think about commerciality too much. I've made so much money." Then again: "All the great playwrights have made a bundle. Ibsen, Mamet, O'Neill, Chekhov. Even Molière. These people weren't starving in basements."

For a while, Larsen was.

A Bakersfield native, he started his own Shakespeare company in Fresno at age 19, and for five years he did a string of deconstructive, unusual, and unremunerative productions. Eventually, he redirected his energies into writing frothier, more salable shows, starting with *Scenes From My Love Life,* a romp about his experimental days as a sex-club hopper and personal-ad junkie.

Larsen assumes that all of us, given the chance, would also choose lucre over art. "*Anyone* could be had for a price," he says breezily. "I'm sure if I said to George Wolfe, 'Here's $100,000; direct my next play,' he'd consider it—don't you think?" I tell him I don't know. George Wolfe directed *Angels in America* and *Bring In 'Da Noise, Bring In 'Da Funk.* He runs the Public, one of the oldest nonprofit theaters in New York. His priorities might lie elsewhere. "You think?" he says. He cups his head in his hands, ponders for a moment, then dismisses the idea. "Well, what if I gave him $2 million? $3 million?" he says. "Don't you think he'd do it then?" ▬

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEXEI HAY



EUROPE AMERICAN-STYLE

Keeping it casual with chunky sweaters, long skirts, and even chinchilla parkas, Continental designers gave sportswear a real workout for fall '98.

By Jade Hobson Charnin

HAVING LONG DISMISSED AMERICAN FASHION AS AN oxymoron, European designers overcame their traditional condescension this season and took their cues from these shores. Visiting Americans like Marc Jacobs and Michael Kors (designing for Louis Vuitton and Celine) ushered in a new age of ease, and the usual complicated constructions and fussy ensembles gave way to freewheeling American-style sportswear. But don't take the term too literally: During the Christian Dior show, for example, a model strode out wearing an elaborate pink parka with a yellow-and-pink fox hood. "What sports does *she* play?" one arch observer wondered aloud.

Though the cuts were casual—skirts and sweaters, mostly—the fabrics were ultraluxe, as designers served up eclectic knits, comfortable jersey, sumptuous shearling, and, most of all, furry woodland creatures. The PETA-enforced political correctness of recent years is finished; now, it seems, it's open season on anything with a pelt and a pulse. But this isn't your mother's mink coat. New technology has made fur lighter, and this season it appeared on everything from skirts to sweaters and bustiers to—yes—Birkenstock-ish sandals.

The toned-down informality was also reflected in the shows themselves. Lavish Versace-era Happenings were out (except, of course, at Versace), replaced by quieter, more *intime* affairs. And the *most* exclusive, *most* intimate show of the season was undoubtedly Emporio Armani's. Condemned as a security hazard by Paris police just moments before it started (Italians cried sabotage), the show went on all the same—in front of an audience of only cameras.

Yohji Yamamoto

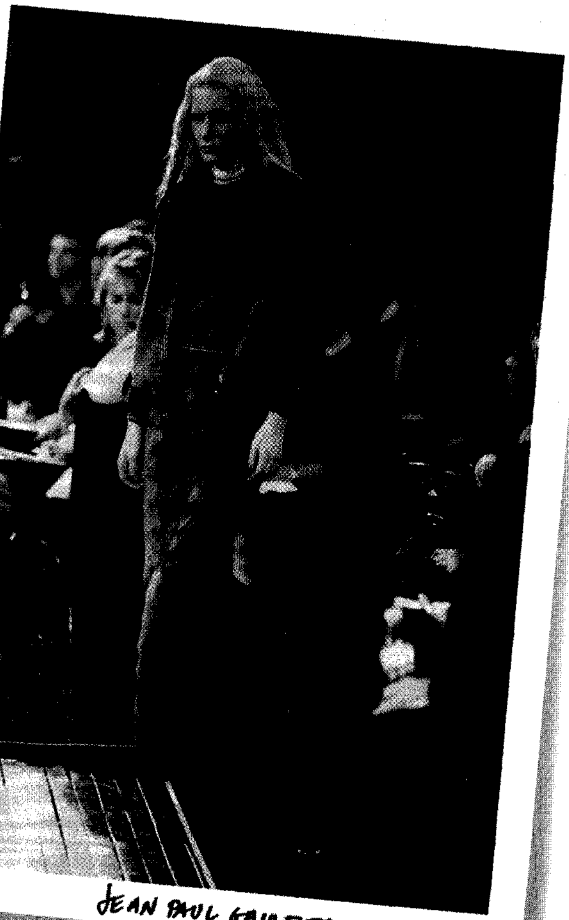
Yohji Yamam

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAN AND CORINA LECCA

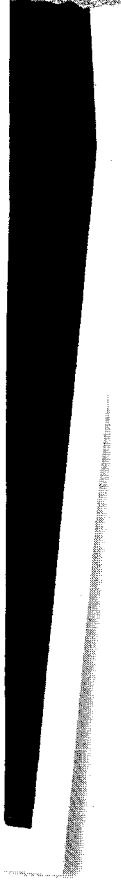
PAUL GAULTIER

Jean Paul Gaultier, the master stylist, served up the season's standout collection—a characteristically unpredictable compendium of funky separates (heavy on floor-length skirts and one-of-a-kind sweaters) with lush furs peeking out where they're least expected. Striking a pose of *faux* bohemianism, he accessorized his models with thick horn-rim glasses and the collected works of Sartre. And in a gesture of supposed anti-materialism, he turned his $2,000 fur vest inside out, exposing the seams for all to see and leaving the mink as a private indulgence. True to form, he endowed even the most utilitarian items with a sense of full-gallop glamour. Who else could cover a standard ski sweater in sequins, stretch a men's sweater into a knee-length dress, or line a faded denim jacket in plush mink—and get away with it?

KINGS OF THE HILL



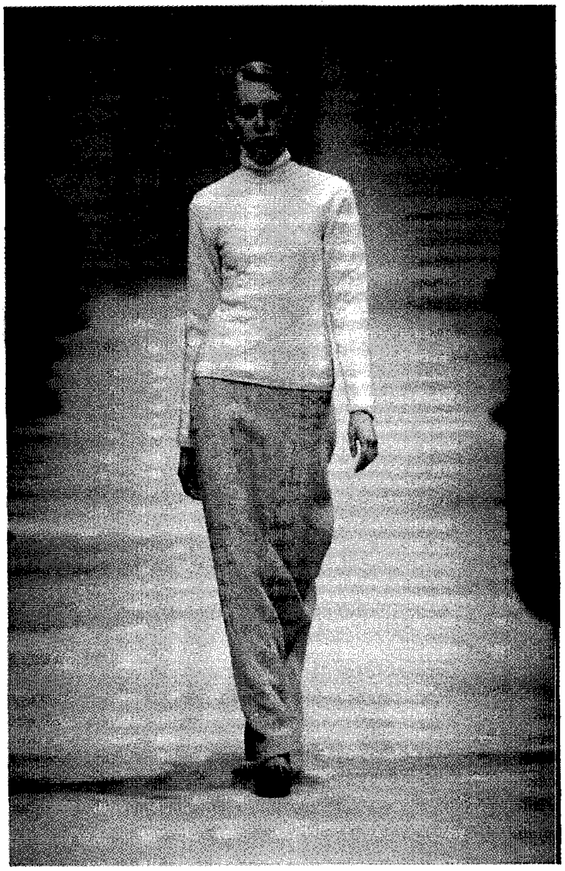
JEAN PAUL GAULTIER



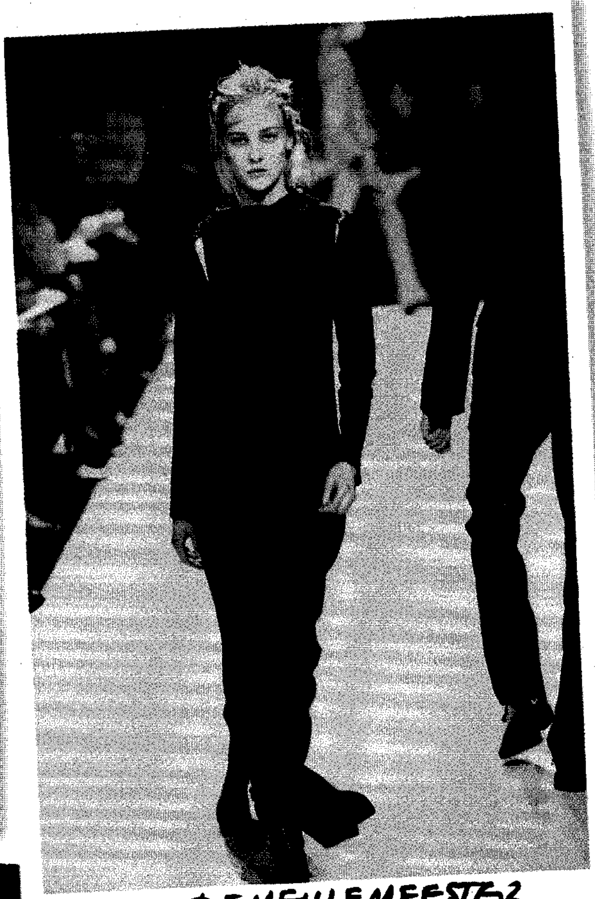
Yohji Yamamoto

Set against a sea of sameness, **Yohji Yamamoto's** collection once again proved him the Continent's reigning fashion innovator. Celebrated for maddeningly cerebral clothing that merges East with West (and sometimes seems designed more for a museum than for a wardrobe), the designer has taken a recent turn toward the practical—though his idea of practical makes other designers look positively dowdy. His latest collection still plays provocatively with cut and proportion, but the general effect is less out-there and more wearable. Big, rich knits, thick cuffs, and poetic turtlenecks predominated. And though his most famous pieces have seemed to defy anatomy, this season he even made concessions to the hopelessly traditional. Imagine, a jacket that actually comes with two sleeves!

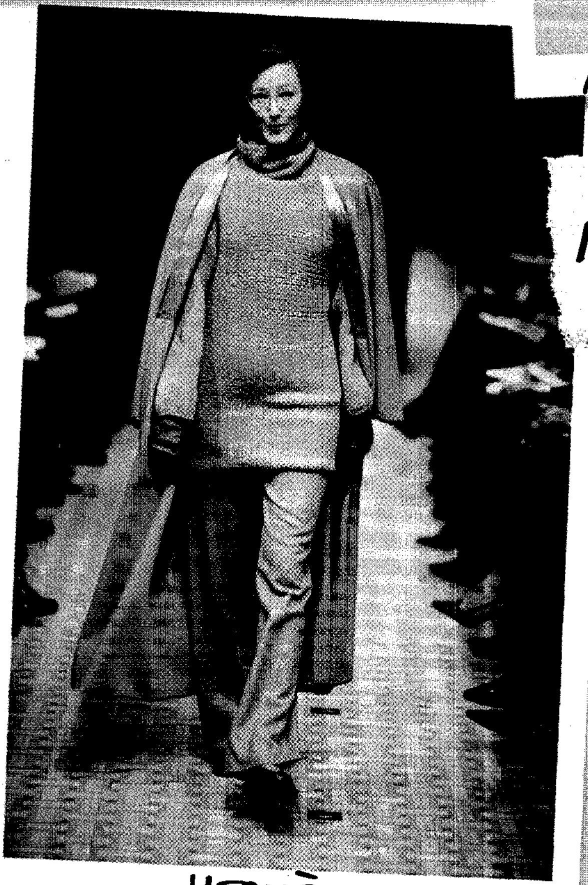
EUROPEAN
COLLECTION



JIL SANDER



ANN DEMEULEMEESTER



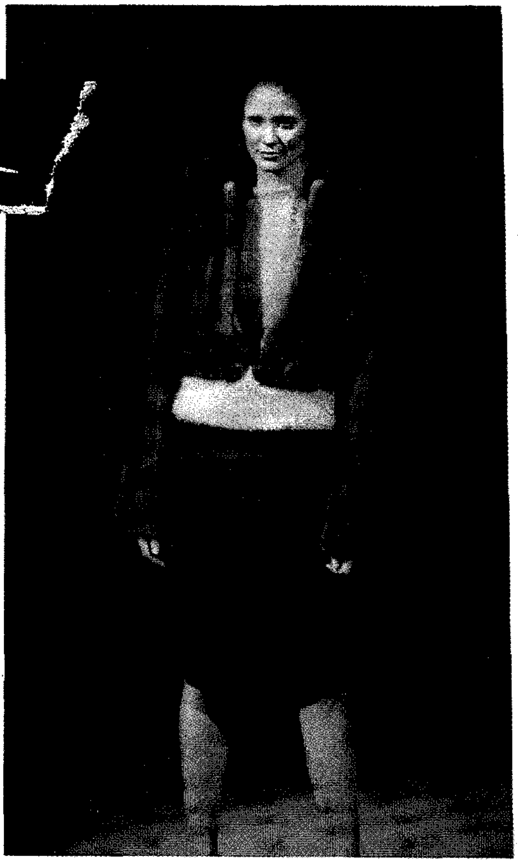
HERMÈS

INTELLECTUALS

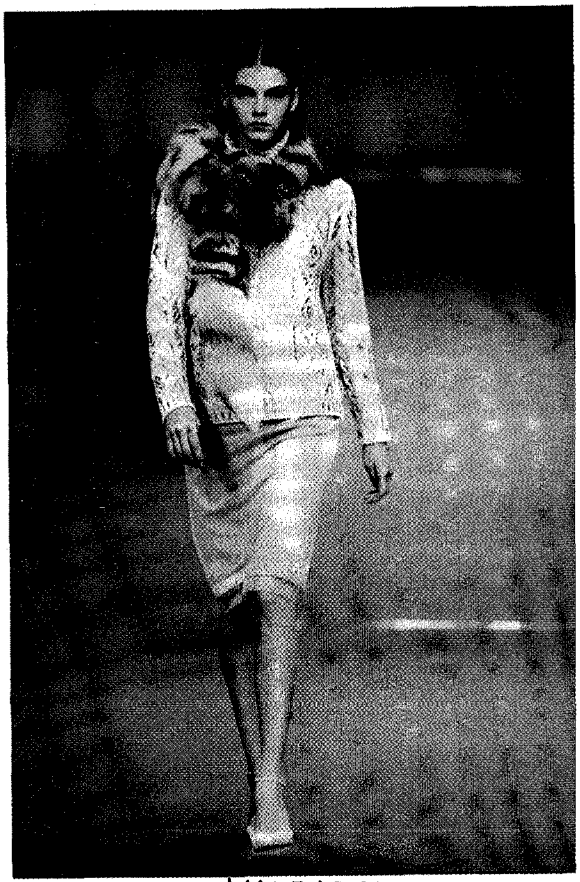
Europe's trio of brainy minimalists—**Jil Sander,** Martin Margiela, and **Ann Demeulemeester**—were up to their old tricks this season, featuring spare pieces that defied convention and redefined traditional forms of dressmaking. Sander scored big with body-fitting quilted turtlenecks that looked like bunting, and creatively cut skirts that were among the best of a skirt-heavy season. No one knew what to expect from Margiela's first season with **Hermès.** He stayed true to the house's famous luxury but updated the silhouettes by loosening and softening tailoring all around, as in layered coats that were cut to look like linings. Demeulemeester said she had "started from zero" this time, with astonishingly innovative and architectural designs. Several dresses were made from single rectangles of fabric with four armholes cut out—to be wrapped around the body twice, as languorous as a shawl. For chilly days, sleeves will be sold separately.

UPTOWNER

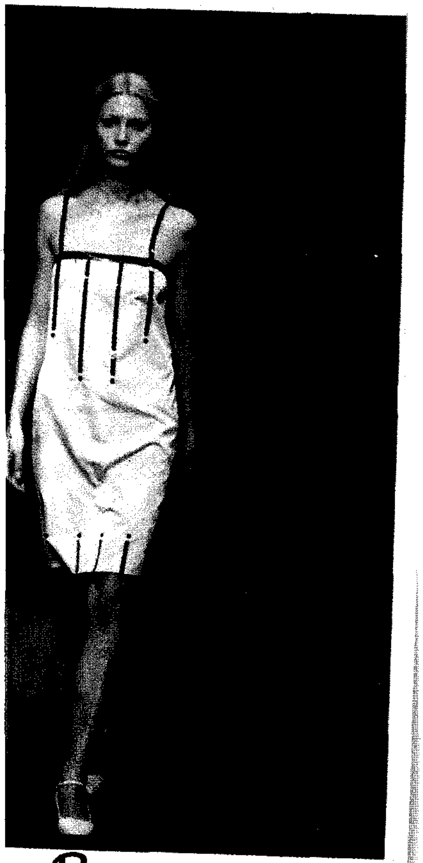
Guy Laroche used to be something of a fashion backwater, favored by ladies of a certain class (high) and of a certain age (higher), and ignored by almost everyone else. But just three seasons after taking over as its designer, Alber Elbaz—the Moroccan-born protégé of Geoffrey Beene—has transformed it into one of the most watched and talked-about labels in the world, with tailored clothing and sportswear as haute as it is hip. A fur jacket with a pinstripe skirt? Why not? And even **Valentino,** beloved of ladies who lunch, is back on track. He's not generally known for his separates, but his rich collection of ultraluxurious pieces, embellished with fur and feathers, was just gorgeous.



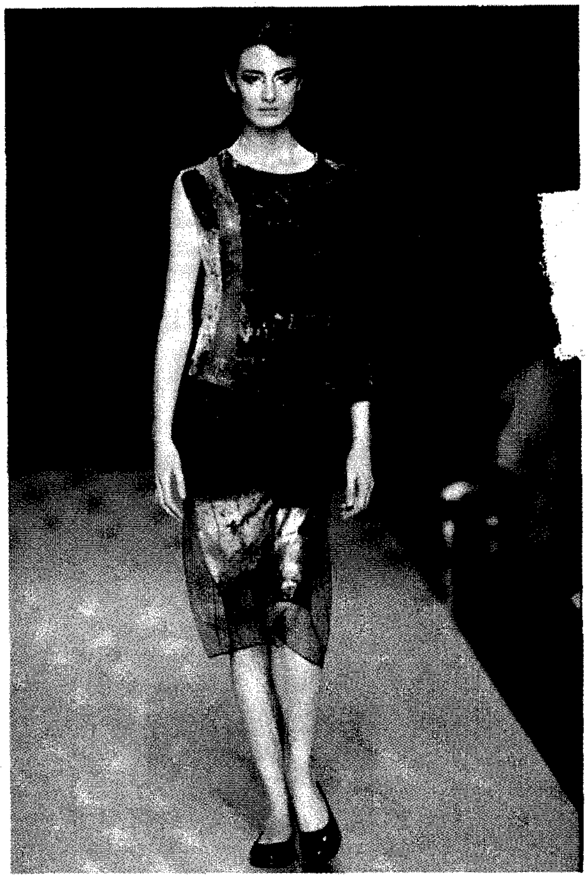
GUY LAROCHE



VALENTINO



PRADA

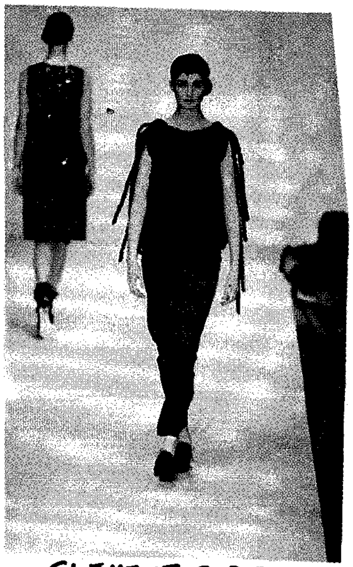


MARTINE SITBON

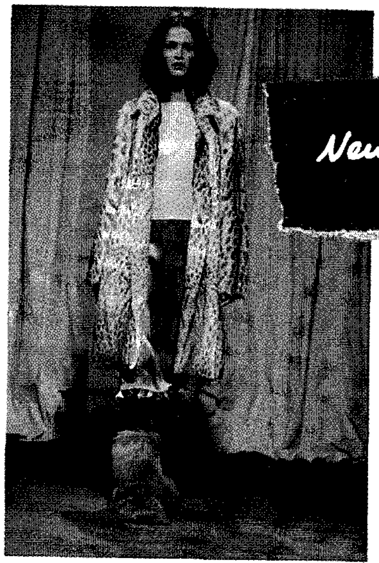
Futurists

Alone among their contemporaries, Miuccia Prada and **Martine Sitbon** bravely bucked the sportswear trend, said no-thanks to fur, and, as usual, marched to their own futurist beat. While everyone else was showing long skirts and sweaters, **Prada** was producing perky little Courrèges-influenced dresses that bonded celluloid strips into layers of sheer fabric. Sitbon, too, went for natural fibers adorned with synthetic touches—such as the fabric she herself dipped into vats of chemicals for a unique effect that's one part *Mad Max,* one part Coco Chanel.

EUROPEAN COLLECTION

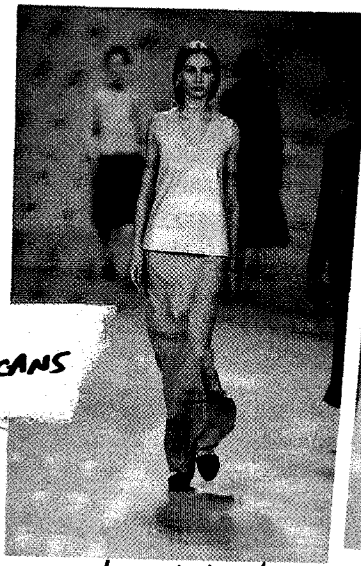

CLEMENTS RIBEIRO

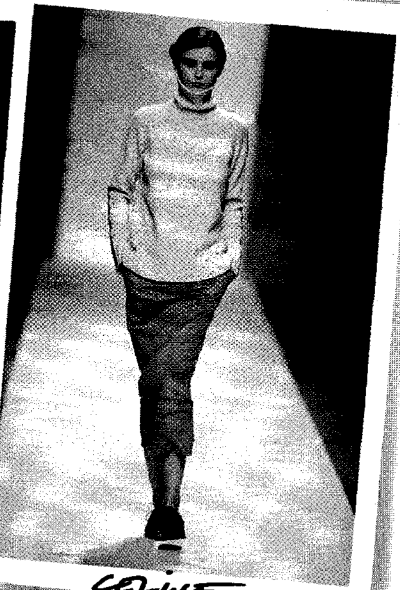
FENDI


MARNI

New Bohemians

The more designers tried to buck the rules this season, the less original they seemed. But a few managed to stand out from the sportswear/fur/separates crowd with collections that were whimsical, fresh, and genuinely daring. **Marni,** a relatively new name from Italy, showed fur bags with matching boots (in lime green or fuchsia) and a "leopard" coat—it's really stenciled rabbit—that were among the season's biggest hits. Karl Lagerfeld's exotic collection for **Fendi** brazenly mixed colors, textures, and influences from places like Peru, Africa, and India. And he bet the farm on a green-and-yellow jacket made of chinchilla and rabbit and fringed with goat fur. **Clements Ribeiro,** a young British design team, produced one of the most offbeat, charming collections—a multiculti grab bag that ranged from Scottish mohair jackets to Czarist smocked and beaded tops.

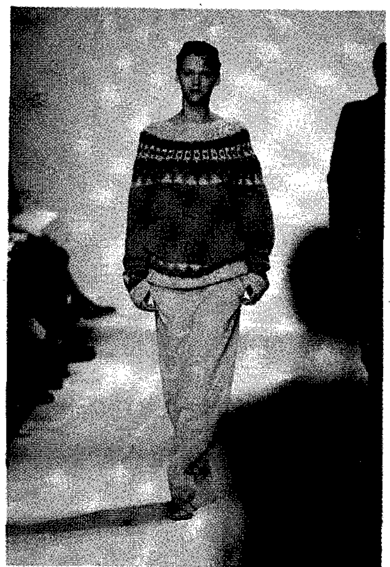

LOUIS VUITTON


CELINE

YOUNG AMERICANS

Four young American designers took their act to Europe this fall, with decidedly mixed results. Marc Jacobs, who was hired to invigorate **Louis Vuitton,** failed to live up to his relentless hype, turning in a debut effort that was distinctive only for its dullness. The one fresh concept—a ribbed knit sweater folded up to create a five-inch cuff around the hip—would be awkward for any women who don't happen to be Kate Moss. **Victor Alfaro's** respectable but slightly stuffy collection included a five-ply cashmere Peruvian sweater with a flowing cashmere skirt. Best among the boys was **Narciso Rodriguez,** whose own sumptuous collection, unveiled in Milan, far outshone the one he designed for Loewe. For the most part, his quirky layering—a strapless knit dress over a full-length smock—was charming, but that bustier he pulled over a bulky sweater sent shudders through the crowd. Michael Kors, more deluxe than ever, showed perfect pieces, including a $16,000 crocodile pea coat in the collection he designed for **Celine**—suggesting that chinchillas aren't the only ones who should be on alert this fall.

NARCISO RODRIGUEZ


VICTOR ALFARO

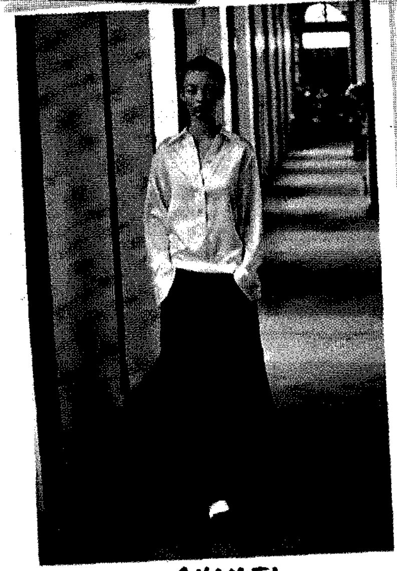
Aristocrats

Gucci

VERSACE

DOLCE & GABBANA

GIORGIO ARMANI



CHANEL

The mood this season may be casual, but for Karl Lagerfeld, Tom Ford, and **Giorgio Armani,** casual doesn't mean scruffy. Indeed, Lagerfeld's **Chanel** collection—which, with its pared-down elegance, suggested the Chanel of the twenties—may be his best ever. Cloches and long skirts abounded, and that white riding boot that just grazes the bottom of the calf is sure to kick up some dust. At **Gucci,** Tom Ford showed a collection devoid of fireworks, but in a season that was—let's face it—about as sexy as Spam, his sultry glamour really hit the mark: His skirts were just a bit tighter, necklines just a bit lower, slits just a bit higher. And that fluid four-layer empire gown in subtly varied shades is destined to be the most borrowed awards-ceremony costume in Hollywood. Even Armani got into the spirit with a surprisingly loose collection: long, black velvet skirts (with jeans-like yoke) paired with a wispy cashmere sweater or a pastel beaded top whose matching skirt billows dramatically in the back. Both **Versace** and **Dolce & Gabbana** took a characteristically sexy approach to sportswear—resulting in shows full of chain mail, Mylar, men's-wear fabrics, and, in Versace's case, lots and lots of bleached blonde hair.

Fashion editor:
Beth Shepherd

Text:
Maer Roshan

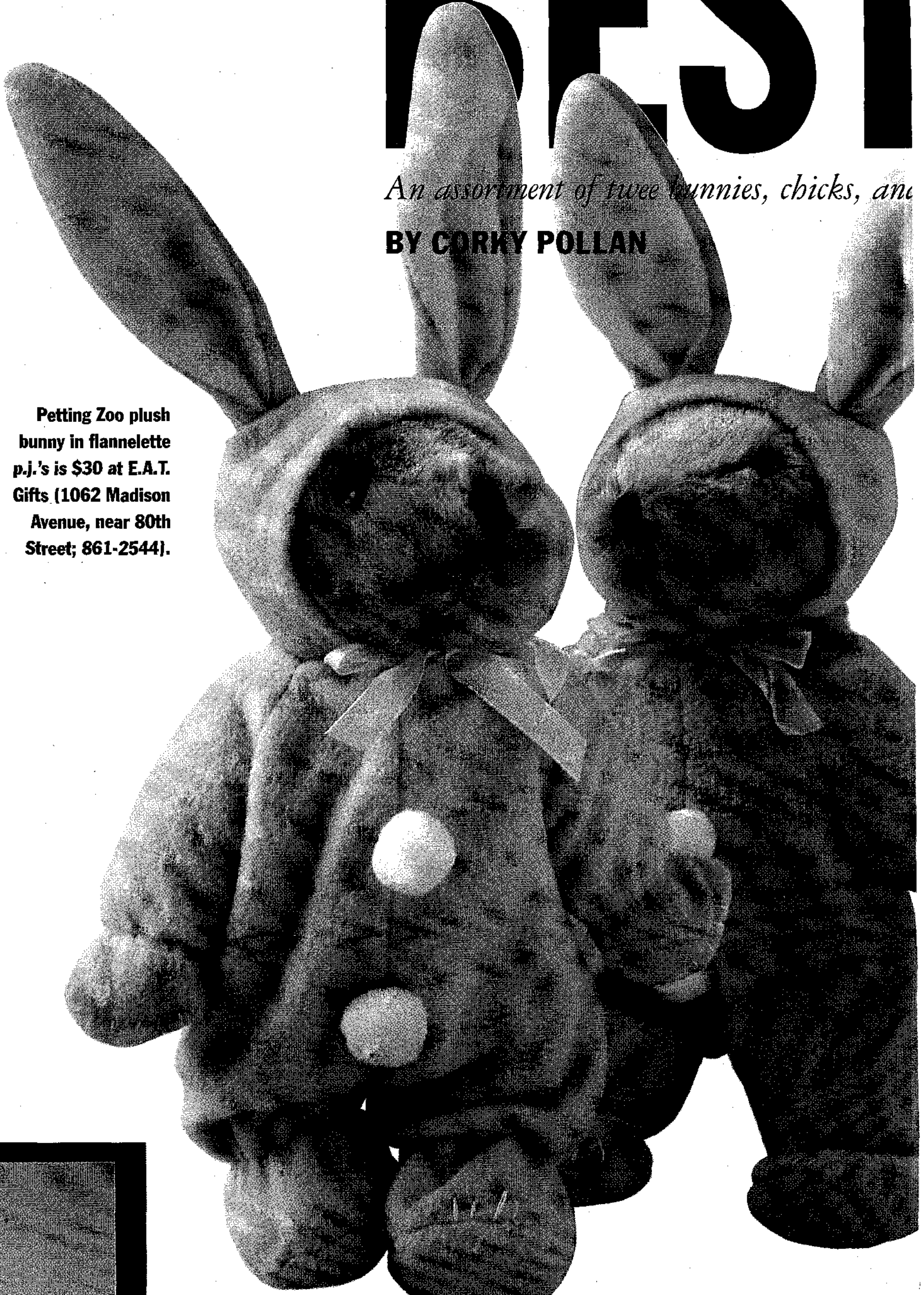
Fashion assistants:
Janice Laneve & Lynn Levoy

BEST

An assortment of twee bunnies, chicks, an

BY CORKY POLLAN

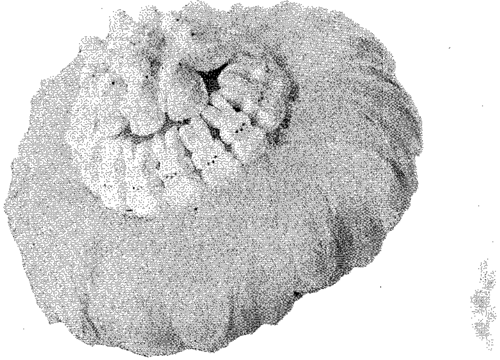
Dutch hand-dipped paraffin candles are $3.25 each at Ad-Hoc Softwares (410 West Broadway; 925-2652), Carrot Patch *Collection Easter-egg candles are $3 each* on Lord & Taylor's ninth floor.



Petting Zoo plush bunny in flannelette *p.j.'s* is $30 at E.A.T. Gifts (1062 Madison Avenue, near 80th Street; 861-2544).

Lulu Guinness straw bag with satin flowers is $580, satin bag with satin flowers is $600 on Bergdorf Goodman's main floor.

Mohair-and-cotton-gingham infant slippers are $38 at Takashimaya (693 Fifth Avenue, near 54th Street; 350-0100).



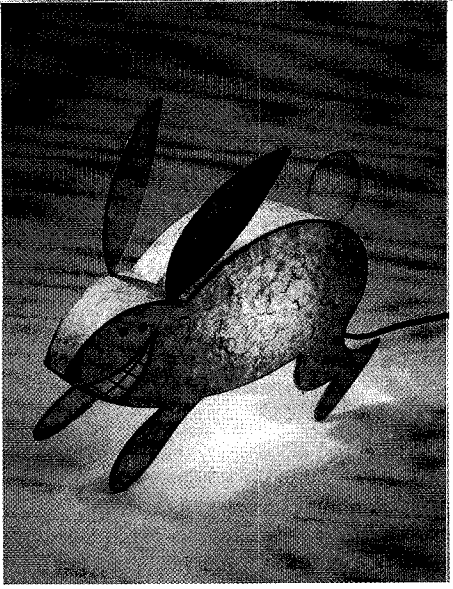
Burke-Leggi Fine Millinery Easter bonnet of marshmallow Peeps and yellow-dyed cock feathers is $200 at the Hat Shop (120 Thompson Street; 219-1445).

Photographed by Amy Freeth

BETS

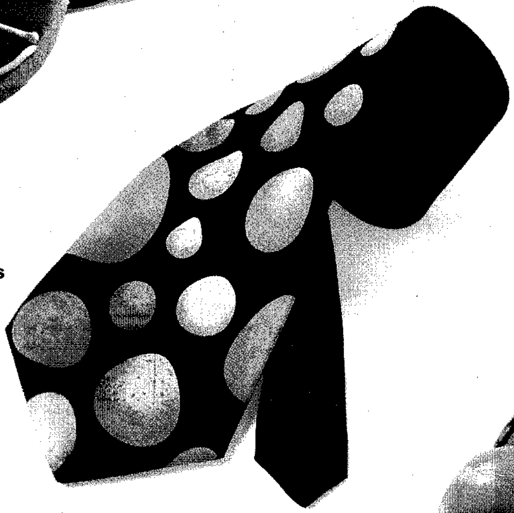
gs attests to Easter's high cuteness quotient.

Independent Vision handmade "happy bunny" paper lamp is $230 at Eclectic Home (224 Eighth Avenue, near 21st Street; 255-2373).

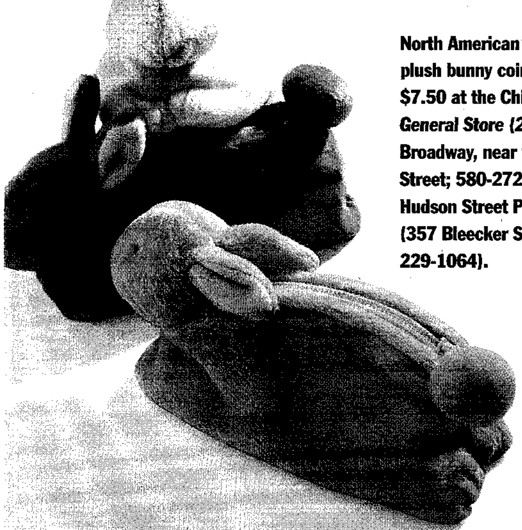


Eleni's iced-sugar cookie bunny-and-egg set is $18 at Felissimo (10 West 56th Street; 247-5656).

Natural vegetable soaps are $15 for a carton of six at Alphabets (115 Avenue A, 475-7250; and 2284 Broadway, near 82nd Street, 579-5702) and Uno Mundo (23 East 20th Street; 228-2556).



Japanese silk egg tie is $52 at Felissimo.



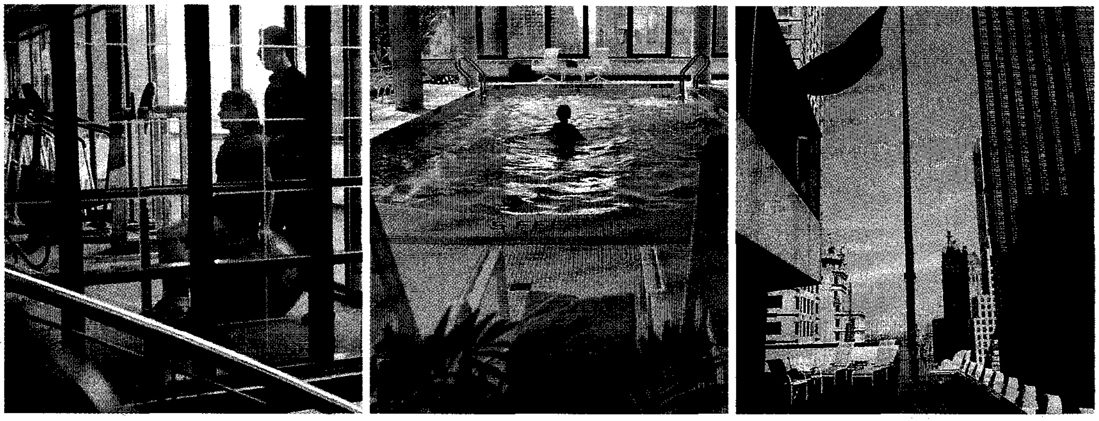
North American Bear plush bunny coin purse is $7.50 at the Children's General Store (2473 Broadway, near 92nd Street; 580-2723) and Hudson Street Papers (357 Bleecker Street; 229-1064).

ONDINE COHANE

Isn't It Ironic?

Even without the Counter Spy Shop's **metal detectors,** *we found sparkle from the basic (doorknobs) to the indulgent (top-shelf cookware).*

THE VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE Peninsula is among the best in New York. With the hotel under renovation, the patrons of its gym and spa remain privy to the phenomenal vista. For a month, new clients can get a free day-pass to the gym ($50 value) with any of its relaxing, and thorough, facials (which are 15 percent off). We recommend a dip in the pool, too. You may not want to leave. *Peninsula Spa, 700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., twenty-first floor (903-3910); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 8:30–8:30, Sat.–Sun. 8:45–6:30; 4/6–5/6.*



Lift up in the air: The Peninsula's gym offers spa treatments as well as the highest of high-end workouts.

Nuts and Bolts

WALKING INTO SIMON'S HARDWARE AND Bath gives one an education in what tiny accessories go into putting together an apartment. Hooks, hinges, knobs, pulls, and towel bars are just some of the items this 90-year-old store carries. Omnia products are on sale: for example, big hooks, were $22.11, now $13.27; brass front-door entrance sets, were $330, now $198; cabinet door handles and knobs, were $4.95–$31.68, now $2.97–$19. *Simon's Hardware & Bath, 421 Third Ave., near 29th St. (532-9220); Mon.–Wed. and Fri. 8–5:30, Thurs. till 7, Sat. 10–6; A.E., M.C., V.; 4/6–4/25.*

Sale of the Century

ANYONE LOOKING FOR SLEEK TWENTIETH-century furniture (designs by Eileen Gray, Philippe Starck, Paolo Piva, and others) ought to stop at M2L. Usually open to the trade only, the showroom now has a Fiam Italia glass étagère, retail $4,250, here $1,900; Eileen Gray black leather Bibendum chair, retail $8,000, here $4,468; Wittmann Metropolis sofa, retail $11,000, here $4,970. *M2L Collection, D&D Building, 979 Third Ave., Suite 820, near 58th St. (832-8222); M.C., V.; Mon.–Thurs. 9:30–5; 4/6–4/9.*

Picks Among Pans

S. FELDMAN—THE TRUSTY EAST SIDE hardware store—is putting really first-class All-Clad Master Chef cookware on sale. For example, ten-inch frying pan, was $70, now $49.99; two-quart sauté pan, was $95, now $59.99; twelve-quart stockpot, was $240, now $159.99. It's also offering Miele vacuum cleaners, all for at least $100 off. *S. Feldman Housewares Inc., 1304 Madison Ave., near 92nd St. (289-7367); Mon.–Sat. 9–6, Sun. 12–5; A.E., M.C., V.; 4/12–4/30.*

Road to Mandalay

FOR FOOD FROM VIETNAM, OR INDONESIA, or Malaysia, or Thailand, or Myanmar, the gourmet caterer Saffron 59 delivers—everything from hors d'oeuvre to dinner entrées. For the rest of the month, all parties or events booked for before August 15 will be 15 percent off. *Call Saffron, Inc. at 253-1343 to book an event or for more information; through 4/30.*

P.A.K Contributions

ANOTHER RECENT ADDITION TO BURGEONing NoLiTa, P.A.K makes classic, versatile women's wear. Wool-cashmere coat, was $350, now $150; cotton-Lycra skirt, was $130, now $65; camisoles, were $85, now $45. *P.A.K, 229 Mott St. (226-5167); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.–Sat. 12:30–7, Sun. 1–6; 4/7 until supplies run out.*

Gentlemen's Agreement

ELEGANT MENSWEAR from Italian powerhouses—Luciano Soprani, Redaelli, and Gianfranco Ferré—will be available at this sample sale. Suits, retail $950–$1,200, here $399; jackets, retail $600–$750, here $199; shirts, retail $225, here $75; trousers, retail $235, here $75. *Assaf I Ltd., 632 Broadway, near Bleecker St., fourth floor (533-7724); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 10–7; 4/6–4/10.*

Tools for 007

PERHAPS YOU TOO HAVE WONDERED ABOUT the characters spotted wandering up and down the beach with metal detectors. The Counter Spy Shop invites you to join the ranks of these archaeologists in training: It's putting Ace Investigator metal detectors on sale for $179.95 (they were $285). *Counter Spy Shop, 444 Madison Ave., near 49th St. (688-8500); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon. 9–6, Tues.–Thurs. 9–7, Fri. 9-6, Sat. 10–4, Sun. 11–4; 4/6–4/30.* ■

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Ondine Cohane, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Photographs by Robert Wright.

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MOVIES **DAVID DENBY**

Speaking in Tongues

Mamet's clipped chatter captures the con artists' terrain of 'The Spanish Prisoner'; the Irish accents of the brilliant 'Butcher Boy' nearly foil comprehension.

Con game: Campbell Scott and Rebecca Pidgeon in David Mamet's *The Spanish Prisoner.*

AT THE BEGINNING OF DAVID MAMET'S **The Spanish Prisoner,** I laughed out loud. Not at the movie (which is pretty good) but at myself, for I had once written of Mamet's dialogue (at the time of the stage version of *Glengarry Glen Ross*) that it represented a new form of naturalism in the theater—an authentic rendering of everyday American speech. In *Glengarry,* the characters talk in rude fragments, in charged broken phrases that reveal some hostile intent that can never be made entirely explicit. I was excited: Here was an invention equal in freshness to the delirious language of Scorsese's hoods in *Mean Streets*! Well, I still love *Glengarry Glen Ross,* but my initial impression of Mamet's language now seems entirely naïve. Whatever the accuracy of Mamet's ear back in the early eighties, that ear has long been shut against the world. What Mamet writes now, precisely, is Mametese. His dialogue is a severe, even extreme, stylization of speech that serves to express his barbed, paranoid view of reality; and it's also the kind of speech—hooded, treacherous, withholding yet bristling—that gets him from one point to another in his closed-off plots, which have the form of very elaborate, very nasty puzzles. However deeply Mamet goes into filmmaking (*The Spanish Prisoner* is the fifth film he has directed), he remains a man of the theater, a director indifferent to the free-and-easy inclusiveness that is the glory of the movies.

In *The Spanish Prisoner,* Campbell Scott, of the serious brow and the serious cleft, plays a young inventor, Joe Ross, a self-made man uneasy among the rich and powerful, yet secretly eager to join their ranks. What it is that Joe Ross has invented we never find out—"the process," it is called, some sort of technological masterpiece that will earn untold millions for Joe's company. At the beginning of the movie, Joe is asked by his boss (Ben Gazzara) to make a presentation to the company's major investors, who have gathered at a posh Caribbean island resort. But Joe feels he's possibly being used—his invention exploited without proper compensation. Some sort of shadowy international businessman (Steve Martin) shows up at the resort and addresses Joe in a way that immediately tests his integrity; he passes the test and is flattered by the businessman's interest. Steve Martin's antagonistic manner (he always seems to be sizing everyone up) turns out to be perfectly suited to Mamet's notion of how the world works. Martin gives a smooth, cool, perfect performance in Mametese. He plays a tough man, friendly but tricky, who doesn't give a compliment easily. The trap has been set.

Mamet keeps the settings simple, breeding mistrust out of the flat walls and corporate colors. He concentrates on dialogue and character, and this movie is warmer, and much closer to psychological realism, than the weirdly schematic *House of Games.* Campbell Scott is tight, wary, proud; he's not an exciting actor, but he's good for Joe, who places a high value on integrity and longs for respect. Scott gives him just enough hunger around the edges of his pride to suggest why he might be a perfect mark. But Mamet has trouble with woman characters, and he has made his wife, Rebecca Pidgeon, quite extraordinarily dislikable—intrusive, insinuating—as a secretary who claims to be Joe's ally. The secretary should be an ambiguous presence, but instead we are shouting at Joe not to trust her from her first appearance.

Why is David Mamet obsessed with con artists? Is he afraid that someone might be smarter than he is, or more cunning? Mamet wants to stay ahead of the game. The con artist may be the kind of artist he instinctively respects—he creates a completely controlled scenario; he turns cruelty into narrative, conjuring an alternate reality for his mark. But Mamet himself would like to be a real artist in movies, and he's about halfway there. As Joe gets more and more isolated, Mamet takes us deeper into fear than he ever has in the

Photograph by James Bridges/Sony Pictures Classics.

past, and that's an achievement. Hitchcock is the model here—the man who made great films about ordinary people getting in way, way over their heads. But to become Hitchcock's equivalent, Mamet has to learn to trust the camera more than he does; he has to stop trying to control everything with language; he has to let loose a little and just give in to the fluency, the ease, the free-flowing pleasure of making a movie.

AT HIS BEST, NEIL JORDAN, THE IRISH WRITER-director who earlier made such wonderful films as *Mona Lisa* and *The Crying Game,* pushes realism into dreams—sometimes bad dreams—without quite losing the bedrock of actuality from which dreams are sprung. In **The Butcher Boy,** Jordan stays close to the most extreme fancies of his lead character—a little boy fighting off misery. When the action of *The Butcher Boy* turns out to be all too literally true, we are shocked in a way that we rarely are at the movies.

Jordan's hero, the 12-year-old Francie Brady (Eamonn Owens), grows up in a small Irish town with a drunkard and liar for a father and a beautiful madwoman for a mother. The boy receives no guidance at all—just the fervent guilty nonsense of his dad (Stephen Rea), a forlorn trumpet player who never finishes a tune. Yet there's wild gaiety in *Butcher Boy.* The movie is based on a novel by Patrick McCabe and records a moment, in the early sixties, when Ireland was irradiated with the nuclear energy of American popular culture—TV and old movies, and the glittering American Irish, the Kennedys, conquering the New World. Francie and his close friend Joe put together a mental life that is part fantasy, part role-playing. They live by their games and oaths, yet Francie is not recessive; on the contrary, he's an irrepressible entertainer, a put-on artist surging in and out of rooms like a whirlwind. Little Eamonn Owens has a face like a big piece of pie—luscious red hair, avid eyes—and a mouth that won't stop, and the movie built around him goes like a fever. Jordan's direction is incisive and at times electrifying, with sudden outbreaks of violence—farce yielding to terror—that should warn us something bad is coming. Part of the ominousness is produced by sheer incomprehension. Much of the dialogue is delivered in the deep accents of County Monaghan, near the border with Northern Ireland, where Patrick McCabe grew up and Jordan shot the exteriors. I understood no more than half of what Eamonn Owens says, so I find myself in an embarrassing position: I *think* this is a great movie, but I'm not sure.

David Denby's 1998 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com,** *along with movie news, a schedule of upcoming openings, and more.*

CUE

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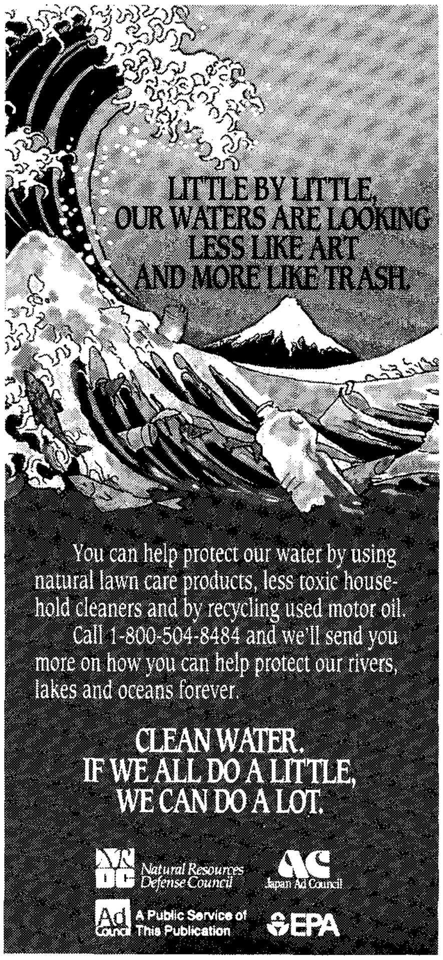

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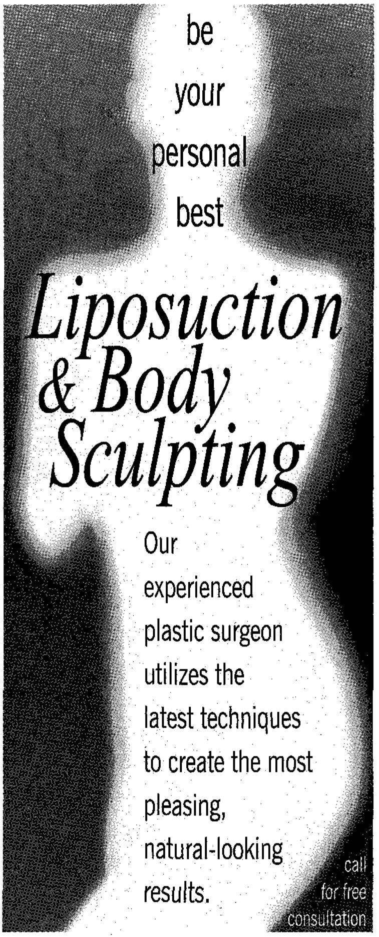

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CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

Rameau-to-Go

With no great period-instrument ensemble to call their own, Baroque-hearted New Yorkers must depend on the kindness of strangers.

NO ONE SEEMS TO HAVE A CLEAR IDEA OF WHY New York has failed to nurture its own world-class period-instrument ensemble. Specialist groups that explore the Baroque and Classical repertories abound in most major European cities, and they long ago produced their own star conductors who now have international careers: William Christie, Nikolaus Harnoncourt, John Eliot Gardiner, Gustav Leonhardt, Christopher Hogwood, Marc Minkowski, Frans Brüggen—the list goes on. Audiences are eager to hear them, too, judging from the crowds that materialize whenever these musicians come to call, and the favorite of the moment is William Christie. American-born, ironically enough, Christie is a harpsichordist-conductor-musicologist who had to settle in France in order to pursue his enthusiasms and find fame. Over the past several years, he and his band, **Les Arts Florissants,** have annually come to the Brooklyn Academy of Music with a new revelation, most recently *Zoroastre,* a *tragédie en musique* by Jean-Philippe Rameau.

In past visits to BAM, Les Arts Florissants has proved that the operas of Rameau, Lully, Handel, and other Baroque masters not only are full of musical riches but also bristle with theatrical excitement when staged with grace and imagination. This time, the budget apparently did not stretch so far, and we had to be content with a bare-bones concert presentation. No matter—with full attention on the composer's score, the piece only seemed to grow in stature until a listener, this one at least, wondered why it had ever disappeared for so long in the first place. At its 1749 premiere in Paris, *Zoroastre* was not much liked, but Rameau's revision of 1756, the edition Christie chose to perform, was a huge hit, perhaps as much for the spectacular Zeffirelli-like production as for the music. Essentially, the plot is a good-versus-evil conflict: Zoroastre representing the god of light and the sorcerer Abramane the spirit of darkness. Rameau seizes on this duality to create some of his most startling vocal and instrumental effects—the ecstatic scene of sun worship led by Zoroastre and his beloved Amélite followed by Abramane's frenzied occult rituals draw on just about every technical and expressive device then available to an opera composer.

For centuries, foreigners have shown the French how their music should go, and Christie is just the latest in a distinguished line of inspired interlopers going back at least as far as Lully. By now, his musicians play Rameau as naturally as they breathe in and out, their period instruments reproducing an astonishing range of colors and timbres while floating the melodic lines over rhythmic patterns that are both supportively buoyant and bubbling with a propulsive life of their own. What struck me most about this performance, though, was the superb vocal work. The traditional French school of singing, they say, vanished long ago, and I suppose it did if we're talking about voices properly groomed to address the standard repertory. The native singers chosen and trained by Christie, though, are just about perfect at what they do, however little use they may be to opera houses in need of a Carmen, Faust, or Manon. Their lean, cleanly focused sound commands Rameau's vocal lines with easy authority while projecting all the expressive nuances that give this composer's operas their special dramatic pungency. For Rameau and his contemporaries, the golden age of singing, it seems, is right now.

Julia Gooding (left) and Catherine Robbin (center) perform Handel while Nicholas McGegan (right) conducts the Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra.

Photograph by Toby Wales.

IF AMERICA CAN CLAIM ONE AUTHENTIC INSTRUMENT group to rival Christie's famous minstrels, it is surely the **Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra,** based in San Francisco and internationally known thanks to its extensive tours and large catalogue of recordings on Harmonia Mundi and, more recently, the Conifer label. The orchestra's leader since 1985 has been Nicholas McGegan, who hails from Britain, where musicologically informed maestros are thick on the ground—perhaps this conductor was lured here to explore virgin territory when the competition back home became too stiff. In any case, McGegan and the Philharmonia are now West Coast institutions, giving performances admired for *(continued on page 52)*

THE UNDERGROUND GOURMET PETER KAMINSKY

Lady From Shanghai

Shanghai is a fast town that cooks its food slowly. Josephine Feng's Shanghai Cuisine brings the region's high braise to Bayard Street.

Shanghai Cuisine (89–91 BAYARD STREET, 732-8988) is a homey and affectionate re-creation—make that evocation—of Shanghai in its glorious, decadent heyday in the thirties, with Ella Fitzgerald and Duke Ellington wafting through the air along with the scent of soy sauce. The restaurant is the labor of love of Josephine Feng, a young native Shanghai émigré who arrived here in 1987 and, after ten years as a textile designer, decided to go into the restaurant business in partnership with her husband, Ji Jie Hong, and Mr. Wing Jing Lau, the proprietor of Shanghai Domain and Winter Garden (Wing, in his double-breasted vest of black glove leather and pastel dress shirts, is a trimly elegant presence in the dining room). Miss Feng and her husband have decorated the room with the kinds of memories that might have survived in someone's grandmother's trunk through the years of the Cultural Revolution, which was particularly virulent in Shanghai. Several movie posters adorn one wall, all featuring seductive leading ladies who have, for the most part, been erased from official memory. In the rear of the restaurant, behind a glittering full bar, a row of pictures of Shanghai's main street, Nan Jing Road, are on display, oversize postcards that hint at the high style for which the city is famous.

On three visits, I found the food unusual, the ingredients fresh, the sauces full of the powerful tastes of soy, rice wine, ginger, and garlic. The menu is gigantic, and the names of the dishes accurately foretell what will arrive at your table, so my advice is to order freely: If it sounds good, it probably is. I add this caveat: Ask your waiter or Miss Feng whether the dish is authentic Shanghainese, because the menu offers a good number of Cantonese dishes that cater to American expectations of a Chinese menu.

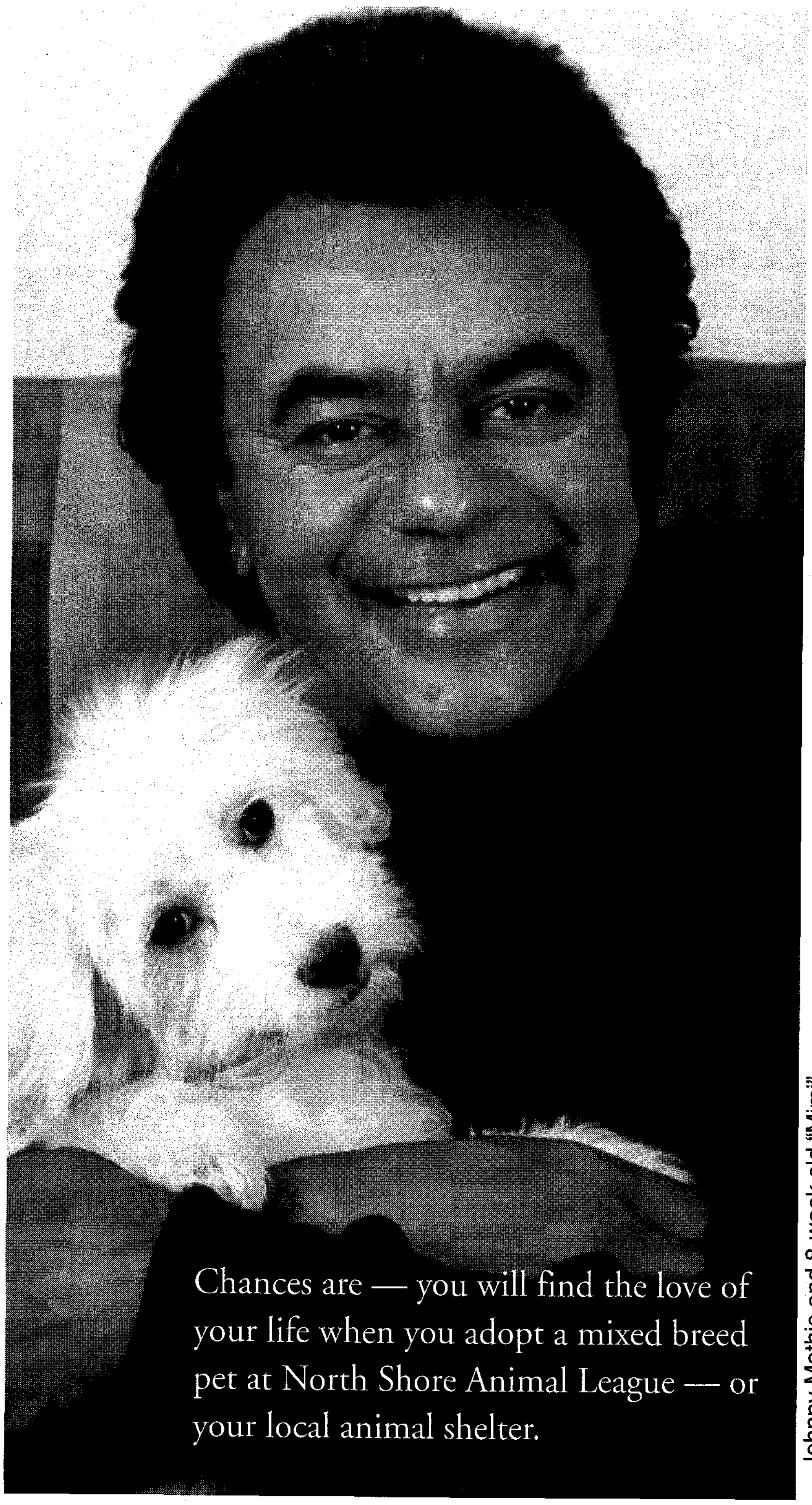
Each time, I ordered the fried seaweed and peanuts: I cannot think of anything better to go with a cold Tsingtao beer (another product of Shanghai, originated when the city was a proto-colony in the German sphere of influence). The intrepid diner might try cold shredded jellyfish with scallion, a salad that's as fresh as coleslaw but chewier and more tangy. It might be most appropriate to start the meal with the so-called tiny buns, juicy dumplings that are an accessible staple of Shanghai cuisine.

Shanghai itself is well known for unusually sweet sauces for thoroughly cooked, braised meats and steaming noodle casseroles. Chu ree (thinly sliced pork tongue) cooked in wine has a silky, meaty texture; the braised bean-noodle casserole with crabs is a meaty, salty, ginger-laced, peppery dish that had us all cracking shells and staining our shirts with reckless disregard for dry-cleaning bills. A pork shoulder with brown sauce is first deep-fried to render out the fat, then plunged into cold water to shock (and shrink tight) the skin before a final braising in brown sauce redolent of what I took to be Five Spices or some Shanghai variant of it. The braised buffalo-carp tail has a somewhat off-putting name—neither the carp nor the buffalo for which it is named tops my list of subtle dainties—but the dish was outstanding, its firm flesh standing up to the rich, salty sauce. Nor should you be deterred by the mysteriously named Osmanthus pork, which turns out to be crisp chunks of pork in an herb- and garlic-rich batter. Finally, order in advance the braised soy duck with eight treasures (two of which are rice and a chestnutlike filling).The moist duck is an ideal platform from which to show off the unusually tasty brown sauce. And if there's any of that gravy left over, the stuffing will mop it up nicely.

Open Sunday through Thursday 11 a.m. to 10:30 p.m., Friday and Saturday till 11 p.m. Entrées up to $19.95. Cash only. ■

Tea up: Fong Lee, a waitress at Shanghai Cuisine.

Photograph by Robert Wright.



Love Needs No Pedigree

Photo by Mary Bloom

Johnny Mathis and 8-week old "Mimi".

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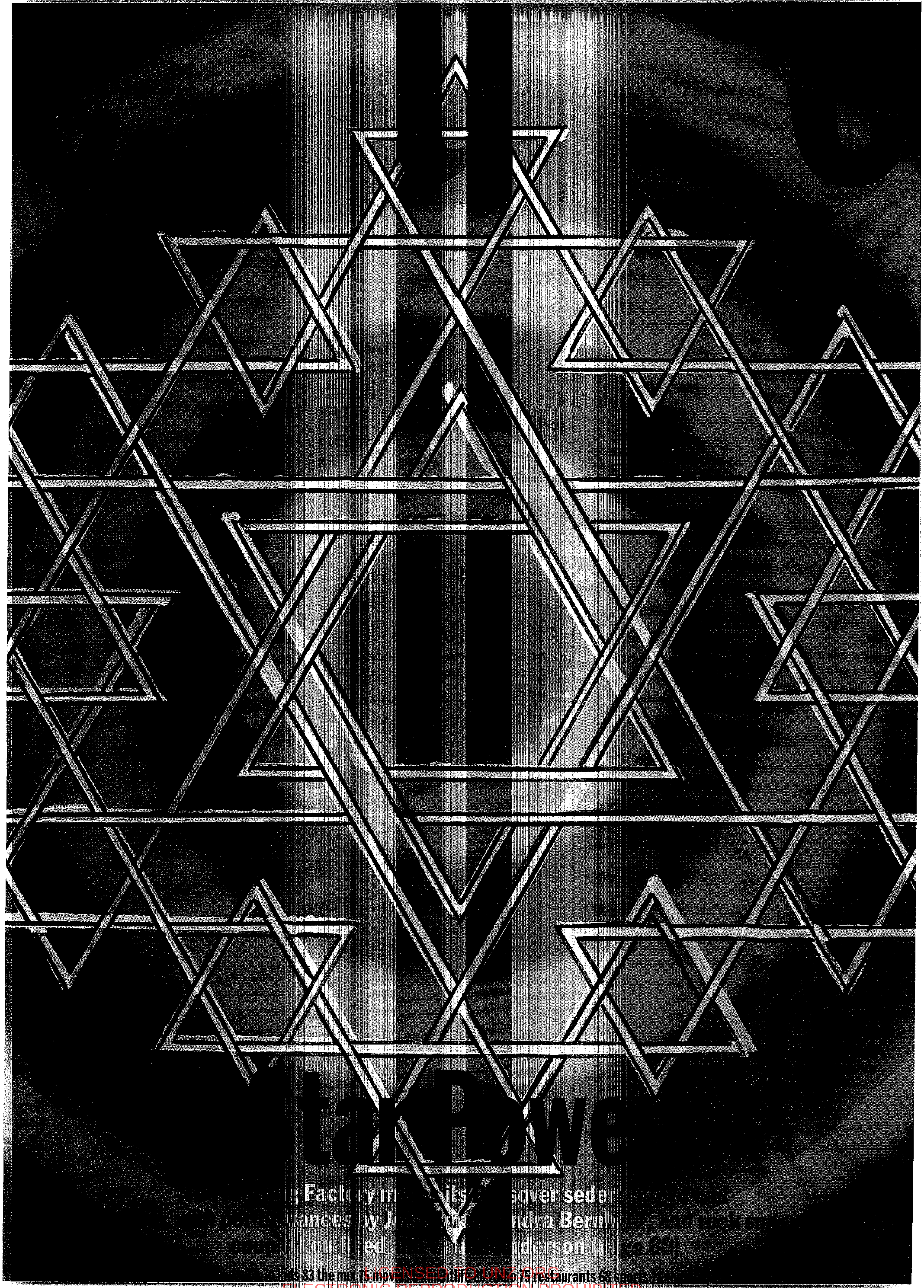
Davis *continued from page 50*

their dramatic flair and instrumental panache. Arriving at the Brooklyn Academy of Music just a few days before Les Arts Florissants, the Philharmonia was in a mood to play Handel, offering two of the composer's most heroically scaled oratorios: *Saul* and *Hercules.*

Although Handel never vanished from public consciousness to the degree that Rameau did, this composer's extraordinary sense of theater has only lately begun to be appreciated once again, the interior dramas of his oratorios no less than the more extrovert operas. *Saul* is an especially fascinating study of two colliding powers, one descending (Saul) and the other on the rise (David), with many hapless creatures caught in between. McGegan's orchestral and choral forces conveyed that conflict effectively enough, but their work overall seemed rather loose and several rehearsals away from being performance-ready. Among the variable soloists, the clear standout was countertenor David Daniels (David), pouring out gorgeous streams of tone and shaping each phrase with that musicianly elegance he commands so easily and naturally. Dominique Labelle (Michal) matched him note for note, but the other singers, headed by David Thomas's scruffy and vocally undernourished Saul, were pretty weak.

Only a few minutes of *Hercules* passed before it became clear which oratorio had received more attention and thorough preparation. Since the entire performance had all the precise instrumental and choral focus that *Saul* lacked, a listener could settle back and fully savor Handel's magnificent character portraits. Dejanira, Hercules' wife, is the most potent, a woman torn by jealousy and fatally threatened by the beauteous young Iöle; Catherine Robbin's vocally assured interpretation, if a trifle small-scale, left few facets of this troubled character unexplored. While listening appreciatively to the neat and stylishly correct singing of Julia Gooding (Iöle), Daniel Taylor (Lichas), Robert Breault (Hyllus), and Kevin McMillan (Hercules), I couldn't help harking back to a more innocent time and a *Hercules* performance of my youth, a rare staging at La Scala in 1958, when the scene-chewing and Baroque-style-be-damned principals included Franco Corelli, Ettore Bastianini, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Fedora Barbieri, and Jerome Hines. That powerhouse lineup (Schwarzkopf excepted) might have been more comfortable performing *Il Trovatore*—the ideal Verdi cast, in fact, that opera houses can no longer seem to find—and, yes, they made hash of Handel. But today's polite, mild-mannered American singers might take some instruction from them in matters of vocal projection and dramatic expression. ■



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h performances by Jo ndra Bernhard, and rock su
couple ou ed and erson (page 80)

70 kids 83 the mix 75 movies 79 restaurants 68 sports

movies

Takeshi Kitano...*The Odd Couple II*...Female Film Pioneers

New Films

★Amistad—Steven Spielberg has made a stiff but powerful film about an actual revolt aboard a slave ship in 1839 and the constitutional struggle that followed in its wake. On trial for murder and piracy, the Africans are defended by abolitionists who hire a real-estate lawyer, Roger Baldwin (Matthew McConaughey), to try the case. Cinque (Djimon Hounsou) speaks (through a translator) and recounts the entire tale: The Africans, mostly from the Mende tribe, were kidnapped by rival tribesmen, kept in a slave fortress off the coast of Sierra Leone, and then taken across the ocean in an illegal Portuguese slaver. As Cinque speaks, we see it at last—the voyage, the excruciating transit in the cargo hold known in accounts of the slave trade as "the middle passage." Spielberg stages these scenes with a power that perhaps he alone is capable of. There are, I suppose, less sensational ways of doing this material, but Spielberg's way is astonishing, and the shock for us lies both in the images themselves and in the realization that we have never really seen this primal American story. By contrast, the comparable passages in *Roots* are no more than genteel. (Denby; 12/15/97) (2 hrs. 30 mins.; R) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

Opening
Badger and Me

In 'The Big One,' Michael Moore (left, visiting Cheap Trick's Rick Nielsen) uses a book tour to continue his man-of-the-people crusade against corporate America—making special pit stops to pester global meanies like Procter & Gamble and Nike about using foreign labor. Starts Friday, April 10.

Photograph courtesy of Miramax Films.

★The Apostle—This is the best movie ever made about a man of God—which is to say, the most honest and morally the most ambiguous. Robert Duvall plays Sonny, a Texas Pentecostal preacher, and he's completely on top of what he's doing. One night Sonny has a vision: His wife (Farrah Fawcett, who is perfectly good) is sleeping with a handsome young minister. He returns home in a drunken rage, and, with half the town watching, takes a baseball bat to the minister's head. Sonny has to disappear fast, so he hits the road and emerges as a newborn itinerant man of God. He settles into a bedraggled but pleasant Louisiana town, where, identifying himself as "E.F., The Apostle," he joins forces with a retired black minister and builds a congregation from the ground up. *The Apostle* gets at something authentic and challenging—the insistent goodness of a man never free of dishonesty or sin. Sonny is too much a sinner simply to possess God. He remains an eternal suppliant, a candidate for blessedness, and therefore, despite everything, a hero. (Denby; 1/12/98) (About 1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room; 59th Street East.*

★As Good As It Gets—In James L. Brooks's new picture, Helen Hunt plays Carol, a straight-talking single mother obsessed with the care of her severely asthmatic young son. Carol has neglected herself, and she falls into the one thing in the world that she needs least—a relationship with a matchlessly rude writer, Melvin (Jack Nicholson), who suffers from obsessive-compulsive disorder and torments his Manhattan neighbor—a gay artist (Greg Kinnear). But the movie, as we can tell early on, is a Scrooge story. The question is not when Melvin will melt but how. A superbly written and acted tearjerker. (Denby; 12/29/97) (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; The Movies at Bayside.*

The Big Lebowski—Jeff Lebowski, known as the Dude (Jeff Bridges), shuffles through life in a pothead haze. He gets involved in a bizarre intrigue involving another man named Lebowski, a millionaire with a promiscuous young wife who may or may not have been kidnapped. Hired to deliver the ransom money, the Dude suffers a series of disasters, the result of his own ineptitude and the interventions of his bowling buddy Walter (John Goodman), a Jewish paranoid who misinterprets everything he sees. It's only amusing the first time the Dude gets lost in his own story—a story so incoherent that he can't explain it to anyone. (The funniest thing is a cameo appearance by John Turturro as a gay Latino bowler.) Jeff Bridges has so much dedication as an actor that he sacrifices himself to the Coen brothers' self-defeating conception. Even Bridges can't open up a character who remains unconscious. (Denby; 3/16/98) (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea West; Coronet; Lincoln Square.*

The Big One—Michael Moore takes a camera crew on his book tour and stops at various Fortune 500 companies to question their downsizing. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG-13) *Opens Friday.*

Blues Brothers 2000—Dan Aykroyd returns with a new crew—John Goodman, Joe Morton, and J. Evan Bonifant—and more celebrities, including Aretha, Steve Lawrence, Erykah Badu, and the late Junior Wells. Directed by John Landis. (2 hrs. 4 mins.; PG-13) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

★Boogie Nights—It's the disco-and-cocaine period of bell-bottom L.A. and a small group of porn actors, filmmakers, and hangers-on gather under the wing of Jack Horner (Burt Reynolds), an avuncular producer who likes to have people hang out at his house. Horner takes one look at Eddie Adams (Mark Wahlberg), a busboy in a Valley club, and decides that Eddie has got the stuff. Mark Wahlberg may have something in his pants, but there's no gleam in his eye. What Wahlberg does best is convey Eddie's desperation. In Wahlberg's scenes with Julianne Moore—who plays Amber Waves, a female porn star—Moore does most of the work. Moore, a great actress, has red, red lips and lambent flesh, yet her eyes are anxious; she's a kind of neurotic siren, always available but frantically unhappy. *Boogie Nights* is made up of many vignettes, and while Anderson is a good observer, he hasn't really shaped the screenplay. The movie has its giddy moments, but in the end it is peculiarly depressing. (Denby; 10/20/97) (2 hrs. 37 mins.; R) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

The Borrowers—John Goodman stars in the film version of the famous series of books about a miniature family. (1 hr. 30 mins.; G) *Centre Sunnyside.*

The Butcher Boy—See Denby, page 49. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Beekman; Lincoln Square.*

Character—A man's lifelong struggle with his overbearing father ends in a murder. Nominated for an Academy Award for best foreign film. (1 hr. 54 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse; Regency.*

City of Angels—Nicolas Cage is an angel who falls for the heart surgeon (Meg Ryan) he "meets" when she loses a patient on the operating table. Based on Wim Wenders's *Wings of Desire*. Also starring Andre Braugher and Dennis Franz. (2 hrs. 32 mins.; PG-13) *Opens Friday.*

Dangerous Beauty—Catherine McCormack is a sixteenth-century Venetian courtesan who uses her brain to trade beauty for power. Also starring Rufus Sewell and Fred Ward. Directed by *thirtysomething*'s Marshall Herskovitz. (2 hrs.; R) *Gemini.*

Eden—Joanna Going is a prep-school teacher's wife whose imagination makes her mundane daily life bearable. Also starring Dylan Walsh and Sean Patrick Flannery. Directed by Howard

Goldberg. (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) *Village East; Crown Gotham.*

c u e

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Enter the Dragon—Bruce Lee is a martial artist hired by the CIA to bust an opium-dealing ring. Hollywood's first kung-fu film—released 25 years ago—made Bruce Lee an American star. Directed by Robert Clouse. (1 hr. 38 mins.; NR) *Opens Friday at Cinema Village 12th St.*

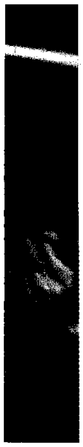
Everest: The Movie—The first-ever IMAX footage from Everest documents the 1996 summit climb of an international expedition. Directed by David Breashears and Ed Viesturs. (45 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Square.*

Fireworks (Hana-Bi)—Ultra-talented Takeshi Kitano is a good cop trying to right the injustices around him with a heavy, violent hand. Written and directed by Kitano. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The Full Monty—Robert Carlyle stars as Gaz, an out-of-work steelworker in Sheffield, England, who rounds up his unemployed friends and persuades them to put together a male strip troupe. Directed by Peter Cattaneo. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

Genealogies of a Crime—A lawyer's life gets messy when she becomes romantically involved with her client, a young murderer. Starring Catherine Deneuve. Directed by Raoul Ruiz. (1 hr. 53 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

★**Good Will Hunting**—Mopping up at M.I.T., Will Hunting (Matt Damon) casually solves problems left on the blackboards, problems intended to stump the best mathematical minds in America. The formidable Professor Lambeau (Stellan Skarsgård), recognizing Will's uncanny talent, takes the boy under his wing, keeping him out of jail by agreeing to get him into therapy. Will lands in the office of Lambeau's old friend and rival Sean McGuire (Robin Williams), a bit of a screw-up himself but perhaps the one shrink in Boston who can understand Will. This movie has wit and temperament to burn—there isn't a dead scene in it. In the end, however, the script takes a disastrous turn toward conventionality. What I will always remember is an edge of temper. The film persuades us that genius is of incalculable worth but utter hell to live with. (Denby; 12/8/97) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; New York Twin; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre.*



Grease—The reissue of the 1978 musical. Starring Olivia Newton-John and John Travolta. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea West; Guild 50th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; UA East; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld.*

I Think I Do—Five years after graduation, six college friends reunite to attend a classmate's wedding. With Alexis Arquette, Maddie Corman, and Guillermo Diaz. Directed by Brian Sloan. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Opens Friday at Quad Cinemas.*

James Ellroy: Demon Dog of American Crime Fiction—The writer explains the origins of his crime-obsessive psyche. Directed by Reinhard Jud. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Junk Mail—A disaffected postman in Oslo breaks into the house of a woman who lives on his delivery route and gets involved in her mysterious life. Starring Robert Skjaerstad; directed by Pal Sletaune. (1 hr. 23 mins.; NR) *Opens Friday at Quad Cinemas.*

"THE BIGGEST COMEDY IN YEARS."
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"BIG LAUGHS, BIGGER HEART."
GOOD MORNING AMERICA, Joel Siegel
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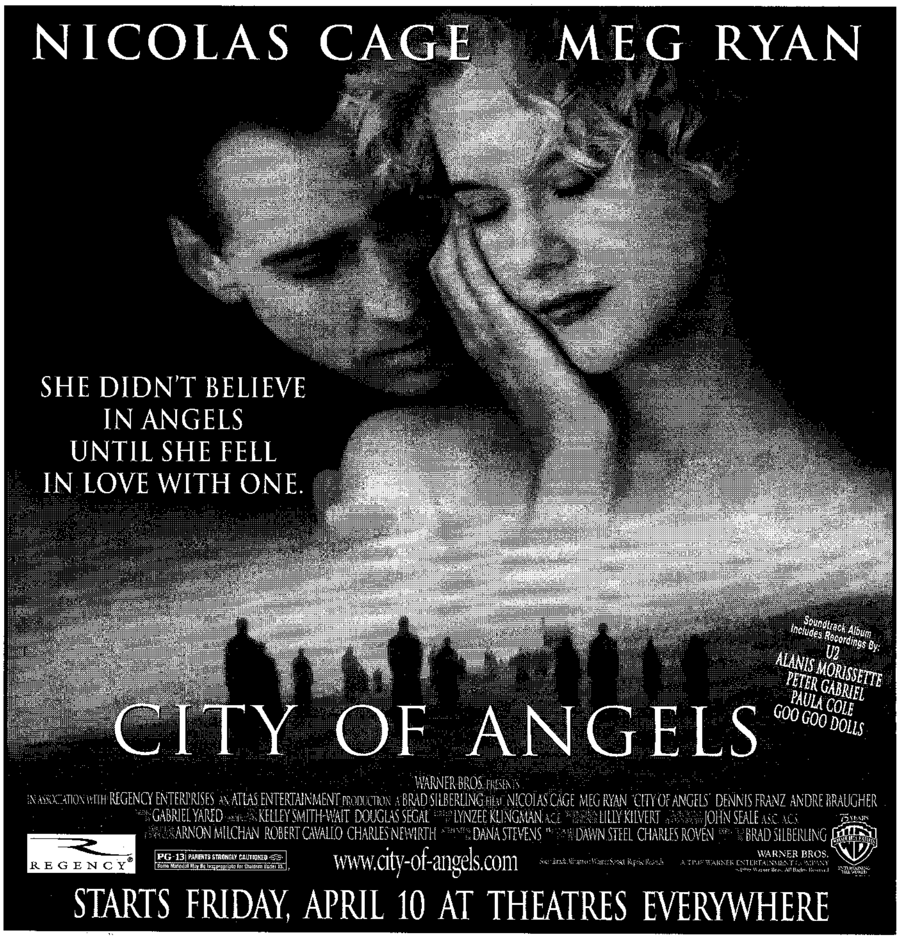

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★L.A. Confidential—The best American movie of 1997. Based on James Ellroy's 1990 novel about corruption and honor in the L.A.P.D., it's set in 1953 after the local Mafia boss has gone to prison. A crumb-bum named Sid Hudgens (Danny DeVito) is the publisher of a tabloid scandal sheet; he alerts the police to trivial forms of vice and then photographs for his magazine a celebrity cop, Jack Vincennes (Kevin Spacey), making the bust. A bullheaded cop, Bud White (Russell Crowe), is a tool of the seemingly benevolent but actually vicious chief of detectives, Dudley Smith (James Cromwell). Ed Exley, played by Guy Pearce, is a straight-arrow cop, all ambition and calculation. Kim Basinger, soft and saddened, is very touching as a guilty hooker, a good-bad girl worthy of the high forties. The movie is filled with wonderful actors—David Strathairn, in a pencil-line mustache; Simon Baker Denny as an eager-to-please young actor-stud. This violent story truly earns its quiet, ambiguous final note of exhausted calm. (Denby; 9/29/97) (2 hrs. 17 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; 19th Street East; 84th Street.*

Little Dieter Needs to Fly—A documentary about a remarkable German boy who moves to America, becomes a Navy pilot, and plans a successful escape after six months behind enemy lines during the Vietnam war. Directed by Werner Herzog. (1 hr. 20 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★Live Flesh—Eager to become the world's greatest lover, our hero Victor (Liberto Rabal) sleeps with the wives of the two Madrid policemen who once put him in jail—first Clara (the great Angela Molina, of the tragic mask), who is much adored by her obsessive husband, Sancho (Pepe Sancho). Taking Victor in hand, she teaches him some of the more essential points of lovemaking, and under Clara's tutelage, he becomes a saner and gentler fellow. Bored with Clara, Victor pursues the exquisite Elena (Francesca Neri), the woman who lured him into trouble some years earlier. It was at Elena's house that the 20-year-old Victor accidentally shot Sancho's partner, a promising young police detective named David (Javier Bardem). After the shooting, Elena, a rich girl dabbling in drugs, was so guilty over her own role in the affair that she married David, who is now confined to a wheelchair. He's a thoroughly virile man in every sense but the literal one. So the adulterous joining of Victor and Elena is charged with the many varieties of desire, guilt, and ambivalence. It's a scene worth waiting for—certainly the most sensual of Almodóvar's heterosexual love scenes. For Almodóvar, sexual passion is part of the cruel joke of Spanish guilt and fatalism. Sex is a matter of life and death that drives people into absurd situations; Almodóvar's most tragic scenes slide into farce (and vice versa). Despite his erotic fixations, Pedro Almodóvar is the cinema's last true innocent. (Denby; 1/26/98) (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Village East.*

Lost in Space—The sixties television show comes to the screen with William Hurt, Matt LeBlanc, Gary Oldman, Heather Graham, and Mimi Rogers. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Astor Plaza; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld.*

★Love and Death on Long Island—A crusty English writer, Giles De'Ath (John Hurt), falls in love with an image—the face of an American actor, a teen idol named Ronnie Bostock (Jason Priestley). De'Ath is a London widower, a creature of routine who regards the world outside with hauteur and fear. One day he wanders into the wrong auditorium at the multiplex—the one playing "Hotpants College 2"—and is about to leave when Ronnie Bostock appears. De'Ath's astonished face, caught in the reflected light of the screen, suggests a man ravished from soul to bowels by an emotion he has never experienced before. The joke, of course, is that Jason Priestley—sideburns, full wavy hair, rotten-angel smile—looks like a second-rate teen fave from about 1954. But De'Ath becomes obsessed, rushing to eastern Long Island, where Ronnie lives with his girlfriend (Fiona Leowi), and turns himself into a seducer of considerable guile. Writer-director Richard Kwietniowski's debut effort is a triumph, a buoyant and elegant achievement—romantic and ruminative yet always precise, a comedy of longing propelled by a strong current of satirical observation. (Denby; 3/16/98) (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Sutton; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Ma Vie en Rose—The incredibly appealing story of a little boy who thinks he's a little girl and the emotional upheavals this stubborn belief creates among his family and neighbors. Winner of a 1996 César award. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Man in the Iron Mask—Leonardo DiCaprio is a lusty French king who keeps his saintly twin brother locked away in the Bastille—until four Musketeers (played by Jeremy Irons, John Malkovich, Gerard Depardieu, and Gabriel Byrne) decide to switch the siblings and save the country. With Anne Parillaud, Judith Godreche, and Edward Atterton. Directed by Randall Wallace. (2 hrs. 11 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Movieworld.*

Meet the Deedles—Twin surfers visiting Yellowstone National Park help save Old Faithful. With Dennis Hopper. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG) *Village East; Embassy 2–3; Sutton; Movieworld.*

Men With Guns—On the eve of his retirement, a Latin American doctor sets off to visit the students he trained for village medicine and discovers the political persecution that lies beyond the city. Starring Federico Luppi, Mandy Patinkin, and Kathryn Grody. Directed by John Sayles. (2 hrs. 8 mins.; NR) *Village East; 62nd and Broadway.*

Mercury Rising—When an autistic child accidentally breaks the national-security code in a puzzle-book contest, Bruce Willis is the FBI agent who protects him. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Plaza.*

Mr. Nice Guy—Jackie Chan returns as a cooking-show hero who gets involved in a gang war. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Criterion Center.*

★Mrs. Dalloway—In this accomplished but slightly tedious adaptation of Virginia Woolf's great novel, Vanessa Redgrave is Clarissa Dalloway, a prosperous woman—married to a member of Parliament—who is preparing for her annual party. In the hours before the party, Mrs. Dalloway reviews her life, casting back 30 years to easy summer days at her family's country estate, where, as a young woman, she rejected a demanding, puppyish suitor, Peter Walsh, in favor of the more stable and successful Richard Dalloway. Did she marry the right man? *Mrs. Dalloway* is at its most inventive, and most Woolfian, when Redgrave is front and center, behaving with elegant social grace and thinking very different things to herself. Just hear-

Talent
Superman-san

It's hard to comprehend just how famous Takeshi Kitano is in his native Japan. Even in America's culture of celebrity, no one comes close to his level of superstardom. The former stand-up comic appears on eight Japanese TV shows each week ("Two of them are comedy," he explains, "the other six vary—I host an art program, a science program, I do the talk shows"). He writes six magazine columns every month and has 53 books to his name. Since 1989, he has written, directed, and starred in seven movies. The 50-year-old actor is so popular he's even blasé when he mentions a national poll that shows he'd be a shoo-in for Japanese prime minister. Kitano certainly possesses the necessary political Teflon: Missteps like almost killing himself in a 1994 motorcycle accident (one side of his face remains paralyzed) and, later, pummeling a few magazine staffers who wrote that he was having an extramarital affair have only made the shade-wearing, cigarette-smoking hero more popular. But the star of *Fireworks (Hana-Bi)* (now playing) and *Sonatine* (opening Friday, April 10, at the Angelika) is a little calmer these days, perhaps because he's found movies are the best vehicle for his self-expression. "For me film is the composite art in which you can include the things you learn from comedy, painting, writing a book, listening to music," he says through a translator. "You can put all sorts of things into one medium." In *Sonatine*, a mix of violence and comedy shot in 1993 but only now being released here, Kitano plays a middle-aged gangster (above, offering a little chin work to his costar) who fears he's being pushed out of the mob. It's difficult to imagine the real-life Kitano being nearly as unpopular. But does he really have to work quite so hard at his career? "It's like riding a bicycle," he says. "The moment you stop, you're dead."

Patricia Falvo

ing Redgrave pronounce the word "dis-ahs-ter" (her appraisal of her own party) is reason enough to see the movie. In any case, I can't imagine any other actress large enough (in every sense) to hold together this plotless story. Redgrave makes the heroine all of a piece—timid, conventional, but alive to every breeze of consciousness. (Denby; 2/23/98) (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

My Giant—Billy Crystal is a talent agent who discovers a giant in Romania and takes him on a road trip to find said giant's long-lost teenage girlfriend. (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG) *Opens Friday.*

The Newton Boys—The true story of four brothers from Texas who made a living out of robbing banks in the twenties. Starring Matthew McConaughey, Ethan Hawke, Vincent D'Onofrio, and Skeet Ulrich. Richard Linklater directs. (2 hrs. 2 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; Chelsea; Criterion Center; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside.*

Niagara Niagara—A woman with Tourette's syndrome takes a handsome loner with her on a harrowing, comical road trip to find a rare doll. Starring Robin Tunney and Henry Thomas. Directed by Bob Gosse. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Village East; Pavilion Theatre.*

No Looking Back—Lauren Holly is a waitress who must choose between a decent man (Jon Bon Jovi) and a loser (Ed Burns). Also starring Blythe Danner. Directed by Ed Burns. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Gemini; Lincoln Square.*

The Odd Couple II—Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau are Felix and Oscar again in Neil Simon's new chapter on the cranky couple. (1 hr. 39 mins.; PG-13) *Opens Friday.*

The Players Club—A young mother putting herself through college by stripping finds it's not so easy to separate herself from the sleaze. Starring Bernie Mac and Monica Calhoun. Written and directed by Ice Cube. (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *Opens Wednesday.*

Point of Order—The 36-day saga of the Army-McCarthy hearings pared down to documentary length. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Post Coitum—A successful French book editor with a husband and two children falls in love with another man and the downward spiral begins. Directed by Brigette Roüan. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

A Price Above Rubies—Renee Zellweger is an Orthodox woman who gets a job in the jewelry business and begins to question the religious community she's living in. Also starring Julianna Margulies and Christopher Eccleston. Directed by Boaz Yakin. (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Paris Theatre.*

★**Primary Colors**—This entertaining but rather peculiar movie (adapted from Joe Klein's novel by Mike Nichols and his longtime collaborator, Elaine May) asks extraordinary questions, and I wish it were better equipped to give the answers. The narrator is a rather bland African-American political operative—Henry Burton, the grandson of a civil-rights leader. Burton, played by Adrian Lester, is forever worrying about the governor's honor. The president-to-be and his circle are portrayed as foul-mouthed and sexually active. The candidate and his wife, Susan (Emma Thompson), are not exactly cooing lovebirds—their relationship is scandalously funny, at times pathetic, at times noble. Physically, Thompson is hard and linear, while Travolta is all rolling ease, his body swiveling, rocking—he seems to carry ball bearings in every joint. Billy Bob Thornton is entertaining as Richard Jemmons, the James Carville stand-in; Kathy Bates, as the Betsey Wright figure Libby Holden, is like a pile driver with superb timing—she's mesmerizing. It's Libby's job to cover the governor's tracks (one gets the impression she's kicked a ton of dirt). But is the portrait accurate? Though I enjoyed all the smart talk and profane irreverence, I didn't take the picture all that seriously. That is, I took it not as reality but as an entertaining convention, a movieish fantasy of what political life is like—quarrelsome, colorful as hell, unburdened by drudgery and nagging detail. (Denby; 3/23/98) (2 hrs. 23 mins.; R) *Waverly; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Coronet; Ziegfeld; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; The Movies at Bayside.*

The Proposition—Kenneth Branagh is a Boston priest who comforts his rich uncle's wife (played by Madeleine Stowe) and gets entangled in the couple's tragic fate. Also starring William Hurt and Blythe Danner. Directed by Lesli Linka Glatter. (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *Village East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

Sonatine—An experienced mobster travels to Okinawa to settle a gang dispute, only to realize his peacekeeping mission may cost him his territory back home. Written and directed by Takeshi Kitano. (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Opens Friday at Angelika Film Center.*

The Spanish Prisoner—See Denby, page 48. (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Species II—An American spaceship returns from Mars carrying an alien species intent on taking over Earth. Starring Natasha Henstridge. Directed by Peter Medak. (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Opens Friday.*

Stolen Moments—A documentary of the lost history of lesbians in Europe and America. Narrated by Kate Nelligan; directed by Margaret Westcott. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Opens Friday at Quad Cinema.*

Taste of Cherry—In the hills outside Tehran, the handsome Mr. Badii (Homayoun Ershadi) drives about in a Range Rover looking for someone to help him commit suicide. He is a healthy and affluent man—not at all the type to kill himself. So it is a puzzle. Mr. Badii picks up a variety of strangers and demands the same favor of each: He is willing to pay good money if any of them will return the next morning to a prearranged spot—a hole by the side of the road—and either pull him out if he is still alive or shovel dirt on his dead body. Boredom knocks at the door, at first quietly, then insistently. Inside the car, director Abbas Kiarostami cuts back and forth between single shots of Badii and his passengers. These simple exchanges (first one man speaks, then the other) are varied, now and then, by views of the dirt road through the windows of the car, or by shots from above of the car making its way around a curve. What have we got here? A road movie going in circles? So it would seem, and we get the point: Life is a constant revisiting of the familiar. This is a movie of great interest—an original work—but it lacks the courage, the surprise, the ravenous hunger for life, of a serious work of movie art. (Denby; 4/6/98) (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Titanic**—Writer-director James Cameron has pulled it off. This fabulously expensive watery epic is actually a very good movie. *Titanic* begins with a treasure hunter, Brock Lovett (Bill Paxton), who is obsessed with the sunken hulk. Lovett's submersible robot enters one of the deluxe staterooms to retrieve not the famous diamond he was looking for but only a drawing of a naked young woman wearing the stone. It turns out that the woman, Rose, is still alive; she's an articulate 100-year-old beauty (Gloria Stuart) who joins Lovett at his ship and then holds him and his crew of techno-ruffians in thrall with her story of what happened. Back in 1912, the 17-year-old Rose DeWitt Bukater (Kate Winslet) boards the ship in utter misery. Rose is accompanied by her awful fiancé, Cal Hockley (Billy Zane), a domineering steel-baron heir from Pittsburgh, and her snobbish mother (Frances Fisher). Onboard, Rose meets her soul mate, Jack Dawson (Leonardo DiCaprio). A gambler, Jack has the wit to see that Rose's unhappiness hides a bold, deeply romantic and sexual nature. Except for the crude, good-hearted Denver millionairess Molly Brown (Kathy Bates), the wealthy are unspeakably rude or just frightened and starchy. Jack, the interloper, takes Rose down to steerage, where the real people are having themselves a fine time drinking and dancing up a storm. This sort of cheesy stuff is redeemed only by the romantic charge between Winslet and DiCaprio. The sinking is lovely—detailed, agonizingly slow at first and then rushed and panicky and grandly gruesome at the end. As Jack and Rose hang at the railing, people lose their grip and go crashing down the deck or fall from the heights into the water. After the ship goes under, Cameron has his finest, cruelest moment—the survivors left in the vast expanse of freezing water wailing in confusion. As for Rose, she is delivered into an active and brilliant life. The ship may be ponderous, but Cameron's conception stays light in the water. (Denby; 12/29/97) (3 hrs. 17 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Movieworld; Plaza; The Movies at Bayside.*

Festival

Silent Partners

Long before modern powerhouses like Jodie or Demi, there were women like Frances Marion (above, with Mary Pickford, on the set of 1921's 'The Love Light') who formed production companies and used movies to address topics like birth control and feminism. The careers of seven of these silent-era female directors (surprisingly, there were more than 100) are reviewed during "Women Film Pioneers" at the American Museum of the Moving Image, starting Saturday, April 11. See 'Museums, Societies, Etc.' for more info.

Twilight—Paul Newman is an aging private investigator who does a favor for an old friend (Gene Hackman) and gets caught up in a murder mystery. With Susan Sarandon and Stockard Channing. Directed by Robert Benton. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Embassy 2–3; 72nd St. East.*

U.S. Marshals—Tommy Lee Jones plays his tenacious character from *The Fugitive,* but this time he's chasing Wesley Snipes. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Orpheum 7; 84th Street.*

★**The Wedding Singer**—In Adam Sandler's new comedy (set in 1985), he's a suburban New Jersey entertainer at weddings and "functions," a charmer with long hair who makes eyes at aunts and uncles as he sings. On the side, he gives voice lessons to an old lady (Ellen Dow)—basically, he's a mild fellow who wants to get along and make his way in the world. He spends most of the film making eyes at Drew Barrymore, who plays a plump angelic blonde. It's a very pleasant movie but soft as a down quilt. Sandler's not only the life of the party; he's a part-time shrink, a peacemaker who brings people together. Of course, no one takes him very seriously. Why would anyone wed a man who sings at weddings? Will this schlumpy guy defeat an overconfident Wall Street type and win Drew Barrymore? Sandler is a gifted young

Photograph courtesy of the American Museum of the Moving Image.

man, but if he's going to become a big comedy star in the movies, he's got to either blow the place sky-high or find a more challenging turf. He makes comedy about the underside of blandness. In *The Wedding Singer,* the blandness threatens to take over. With Christine Taylor and Alexis Arquette. (Denby; 3/2/98) (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) *Village East.*

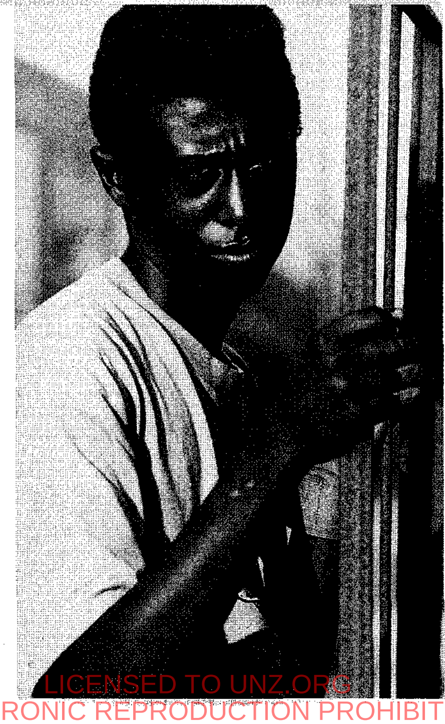
Who the Hell Is Juliette?—Filmmaker Carlos Marcovich studies two girls—one a Cuban teenager and the other a Mexican model—over the course of three years. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Wild Things—It is my dreary duty to report that this film lacks fantasy and flamboyance, that it lacks, precisely, wild things, and that most of it is just flat. Matt Dillon plays a guidance counselor at what appears to be a very backward high school at the edge of the swamp. The boys are louts, and literally every girl in the school makes eyes at Mr. Dillon. One of them (Denise Richards, of the big pouty lips) accuses him of rape. Is he a louse who sleeps with students? An honorable guy framed by an imaginative teen? Or is there some larger game at stake? And the druggy girl with short dark hair (Neve Campbell), a dropout who sits in a bungalow reading Céline—obviously she's up to no good. The movie's most prominent feature is a series of sudden plot twists. The press has been sternly advised not to give away any of these developments away, and I shall obey, though I can't help pointing out that the twists are so abrupt and mechanical, and so little related to character, that they may very well have been devised by a dirty-minded 10-year-old diddling an interactive video game before nodding off to sleep. (Denby; 4/6/98) (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Kingsway; Centre Sunnyside; Movieworld.*

★**The Wings of the Dove**—The movie differs from Henry James's novel in a hundred particulars, but the great point is that it works on its own terms, which is all one can ask. At the center, there are two young people who love each other but need money. Kate Croy (Helena Bonham Carter), clever, beautiful, and distinguished, lives in London with her wealthy aunt (Charlotte Rampling), who does what she can to break up Kate's relationship with the charming but penurious young journalist Merton Densher (Linus Roache). By degrees, and without his quite understanding it, Densher gets pulled into a conspiracy that Kate engineers. For there is another young person in their social circle, the fabulously wealthy American heiress Millie Theale (Alison Elliott), who is sweet, generous, and wasting away from some nameless disease. Millie needs a lover; she needs to live. Kate, who genuinely likes her, wants Millie to be happy and to know love—with Densher, who would then inherit the money, after Millie's death, that would allow Kate to marry him. The complicating factor—Henry James always has a complicating factor—is that Densher falls for Millie; or rather, he falls for her desire to experience everything she can before dying. The filmmakers have aggressively bumped the period ahead from 1902 to 1910; the characters take the subway, smoke cigarettes furiously, and attend a gallery exhibit of Klimt's decadent nudes. We get the point: Kate Croy and Merton Densher are modern personalities, rebels against the constrictions of their time. Rebellion is certainly not something that Henry James had in mind, but it's a minor vulgarization. (Denby; 11/10/97) (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Documentary
An Uneasy New Home

The struggles of Ethiopian and Soviet Jews as they begin new lives in an immigrant community in Israel are chronicled in *St. Jean: The Spirit of Freedom.* Voted Best Documentary at the 1993 Jerusalem Film Festival, it screens Wednesday, April 8, as part of a discussion series sponsored by the Museum of Jewish Heritage. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.



Photograph courtesy of the Museum of Jewish Heritage.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *The Butcher Boy; Character; Good Will Hunting; Love and Death on Long Island; A Price Above Rubies; Romeo and Juliet; The Spanish Prisoner.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *L.A. Confidential; Mercury Rising.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Who the Hell Is Juliette?*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Fireworks (Hana-Bi); James Ellroy: Demon Dog of American Crime Fiction; Little Dieter Needs to Fly; Point of Order.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Genealogies of a Crime; Ma Vie en Rose; Post Coitum; Taste of Cherry.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *The Apostle.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *As Good As It Gets; Eden; Live Flesh; Meet the Deedles; Men With Guns; Mr. Nice Guy; Mrs. Dalloway; Niagara Niagara; The Proposition; Ride; The Wedding Singer; Wild Things.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *The Big Lebowski; Grease; Lost in Space; The Man in the Iron Mask; No Looking Back; Titanic; U.S. Marshals.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *The Newton Boys; Primary Colors.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *As Good As It Gets; L.A. Confidential; Lost in Space; Ride; U.S. Marshals; Wild Things.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Grease; Primary Colors; Titanic.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Good Will Hunting; The Man in the Iron Mask; Mercury Rising; The Newton Boys; Primary Colors; Titanic.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *The Big Lebowski; Grease.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Barney's Great Adventure; Good Will Hunting; Lost in Space; Mercury Rising; U.S. Marshals.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *The Apostle.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Lost in Space.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Lost in Space; The Proposition.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *The Big Lebowski; Primary Colors.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *L.A. Confidential; As Good As It Gets; Mercury Rising; Mr. Nice Guy; The Newton Boys; U.S. Marshals; Wild Things.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Eden.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Character.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Ride.*

Embassy 2–3—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Meet the Deedles; Ride; Twilight.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Grease.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *A Price Above Rubies.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Good Will Hunting; The Man in the Iron Mask; Titanic.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Love and Death on Long Island; Meet the Deedles; The Player's Club; Ride.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Amistad; Blues Brothers 2000; Boogie Nights; The Full Monty; Hard Rain; Mouse Hunt.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Primary Colors.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Twilight.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Mercury Rising; The Newton Boys.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Closed for Renovations.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *The Butcher Boy.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Grease; The Man in the Iron Mask; Mercury Rising; The Newton Boys; Titanic; Wild Things; The Wings of the Dove.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *As Good As It Gets; Dangerous Beauty; No Looking Back.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *L.A. Confidential; Good Will Hunting.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (828-9738) *As Good As It Gets; Barney's Great Adventure; Lost in Space; The Man in the Iron Mask; Primary Colors; Titanic; U.S. Marshals; Wild Things.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Grease.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Men With Guns.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *L.A. Confidential; Lost in Space; Primary Colors; Ride; U.S. Marshals.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Love and Death on Long Island; Mrs. Dalloway; Post Coitum; The Spanish Prisoner; Taste of Cherry.*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *As Good As It Gets; The Big Lebowski; The Butcher Boy; Good Will Hunting; Grease; The Man in the Iron Mask; Mercury Rising; The Newton Boys; No Looking Back; The Proposition; Titanic; Wild Things.* IMAX: *Across the Sea of Time; Everest; Into the Deep; L5–First City in Space. Warner Brothers 75th Anniversary Festival.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Grease; Primary Colors.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Grease; Lost in Space; Mercury Rising; Titanic.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Lost in Space; Ride; Titanic.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Lost in Space; Titanic.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Character.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Barney's Great Adventure; Grease; Lost in Space; The Man in the Iron Mask; Meet the Deedles; Mercury Rising; Mr. Nice Guy; The Newton Boys; Primary Colors; Ride; Titanic; U.S. Marshals; Wild Things.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Barney's Great Adventure; Grease; Lost in Space; The Man in the Iron Mask; Mercury Rising; Mr. Nice Guy; Ride; Titanic; U.S. Marshals; Wild Things.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Barney's Great Adventure; Grease; Lost in Space; The Man in the Iron Mask; Meet the Deedles; Mercury Rising; Mr. Nice Guy; Primary Colors; Ride; Titanic; U.S. Marshals; Wild Things.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *As Good As It Gets; Barney's Great Adventure; Good Will Hunting; Grease; The Man in the Iron Mask; Mercury Rising; Primary Colors; Titanic.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Lost in Space; Ride; Titanic.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Lost in Space; Meet the Deedles; The Newton Boys; The Players Club; Ride; U.S. Marshals; Wild Things.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Mercury Rising; Mr. Nice Guy; The Players Club; Ride; Wild Things.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Lost in Space; Mercury Rising.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Barney's Great Adventure; Grease; Lost in Space; The Man in the Iron Mask; Meet the Deedles; Mr. Nice Guy; The Players Club; Ride; U.S. Marshals.*

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Mercury Rising; The Newton Boys; Primary Colors; Titanic; Wild Things.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *As Good As It Gets; Good Will Hunting; Lost in Space; Mercury Rising.*

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Barney's Great Adventure; Good Will Hunting; Grease; Lost in Space; Mercury Rising; The Newton Boys; Niagara Niagara; Primary Colors; Titanic.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Grease; Lost in Space; Mercury Rising; Titanic.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Barney's Great Adventure; Grease; Lost in Space; The Man in the Iron Mask; Meet the Deedles; The Newton Boys; Primary Colors; Titanic; U.S. Marshals; Wild Things.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *The Man in the Iron Mask; Mercury Rising; Mr. Nice Guy; The Newton Boys; Titanic; U.S. Marshals; Wild Things.*

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Barney's Great Adventure; Good Will Hunting; L.A. Confidential; Lost in Space; The Man in the Iron Mask; Meet the Deedles; U.S. Marshals; The Wedding Singer.*

Photograph by Marsha Blackburn /Paramount Pictures.

Opening The Old Couple

Neil Simon returns to his saga of Felix and Oscar (played, of course, by Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau, above) in *The Odd Couple II.* This time, he takes the cranky pair on a mishap-strewn road trip to the wedding of Felix's daughter to Oscar's son. Starts Friday, April 10.

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *The Borrowers; Grease; Lost in Space; Mercury Rising; Primary Colors; Titanic; Wild Things.*

Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *U.S. Marshals; As Good As It Gets; Lost in Space; Meet the Deedles; Mr. Nice Guy; The Players Club; Wild Things.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Grease; Lost in Space; Mercury Rising; Titanic; Wild Things.*

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Barney's Great Adventure; Good Will Hunting; The Man in the Iron Mask; U.S. Marshals.*

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Meet the Deedles; Ride; U.S. Marshals; Wild Things.*

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Grease; Lost in Space; The Man in the Iron Mask; Mercury Rising; Mr. Nice Guy; The Newton Boys; Primary Colors; Titanic.*

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Grease; Lost in Space; Titanic; Wild Things.*

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *The Newton Boys; Primary Colors.*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Barney's Great Adventure; Good Will Hunting; Grease; The Man in the Iron Mask; Mercury Rising; The Newton Boys; Primary Colors; Titanic.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Grease; Lost in Space; Mercury Rising; Titanic.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *Grease; Lost in Space; Mercury Rising; Mouse Hunt; Primary Colors.*

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Closed for renovations.*

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Grease; Lost in Space; The Man in the Iron Mask; Meet the Deedles; Mercury Rising; The Newton Boys; Titanic; Wild Things.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Titanic.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Mercury Rising; Titanic.*

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *As Good As It Gets; The Newton Boys; Primary Colors; Titanic.*

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *As Good As It Gets.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *L.A. Confidential; Good Will Hunting; Grease; Lost in Space; Meet the Deedles; Mercury Rising; The Newton Boys; Primary Colors; Titanic; Wild Things.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Grease; Lost in Space; Mercury Rising; Primary Colors; Titanic.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *As Good As It Gets; Barney's Great Adventure; Good Will Hunting; Grease; Lost in Space; The Man in the Iron Mask; Meet the Deedles; Mercury Rising; Mr. Nice Guy; The Newton Boys; Primary Colors; Titanic; U.S. Marshals; Wild Things.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Women Film Pioneers." 4/11: *The Lost Garden: The Life and Cinema of Alice Guy-Blaché* (1995) and films by Alice Guy-Blaché. 4/12: Films by Lois Weber. 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077); $16 nonmembers; $8 members.

Different Light—4/12: *The Gay Divorcee* (1934). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—"Blue Collar Blues: Labor Documentaries." 4/9: *If You Don't Come in Sunday, Don't Come in Monday* (1976). "We Are Not Alone!" 4/8: *Forbidden Planet* (1956). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"Dreams, Secrets, Lies: New Swedish Cinema." 4/8: *Expectations* (1997) and *Adam and Eva* (1997). 4/8–4/9: *Christmas Oratorio* (1996). 4/9: *Their Frozen Dream* (1997). 4/9: *Here's Your Life* (1968) and *Tic Tac* (1997). 4/10: *White Lies* (1995). 4/10 and 4/12: *Elvira Madigan* (1967). 4/11–4/13: *Run for Your Life* (1997). 4/11: *Here's Your Life* (1968). 4/13–4/14: *The Girl With Hyacinths* (1950). "Movies for Kids." 4/11–4/12: *The Master Detective and Rasmus* (1997). Call 875-5601 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $8.50.

Museum of Jewish Heritage—4/8: *St. Jean: The Spirit of Freedom* (1993). Florence Gould Hall, French Institute, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160). Free.

Museum of Modern Art—"New Directors/New Films." 4/9 and 4/11: *Mojo*. 4/9 and 4/12: *Moment of Impact*. 4/10 and 4/12: *Kitchen Party*. 4/10–4/11: *TwentyFourSeven*. 4/11–4/12: *Wednesday* and *Murmur of Youth*. "Special Screenings." 4/13: *Yojimbo* (1961). "From the Archives: Sergei Eisenstein." 4/14: *October* (1927). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

New Works Festival—4/13–4/18: More than forty films and videos and five screenplays from students in the Columbia University Film Division. DGA Theatre, 110 W. 57th St. Tickets are $8–$12 and available at the Miller Theatre box office, 116th St. and Broadway (854-7799). Call 854-1547 for festival info.

The Surreal World of Buster Keaton—4/11–4/12: Five classic shorts. 78th St. Theater Lab, 236 W. 78th St. (969-0968). Tickets are $10 for adults; $5 for children.

Symphony Space—"The Envelope Please: 50 Years of Foreign Film and the Academy awards." 4/7: *The Virgin Spring* (1960) and *Electra* (1962). 4/14: *Woman in the Dunes* (1964) and *Farewell My Concubine* (1993). 2537 Broadway, at 96th St. (864-5400); $8, $5 members.

The Screening Room—Weekends at midnight: *Valley of the Dolls* (1967). Sunday brunch: *Valley of the Dolls* and *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

Warner Brothers 75th Anniversary Festival—Thirty-three studio classics will be screened, including *All the President's Men, The Exorcist, Clockwork Orange, Blade Runner, Unforgiven, The Jazz Singer, Days of Wine and Roses,* and *Superman.* Lincoln Square, 1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000).

theater

Fornes on Ibsen...Martin McDonagh

Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Herbal Bed—Peter Whelan's drama about lurid accusations of adultery—leveled against Shakespeare's eldest daughter. Directed by Michael Attenborough; presented by the Royal Shakespeare Company. $20–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/16 opening. *Eugene O'Neill Theater, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

High Society—What a swell party this is! Music and lyrics by Cole Porter (with an assist from Susan Birkenhead); book by Arthur Kopit. Based on Philip Barry's *The Philadelphia Story,* drolly immortalized onscreen by Katharine Hepburn, Jimmy Stewart, and Cary Grant. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/23 opening. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Honour—A writer's life is thrown into disarray when a young journalist arrives to profile her husband. Jane Alexander, the recently departed head of the National Endowment for the Arts, leads the cast; after four years in Washington, she ought to know something about the theme. Written by Joanna Murray-Smith; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. $25–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/26 opening. *Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44 St. (239-6200).*

A View From the Bridge—The Roundabout's super-acclaimed production of Arthur Miller's drama reopens for ten weeks. Anthony LaPaglia stars as Eddie Carbone, the longshoreman with lustful feelings for his niece; Michael Mayer directs. $30–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/15 (re)opening. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).*

Now Playing

Ah, Wilderness!—This charming comedy concerns the Miller family in a small Connecticut town. Father Nat is a newspaper editor happily married to Essie, doting mother of Arthur, a complacent Yalie; Richard, the high-school grad and authorial alter ego; Mildred, the tomboy; and Tommy, the brat. The time is July 4 and 5, 1906, and, save for fireworks bursting in air, the world is at peace. Daniel Sullivan has staged O'Neill's foray into Twain-and-Tarkington territory with style. Craig T. Nelson as the bumbling patriarch Nat and Debra Monk as the maternally conniving Essie contribute handsomely. Sam Trammell's Richard—boyishly defiant, winsomely naïve, and bottomlessly decent—offers a memorable tribute to being 17. (Simon: 4/6/98.) $45–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Opening

Regarding Henrik

In 'The Summer in Gossensass,' writer-director Maria Irene Fornés, best known for her surreal, elliptical dramas, pays tribute to 'Hedda Gabler.' Fornés's heroines are Elizabeth Robins and Marion Lea, the pair of now-forgotten actresses whose enthusiasm brought Ibsen's proto-feminist classic to London a century ago—and to English-speaking audiences for the first time. Opens April 7 at the Judith Anderson Theatre.

Photograph by Martha Holmes.

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza, which was the hit of Paris in 1995 and of London in 1996, and won awards in both cities. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc considers this Antrios shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. But confronted with Serge and the painting, Yvan does what he does best: He wavers. Reza's cunning dialogue has been fluently Englished by Christopher Hampton; even so, it requires high-powered actors to animate it, and happily, it gets them. As Marc, Alan Alda puts to insidious use his ability to pester with polish. Victor Garber's dapper Serge harbors under the façade of a convivial man-about-town a defensive arrogance expressed with mounting bile. As Yvan, Alfred Molina is pure perfection. (Simon: 3/16/98.) $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Deborah Gibson plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costumes by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100).*

Bring In 'Da Noise, Bring In 'Da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning history of African-Americans as told through tap dancing, poetry, and song. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cabaret—I question converting the Henry Miller Theatre into the Kit Kat Klub for this show, complete with poorer sight lines and tables for overpriced and distracting drinks. Otherwise, the Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for recreating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Robert Brill resuscitates a very functional but also eye-catching set. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The major performances are all at least a mite off, but the supporting cast delivers staunchly. Natasha Richardson is—at last!—an authentically British Sally Bowles, but she is stolid, blatant, lacking in girlish vulnerability. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) $50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Cabaret, bar, and banquette seating available. Opened 3/19/98. *Kit Kat Klub, 124 W. 43rd St. (719-1300).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Chairs—Ionesco's 1952 absurdist comedy—it stars two nonagenarians and 62 chairs, and not necessarily in that order—was an unexpected sellout in the West End last fall. The play now runs here, for a twelve brief weeks, with the same cast (Geraldine McEwan, Richard Briers) and, perhaps more critical, the same chairs. $35–$60. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8. Through 6/13. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness; minimalism prevails. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Karen Ziemba, Hinton Battle, and Ernie Sabella. (Simon: 12/2/96.) $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Deep Blue Sea—He, sadly, is best known these days as the smirking pitchman for Dodge minivans, and she as Gwyneth Paltrow's mother. But with any luck, Edward Herrmann and Blythe Danner will reestablish themselves as sovereigns of the New York stage in this 1952 Terence Rattigan drama about a woman who leaves a dependable husband for an undependable lover. *Roundabout Theatre Company Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

The Diary of Anne Frank—Natalie Portman, the electrifying teen cutie from *Beautiful Girls,* stars in this newly adapted version of the 1955 play. Also starring Linda Lavin, Harris Yulin, George Hearn, and Austin Pendleton. $40–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 12/4/97. *Music Box Theater, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Freak—John Leguizamo has proved, in various mediums and genres, that he is versatile, witty, inventive, and charming. He writes and delivers funny dialogue within his monologues, interrupts his acting to execute nimble dance steps both elegant and satirical, and creates characters with facial expressions, vocal mannerisms, and body language that blend into a riotous lingua franca. He brings these skills to his Broadway show, which purports to be semi-autobiographical and is surely, in Anatole France's great phrase, a story truer than truth. (Simon: 3/2/98.) $17.50–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Golden Child—After returning to his Chinese hamlet from a business trip, Eng Tieng-Bin, the protagonist of this new memory play, proudly presents his three wives with a new waffle iron, a cuckoo clock, and a phonograph. But his less tangible acquisitions—a new faith, a changed outlook on education, and an overpowering desire to unbind his daughter's feet—do not blend so seamlessly into his traditional home. Directed by James Lapine; written by David Henry Hwang, author of *M. Butterfly.* $30–$50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/2/98. *Longacre Theatre, 220 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—This romantic comedy, set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind,* is Alfred Uhry's first effort since *Driving Miss Daisy.* The wait clearly paid off; he won the 1997 Tony award for Best Play. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/27/97. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Life—A contemporary street opera set in eighties Times Square. Lillias White and Chuck Cooper just picked up Tony awards for their performances. Music and lyrics by Cy Coleman and Ira Gasman; book by Coleman, Gasman, and David Newman. $40–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/26/97. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen Lion King onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200).*

The Old Neighborhood—Three interconnected one-act plays by David Mamet, starring Peter Riegert, Patti LuPone, Vincent Guastaferro, Mary McCann, and Jack Willis. Directed by Scott Zigler. $45–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Paul McKenna's Hypnotic World—Under the spell of this British hypnotist, audience members ride imaginary horses, perform rock anthems, channel Martians, and otherwise humiliate themselves. $35. Mon. at 8 and Sun. at 7. Through 4/20. *Roundabout Theatre, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (307-4100).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Nine leads, ten years, $357 million, and almost 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—You've seen the billboard. Now come see the show. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. Nan Knighton adapted Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Christine Andreas, Terrence Mann, and Douglas Sills star. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/9/97. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

1776—The book of this 1969 musical, the gifted Peter Stone's masterpiece, is surely one of the best ever. Thrillingly incorporating the potentially divisive issue of slavery, it succeeds in keeping us, despite our knowledge of the outcome, in a state of wonderfully paradoxical suspense. This Scott Ellis revival will provide you not only with three hours of choice theatergoing but also with three very rich hours of life. Music and lyrics by Sherman Edwards. (Simon: 8/25/97.) $20–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

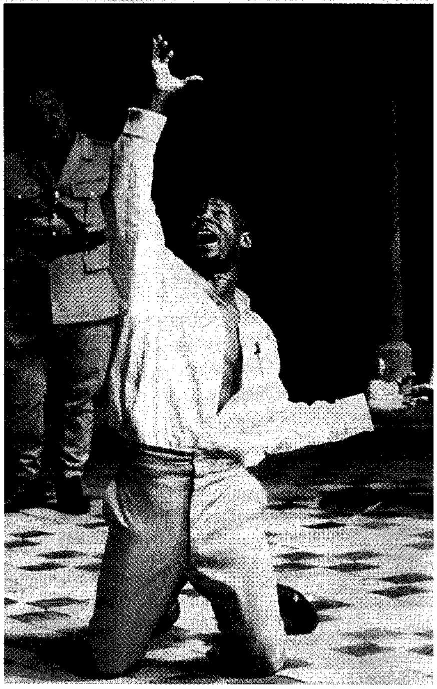
The Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for the first time since its 1959 premiere. Hum along; bring the kids. Rebecca Luker, who played a memorable Magnolia in *Show Boat,* plays the nun turned governess, and Michael Siberry plays the widower captain. $50–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 3/12/98. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The Sunshine Boys—This Neil Simon play is a triumph of strategy. (1) It is full of one-liners: easily detachable and portable laughs. (2) The main characters, a retired vaudeville team, now hate each other, hence ever-popular insult comedy. (3) Willie Clark and Al Lewis are also Jewish, so we get audience-tickling Jewish jokes. (4) The background is show business, providing cherished showbiz humor. Add the stage-screen-and-TV-enshrined duo of Jack Klugman (Willie) and Tony Randall (Al), and it's platinum-edged-securities time. This production at the National Actors Theatre revival is rattling good fun. (Simon: 1/5/98.) $30–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at

Opening

More Moor

Fresh off his Broadway *Cabaret* success, English director Sam Mendes is Brooklyn-bound with *Othello,* opening April 8 at BAM. The National Theatre production finds the Moor of Venice updated to the British colonial era of the thirties. "The soldiers in *Othello* have an English sense of character," the 32-year-old Mendes says, explaining why he's eschewed more traditional Renaissance garb. "The arid public-school sense of honor above everything, the two-dimensional thinking of the British empire. We're a desperate race when it comes to trying to control other races." (At the Brooklyn Academy of Music's Majestic Theater, 651 Fulton Street, Brooklyn; 718-636-4100.)

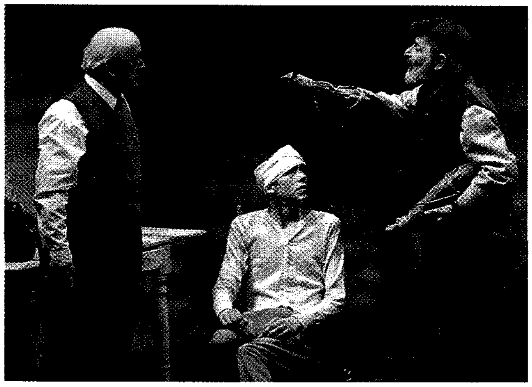


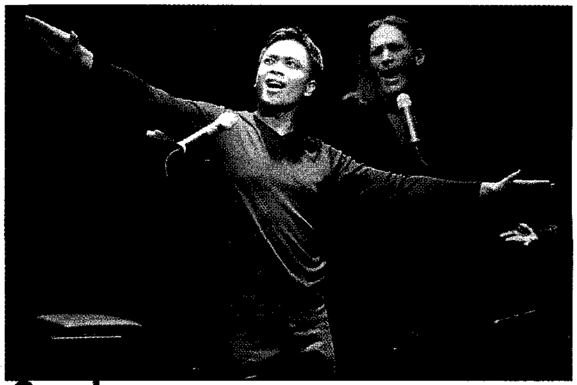
Photograph by Mark Douet.

3. Opened 12/8/97. *Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Wait Until Dark—Even if a girl weren't blind, she'd find it pretty unnerving to be trapped in a house with Quentin Tarantino. Unfortunately, the new production of Frederick Knott's 1966 thriller requires that Marisa Tomei be both (blind and trapped, that is) and that Tarantino, as a psychotic drug dealer, torture her. Robert Duvall and Lee Remick starred in the original Broadway version; Leonard Foglia *(Master Class)* directs the revival. $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/5. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*





Opening
Youth Will Be Served

It's Martin and Adam, not Ben and Matt, but the Public Theater would no doubt be happy if *Good Will Hunting*'s audiences checked out their new works by young writers. Irish wunderkind Martin McDonagh's *The Cripple of Inishmaan* (opening April 7) plays with Ireland's, and Hollywood's, self-mythologizing. Adam Guettel's *Saturn Returns: A Concert* (opening April 9) is a nonnarrative song cycle blending Greek myths (Icarus, Sisyphus) and hymnal outtakes in a follow-up to his well-received musical *Floyd Collins*.

Photographs by Michal Daniel.

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Bad Sex With Bud Kemp—Sandra Tsing Loh's new comedy about dating and other hazardous ventures. $32.50. Tues., Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Wed. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 8; Sun. at 2 and 7. Previews begin 4/7 for a 4/21 opening. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (787-3392).*

The Cripple of Inishmaan—An Irish orphan, Cripple Billy, dreams of landing a part in a Hollywood filmmaker's documentary in order to impress his beloved. The play is Martin McDonagh's first in his Aran Island trilogy and his second to open in New York this season. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews for a 4/7 opening. *The Public's Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

From Above—A young widow is lured out of her grief when a young man appears at her door, claiming to be her dead husband. Written by Tom Donaghy; directed by David Warren. Starring Patricia Kalember (*Sisters, Thirtysomething*). $37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 4/21 opening. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Quidam—Cirque Du Soleil's ninth spectacular—which should, like its previous eight, chill, tickle, and trompe many an oeil. $15.75–$59.50. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 6 and 9:30, Sat. at 4:30 and 8:30, Sun. at 1 and 5. Previews begin 4/8 for a 4/16 opening. *Big Top at Battery Park City (800-678-5440).*

Saturn Returns: A Concert—A nonnarrative cycle of songs about faith and longing, based on myths and hymn texts. Music and lyrics by Adam Guettel. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews for a 4/9 opening. *The Public Theater's LuEsther Hall, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

The Summer in Gossensass—Maria Irene Fornes's tribute to Elizabeth Robbins and Marion Leah, two actresses whose passion for Ibsen led to the first London production of *Hedda Gabler*. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/7 opening. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Now Playing

Anadarko—The unheroic and generally unbecoming human response to captivity has long fascinated writer-actor Tim Blake Nelson, and he returns to this subject with verve in this new play. Set in a tiny prison cell, the drama follows two Oklahoma drifters as they torment each other and fend off attacks from their jailers. $15. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 7. *MCC Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (727-7765).*

As Bees in Honey Drown—Socialite Alexa Vere de Vere—one part Hepburn, two parts eyeliner, three parts luxury addict—enlists a young author to write a screenplay about her life. Written by Douglas Carter Beane; alertly directed by Mark Brokaw. Starring Bo Foxworth and Kristine Nielsen. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

The Broadway Kids Sing Broadway—A musical revue of songs made famous by Broadway kids. Expect tunes from *Annie, The Sound of Music, The Wizard of Oz, Oliver!,* and *Bye Bye Birdie.* $20. Sat. and Sun. at noon. Through 6/21. John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (354-2220).

Checking Out—A ghost and a lonely Puerto Rican cross paths in the Bronx. Written by Candido Tirado. $20. English performances on Wed.–Fri. at 8; Spanish performances on Sat. at 2 and 8 and Sun. at 2 and 6:30. Through 4/19. *Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (354-1293).*

Dinah Was—A play about Dinah Washington, Queen of the Blues. Yvette Freeman (*ER, Working*) plays the diva—come rain or come shine; Oliver Goldstick wrote the script. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 4/26. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

Eddie Izzard: Dress to Kill—Britain's hottest, cross-dressingest comic offers his views on dinosaurs, the space program, and being raised by wolves. $35–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (307-7171).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

A Flea in Her Ear—Bill Irwin, who proved himself a first-class interpreter of French farce in the Roundabout production of *Scapin* two years ago, now brings his directorial energies to bear on this 1907 Feydeau comedy about the misadventures of a suspicious wife. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Roundabout's Laura Pels Theatre, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Gerard Alessandrini's long-running musical spoof continues. $40–$45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $37.50–$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Oscar Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." $20–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 6/5/97. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—John Cameron Mitchell—actor, director, and founding member of the Drama Dept.—wrote and stars in this rock concert–cum–musical, in which a German war bride finds herself in a Kansas trailer park and achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting. Featuring Stephen Trask and his downtown band, Cheater. $35. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

How I Learned to Drive—Paula Vogel's play benefits from an original slant: child molestation as an act of consenting partners, with the child as a willing participant. Miss Vogel has written a memory play about a pedophile and his big-breasted niece by marriage, Uncle Peck and Li'l Bit, names a trifle too apt to ring true. The driving lessons Uncle Peck gives Li'l Bit over the years are a slow, careful—even caring—seduction. Mark Brokaw has directed inventively. (Simon: 3/31/97). Now starring Deirdre Lovejoy and Cotter Smith. $45–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 3/16/97. *Century Theater, 111 E. 15 St. (239-6200).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—An irrepressible, technicolor celebration of puns, fabric, and gay life. Its costumer and musical "conceiver," Howard Crabtree, died in June of 1996, just days after completing the revue. $45. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $47.50–$50. Mon. and Tues at 8, Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Fri at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

I Will Come Back—A new musical celebrating Judy Garland's life. Tommy Femia stars. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Players Theatre, 115 MacDougal St. (239-6200).*

Jails, Hospitals, & Hip-Hop—Danny Hoch, the *bandittel* from Queens, plays twelve urban misfits, then spews buckets of vitriol at Jerry Seinfeld. $10–$25. Wed. and Thurs. at 8:30, Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 11. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).*

Joseph Gabriel Magic—Magician Joseph Gabriel mixes sleights of hand with large-scale illusions. $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Long Day's Journey Into Night—This is an immense play, the towering achievement of American drama, which grows, incredibly, with each successive viewing. It brings out the best awareness we can muster even in this production, scaled down to a tiny stage that cannot convey a rambling cottage crisscrossed by living ghosts. None of the actors is quite right for the job. Yet they all gradually grow into their parts and, overleaping their lacks, etch themselves into our consciousness. Even cut and somewhat defanged, O'Neill's masterwork epitomizes both the human comedy and the tragic sense of life. (Simon: 4/6/98.) $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Mindgames—Marc Salem, a mentalist and former director of research for *Sesame Street,* does a slew of fancy math tricks, stops his own pulse, and predicts the contents of people's wallets. $40. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2, 7, and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Mizlansky/Zilinsky or "schmucks"—A new comedy from John Robin Baitz about a pair of Hollywood hustlers' last-ditch effort to seal a deal. Nathan Lane, fresh from Los Angeles, where he evaded mice and other vermin, plays one of the two title schmucks; Joe Mantello, the talented young actor who directed Neil Simon's *Proposals,* directs here, too. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. Through 4/26. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Mystery of the Rose Bouquet—A psychological thriller by Manuel Puig, author of *Kiss of the Spider Woman.* $20. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. *INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Mystery School—Tyne Daly, the powerhouse actress who nearly out-Etheled Ethel Merman in the 1989 revival of *Gypsy*, gets the stage all to herself in this site-specific production from En Garde Arts and Long Wharf Theatre. $32.50–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 4/19. *Angel Orensanz Foundation Center for the Arts, 172 Norfolk St. (239-6200).*

Never the Sinner—The sensational story of Leopold and Loeb—two wealthy, well-educated teenagers who in 1924 murdered a young boy on a whim—moves from the American Jewish Theatre, where it played to great acclaim earlier this season, to a home farther uptown. $25–$45. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Peep Show—The latest installment in the Ronnie Larsen chronicles of New York sleaze. $30–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 3/31/98. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South, at Sheridan Sq. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

R & J—A four-man, prop-free version of *Romeo and Juliet* that will likely stand out among the tragedy's many newfangled interpretations. $40. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan, from lost baggage to lost illusions, from Hertz to other hurts and frustrations. Nothing is overlooked, though some things are a mite undercooked. Even the Ca*th*tilian li*th*p ge*th* a tuneful *th*ong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $42.50–$47.50; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Shopping and Fucking—And how these two pursuits intersect in the lives of five young Londoners. The play, by newcomer Mark Ravenhill, was a sensation last year in the West End; it opens here with a homegrown cast. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. Through 4/11. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

Side Man—This enjoyable play by Warren Leight is about sidemen, yesteryear's second-tier jazz musicians who hired out as supplementary players to various bands, and about their women. It is narrated by Clifford, the son of Gene, a trumpet player, and Terry, a sweet thing turned bitter. As the play moves from 1985 to 1953 and back, we hear about his parents' courtship, his birth, and the parents' growing estrangement as he grows up. As things move near-imperceptibly from comedy to drama, we relish the jive, the jokes, the frustrations enacted by seven solid actors in a fine production neatly tied together by Michael Mayer's apt direction. (Simon: 3/23/98.) $20. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 5. Through 4/10. *Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (279-4200).*

St. Nicholas—The *other* young Irish dramatist, Conor McPherson, debuts here with this cryptically entitled play. The first ten minutes mock a drama critic and are capital fun. The rest concerns said Dublin critic's trip to London in pursuit of an actress, and his entanglement there with a bunch of vampires. Thus is a Richard Brinsley Sheridan start reduced to Sheridan Le Fanu. Still, this 90-minute one-man show may be worth it for Brian Cox. He gives a bravura performance that transmutes pointlessness into poignancy. (Simon: 3/30/98.) $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie's, 147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. $65–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

Two Pianos, Four Hands—Ted Dykstra and Richard Greenblatt, a pair of talented pianists who never made it to the recital halls, wax philosophical about pushy parents, arrogant students, and smug concert judges. $25–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 6. Opened 10/30/97. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave., at 14th St. (239-6200).*

Visiting Mr. Green—Eli Wallach, who made his Broadway debut more than a half-century ago, stars in this new comedy about a relationship between a young man and an older Jewish widower. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).*

Brenna *continued from page 29*

"optional time" every day. They can eat or hang out, go to the photo lab or the set-design shop, or sample an elective like Textile Design or Holocaust Studies. Murrow students can also pick a major and lay on more coursework. Particularly popular are the science and math programs, where students can double up starting in ninth grade for the equivalent of six years or more of study. By following various elective sequences, students can major in the arts, English, business, or the social sciences.

Everyone must take 40 credits, but senior Shawn Rodriguez, who comes early for jazz band, helps edit the newspaper, is finishing a law sequence, and played a lead in *A Chorus Line*, is up to 80. "Some people just can't handle the freedom," he said, "but I came here because it felt like a place you could live in for four years. And it really shaped my interests. I always liked music, but I didn't know I could be good at it, or be a good writer."

Bruckner says, "I'm accused of letting kids get away with murder, but success gives you leeway. It's the only thing that gives you leeway."

HIGH SCHOOL OF TELECOMMUNICATION ARTS AND TECHNOLOGY

350 67th Street, Bay Ridge

NINTH-GRADER ALEX ALLEN SAYS, "WHEN I heard I was going into a mainstream class, I was angry for a whole week. I was afraid they were going to think of me as some kind of a nut or a psycho kid. But these kids aren't like the ones in my junior high. And you don't always have a teacher breathing down your neck here, expecting you to do something wrong."

In a previous life, this was the elite sister institution to once all-boys Brooklyn Tech. Now it's an academic school where leaders believe they've found a better way to educate and graduate special-education students. The effort to deghettoize special-ed high-school students—who drop out at a rate of about 90 percent citywide—began five years ago, when Dierdre DeAngelis, then teaching special ed, partnered with a volunteer mainstream math teacher to teach an integrated math class. The ratio of students was two-to-one, mainstream to special ed. Team teaching is employed all over the city but rarely this widely throughout a school building. There are 27 such classes now at Tele, covering every Regents-required subject, including foreign language. The adult-student ratio in these classes drops to about one-to-ten (there is usually also an aide in the room), and while one teacher is presenting the lesson,

STUDENTS
1,263
FACULTY
141
REGENTS GRADUATES
16 percent
FOUNDED
1985

(continued on page 73)

art

Vincent Katz and Tabboo!....American Ingenuity

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Quentin Bell—A selection of pottery by the British artist (1910–1996), whose parents, Vanessa and Clive Bell, were founding members of the Bloomsbury Group; through 4/18. Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (838-0333).

Fritz Bultman—Life drawings of the female nude; through 4/30. Schlesinger, 24 E. 73rd St. (734-3600).

Vincent La Scala—Collages and constructions incorporating photographs, illustrations, paper, wood, glass, metal, and other materials; through 5/9. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

John Lees—Recent paintings, sculpture, and drawings by an artist known for his rigorously worked images of figures, still life, and landscape; through 4/18. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

Albert Marquet—Paintings by the French artist (1875–1947), who was involved in the Fauve movement and exhibited at the Salon d'Automne in 1905, including figures, interiors, and scenes from his journeys through Europe and North Africa; through 5/23. Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. (879-0500).

Esteban Vicente—Abstract Expressionist paintings from the fifties and recent paintings and collages; through 4/18. Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. (744-2300).

57th Street Area

Katherine Bowling—Paintings whose images suggest memories of nature; through 5/2. Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Alice Dalton Brown—Paintings and pastels of landscapes and interiors; through 4/25. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

Sir Anthony Caro/Richard Estes—"The Trojan War," 40 recent sculptures based on the characters of Homer's epic poem *The Iliad*/Six realist paintings of urban landscapes. Through 4/25. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

John Ferren—Abstract paintings made when the artist was living in Paris between 1931 and 1939; through 4/25. Snyder, 20 W. 57th St. (262-1160).

Michael Filmus—Recent paintings of landscapes in the Berkshires; through 4/25. David Findlay, 41 E. 57th St. (486-7660).

Eva Hesse—Drawings in ink and gouache made during the sixties, when the artist was a painter and a recent graduate of the Yale School of Art & Architecture; through 5/2. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Ken Kelly/Jan Green—Paintings that depict undulating biomorphic forms/Small-scale paintings of landscapes in the Catskills. Through 5/2. Littlejohn Contemporary, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

Agnes Martin—New acrylic and graphite paintings that are primarily blue; through 4/25. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

G. Daniel Massad—Recent still-life drawings; through 4/29. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

William Patterson—Large-scale landscapes, still lifes, and interiors; through 4/25. French, 24 W. 57th St. (247-2457).

Philip Smith—New paintings that depict incised hieroglyphic drawings on monochromatic fields; through 4/25. Danese, 41 E. 57th St. (223-2227).

John Wilde—Recent magic-realist portraits and self-portraits; through 4/25. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

Photography
Flower Power

Hired by Dutch flower farmers to catalogue their produce, the photographer Leendert Blok (1895–1986) brought a painter's eye to the task, creating enigmatic "portraits" of tulips, dahlias, and other Haarlem beauties. At Lucas Schoormans, 12 East 2nd Street; through April 25.

Timothy Woodman—New painted aluminum-relief sculptures; through 4/18. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Matthew Antezzo—Painted portraits of American artists and a painting depicting an image taken from a computer screen; through 4/25. Basilico, 26 Wooster St. (966-1831).

Mel Bochner—Printed works; through 4/23. Senior, 375 W. Broadway (941-0960).

Howard Buchwald/Gregory Raymond Halili—Oil paintings from the seventies and acrylic paintings from the past four years/Miniature gouache paintings of patterned fabrics and landscapes. Through 4/15. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

John Chamberlain—Two monumental painted steel sculptures; through 4/25. Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9224).

Bruce Conner—A survey of the artist's inkblot drawings from 1975 to 1997; through 4/18. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

Pier Consagra—Sculpture and drawings; through 4/25. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Salvador Dali/Leonor Fini—Paintings, watercolors, and prints by both Surrealist artists from three private collections; through 4/19. CFM, 112 Greene St. (966-3864).

Valentina DuBasky—Large-scale fresco paintings with incised botanical and fossil forms; through 5/16. Pelavin, 13 Jay St. (925-9424).

Helmut Federle—Recent large-scale abstract paintings; through 5/31. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Peter Hristoff—Recent large-scale paper pieces based on the formal structure of prayer rugs, and paintings that continue to explore themes of hope, despair, death, and regeneration; through 4/25. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Frank Moore—New paintings that depict American vernacular imagery such as the bald eagle, the buffalo, the bear, and the American flag; through 4/25. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

Nurit Newman—A video installation, still photographs from the video, and a series of sculptural towers placed through the gallery in a forestlike configuration; through 4/25. Silverstein, 476 Broome St. (226-0640).

Manfred Pernice—Drawings and architectural models that comment on the inherent opposition between interiors and exteriors; through 5/9. Kern, 558 Broadway (965-1706).

Julia Scher—An installation of a fake "smart room" complete with digital manipulations, audio interface, and a children's surveillance play station; through 4/25. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

Fred Stonehouse—Paintings of creatures in surreal, dreamlike scenes; 4/9–5/2. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

Rubén Torres-Llorca—A narrative and conceptual installation of sculpture, by a Cuban artist; through 4/25. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2093).

Brian Wall—Recent abstract steel sculptures; through 4/25. Lowinsky, 578 Broadway (226-5440).

Philemona Williamson—Paintings that depict female figures in menacing environments; through 4/30. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Chelsea

Siah Armajani—Park furniture and "City Center" drawings; through 5/13. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999).

Matthew Benedict—Works in gouache on paper, embroideries, and stencil works; through 4/25. Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave. (367-7474).

Eshrat Erfanian—Paintings on paper that evoke illuminated manuscripts and Persian miniatures; through 4/25. Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. (627-9930).

Gregory Green—Sculptures and installations that emphasize the power of nonviolent means for effecting change in existing political and economic structures; through 4/25. Feigen Contemporary, 535 W. 20th St. (929-0500).

Alice Neel/August Sander—Paintings from the fifties through the seventies that depict men in suits and have not been previously exhibited/Photographs of businessmen, entrepreneurs, and industrialists from the twenties and thirties. Through 4/25. Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727).

Photograph by Leendert Blok, courtesy of Lucas Schoormans.

Dan Walsh—New abstract paintings and a series of thirteen books, each with twenty unique drawings to scale of the artist's paintings; through 4/25. Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (255-1105).

Mary Weatherford—Large-scale paintings that incorporate actual starfish and shells and whose fields of color suggest panoramic views of the sea or charts of constellations; through 4/29. Debs, 529 W. 20th St. (647-7080).

Clemens Weiss—A ten-foot-tall cathedral of glass cases filled with drawings and stacked on metal shelves; through 4/30. Great Modern Pictures, 17 W. 24th St. (242-2581).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

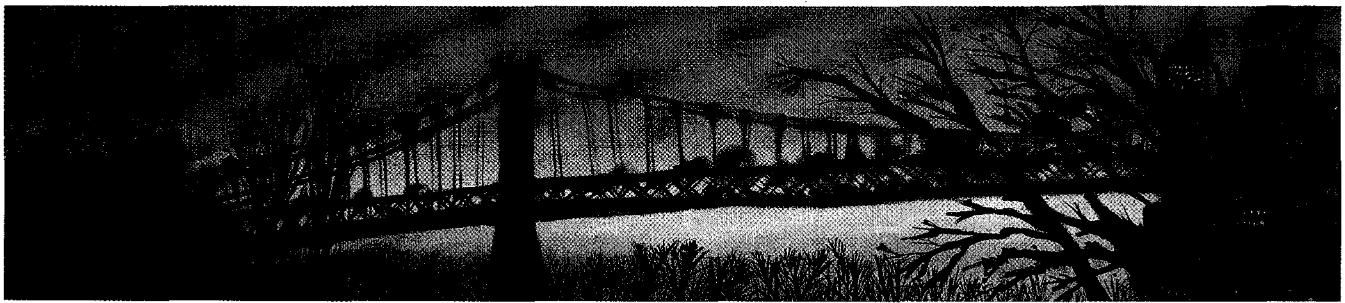
China Institute—125 E. 65th St. (627-4424). "Scent of Ink," 50 masterworks of Chinese painting, with hand scrolls, hanging scrolls, and album leaves; through 6/20.

Friedman—32 E. 67th St. (794-8950). "The Art of Turning: Masters in Wood," an exhibition with works by Holzapfel, Horn, Hoyer, Kent, others; through 4/25.

Gagosian—980 Madison Ave. (744-2313). "The New York School," with works by de Kooning, Gorky, Kline, Newman, others; through 4/25.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). "Eccentric Orbits," with works by Hayter, Howard, Merrild, Sage; 4/9–5/29.

Shapolsky—152 E. 65th St. (452-1094). "Earthly Delights," with works by Johnson, Miles, Slonem, Waitzkin; through 5/31.



Painting by Taboo.

Ubu—16 E. 78th St. (794-4444). "Polish Avant-Garde, 1920–1945," with work in various media from the Formist, Constructivist, Blok, and Unist movements; 4/9–5/16.

57th Street Area

Archives of American Art—1285 Sixth Ave. (399-5015). Rare periodicals and art posters from the Chicano art movement that were collected by Tomás Ybarra-Frausto and given to the National Museum of American Art; through 5/28.

Boone—745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929). An exhibition guest-curated by Klaus Kertess, with works by Andresen, Mayerson, Nelson, others; through 5/9.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). "Defining the Edge: Early American Abstraction," with works by Bengelsdorf, Browne, Drewes, Glarner, others; through 5/30.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). "TABOO: Sex and Sin in Modern Art," with works by Attie, Coe, Dix, Heckel, others; through 5/30.

Spanierman—45 E. 58th St. (832-0208). American watercolor paintings from the past 125 years, with works by Burchfield, Cropsey, Demuth, Hassam, others; through 5/30.

Yoshii—20 W. 57th St. (265-8876). "Giacometti and Japanese Sculpture"; through 4/25.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Bravin Post Lee—476 Broome St. (966-2676). Works by Lukas, Seliger, Wiener; through 4/25.

Brownstone—39 Wooster St. (334-3455). Works on the theme of identity, by Arnold, Brown, Gordon, Lamb, London, Klupsch; through 4/24.

Dorsky—379 W. Broadway (966-6170). An exhibition of drawings by Fasnacht, Friedman, Horn, Kelly, Schwartzberg, Stout; through 4/29.

Kent—67 Prince St. (966-4500). "A Delicate Condition," with works by Applebroog, Bing, Cusick, Dickson, others; through 4/25.

Postmasters—80 Greene St. (941-5711). "Usefool," with works that appear to have a useful function by Cooper, Fischli & Weiss, McElheny, West, others; through 4/25.

Sundvik—26 Grand St. (226-6361). "Granny Pine," featuring video and photography by eight young Finnish artists; through 4/25.

The Swiss Institute—495 Broadway (925-2035). An exhibition exploring common assumptions about art and systems of representation, with works by artists based in Zurich, Berlin and New York; through 5/19.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (966-9520). "Archigram: Experimental Architecture, 1961–1974," with more than 400 drawings, models, multimedia installations, magazines, and re-created environments; through 4/25.

TZ' Art & Co.—28 Wooster St. (966-9059). "Memory," with paintings, sculpture, drawings, and photographs by Armando, Hafif, McConaughy, McGill, Sterck, and Rozo; 4/9–5/16.

Chelsea

Art Resources Transfer, Inc.—504 W. 22nd St. (691-5956). A "conversation exhibition" of watercolors by Patricia Kronin, video stills by Deborah Kass, paintings by Jenny Hankwitz, and a project wall by Gabrielle Leidloff; through 4/25.

Billis—526 W. 26th St. (645-2621). "Color in Motion," a show examining color, line, and design in abstract painting, with works by Arredondo, Atria, Battis, Campbell, and Terry; through 5/5.

In Print **Very much in the tradition of great artist-poet collaborations of the past—Grace Hartigan and Frank O'Hara, Kenneth Koch and Larry Rivers—*Pearl* (powerHouse Books; $30) combines the words of New York poet and art critic Vincent Katz with the romantic cityscapes of artist and drag performer Taboo! (Stephen Tashjian). Toast the two at a signing and reception at Rizzoli bookstore, 454 West Broadway (between Houston and Prince Streets), April 9 at 6:30.**

Dorfman Projects—529 W. 20th St. (352-2275). "Tip of the Iceberg, Part III," with works by Mary Beth Edelson, Merrill Wagner, and Bettye Saar; through 4/25.

Elder—529 W. 20th St. (462-2600). "Decorative, Functional, and Sculptural Objects for the Garden," with works by Calyer, Swanson, Godowsky, Tannen, others; through 5/2.

Stux—529 W. 20th St. (352-1600). Paintings by Trajkovic and by the collaborative team Stepanek & Maslin; through 4/25.

Other

Hostos Center for the Arts & Culture—500 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-518-4455), Mon.–Fri. 10–6. "Dream Houses: Three Latino Constructions," with drawings and models by Warren Antonio James, Miguel Rivera, and Madeleine Sánchez; through 6/19.

Rotunda—33 Clinton St., Brooklyn (718-875-4047). "Only Child (Wanna Come Out and Play?)," works evoking a child's sense of fantasy, by Allen, Cox, Eicher, Del Valle, others; through 5/16.

Photography

Ilse Bing—Photographs made in Frankfurt in the late twenties and in New York in the thirties, drawn from the photographer's personal collection; through 5/9. Houk, 745 Fifth Ave. (750-7070).

Leendert Blok—Photographs of tulips and landscapes by a Dutch photographer (1895–1986) who was employed by Dutch flower farmers to create a visual record of all flowers cultivated in the Netherlands; through 4/25. Schoormans, 12 E. 2nd St. (477-6953).

Hannah Collins—Black-and-white photographs shot during the artist's travels in Eastern Europe, Turkey, Barcelona, and Tel Aviv; through 4/25. Castelli, 420 W. Broadway (431-5160).

Sally Gall—New photographs that record the artist's state of mind during a six-week sojourn at an artist's colony in the Grenadines; 4/8–5/22. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Gat—1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441). Film stills and action photographs by the Viennese Actionists Kurt Kren, Otto Muhl, Guenther Brus, Rudolph Schwarzkogler, and others; through 5/31.

Charles Hagen—New color photographs in which the artist's 4-year-old daughter is a primary subject; through 4/26. Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave. (242-7767).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1777), Tues. 11–8 (voluntary contribution 6–8), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $5.50, $4 students and seniors. "Micha Bar-Am: An Israeli Photobiography." Images of life in Israel by its premier photojournalist; through 5/31.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. (860-1777), Tues. 11–8 (6–8 admission by voluntary donation), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $5.50, $4. "Robert Capa/Photographs." A retrospective of the legendary photojournalist (1913–1954) known for his images of the Spanish Civil War, the North African and European battles of WWII, the Israeli War for Independence, and the end of the French Indochina War, and for his portraits of artists and writers; through 6/7.

Simpson Kalisher—Black-and-white photographs of railroad workers taken between 1951 and 1956 that were published in the 1961 book *Railroad Men;* through 4/25. De Lellis, 47 E. 68th St. (327-1482).

O. Winston Link—Photographs taken in New York between 1937 and 1952, almost two decades before he began his project on the Norfolk and Western Railroad; through 5/2. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Ralph Eugene Meatyard—Vintage prints from the photographer's estate; through 4/25. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Inge Morath—An exhibition celebrating the Magnum photographer's 75th birthday, including recent work and a selection of well-known images; through 5/2. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

Lilo Raymond—A retrospective of the photographer's images of interiors, still lifes, and carved-stone angel sculptures in cemeteries; through 4/25. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Tokihiro Sato—Photographs of urban scenes and bucolic landscapes that fuse conceptualism with straight topographic documentation; through 4/25. Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. (255-8450).

Ed van der Elsken—Black-and-white vintage photographs documenting Paris's café scene of the fifties; through 4/25. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

William Wegman—New Polaroid prints and editioned digital ink-jet prints that depict the artist's dogs with a new simplicity of form suggestive of classical statuary; through 4/25. Pace Wildenstein MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Stanislaw Ignacy Witkiewicz—Moody seascapes and landscapes and close-up portraits and self-portraits by the prophetic Polish photographer (1885–1939); through 5/2. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Paper + Finland = Art." Works on paper by contemporary Finnish artists; through 5/10. . . . "Expressions in Wood: Masterworks From the Wornick Collection." Turned and shaped wood artworks by 56 artists from the United States, Europe, and Australia, drawn from the collection of Anita and Ron Wornick; through 5/10. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"The Nature of Diamonds." An exhibition exploring all aspects of the mineral, from its geological origins to its place in history, art, adornment, and literature, featuring significant gems from around the world; through 8/30. . . . "Drawing Shadows to Stone: Photographing North Pacific Peoples, 1897–1902." A commemoration of the American Museum of Natural History's Jesup North Pacific Expedition of 1897–1902, including approximately 100 archival photographs of scenes from daily life; through 5/31. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"Great Cities, Small Treasures: The Ancient World of the Indus Valley." Over 100 examples of sculpture, ceramics, metalwork, seals, and other artifacts made by inhabitants of the Indus River Valley between 2600 B.C.E. and 1900 B.C.E., drawn primarily from collections in Pakistan; through 5/3. . . . "More Than Meets the Eye: Japanese Art in the Asia Society Collection"; through 8/16. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 seniors and students.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"Finnish Modernism in Design: Utopian Ideals and Everyday Ideals, 1930–1997." A survey of works produced by Finnish designers for the ceramics firm Arabia, the glass factories of iittala, Karhula, and Nuutajarvi, and the textile and clothing manufacturer Marimekko; through 6/14. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 seniors and students.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Jewels of the Romanovs: Treasures of the Russian Imperial Court." 250 objects and works of art spanning three centuries of the Romanov Dynasty, among them royal portraits, court gowns, military uniforms, and a selection of Crown Jewels; through 7/5. . . . "Masters of Color and Light: Homer, Sargent, and the American Watercolor Movement." Approximately 150 works by the American masters drawn entirely from the museum's permanent collection; through 7/5. . . . "Mexican Prints From the Collection of Reba and Dave Williams." 126 prints by 47 Mexican artists, among them José Orozco, Diego Rivera, and Rufino Tamayo; through 8/9. . . . "From Hip to Hip-Hop: Black Fashion and a Culture of Influence." A look at the development of contemporary urban African-American fashion; 4/9–7/4. . . . "Sally Victor: Mad Hatter, 1935–65." A selection of hats by the American milliner, beginning with her earliest creations of the thirties through the decline of the popularity of the hat in the mid-sixties; through 6/21. . . . "Joan Snyder: Working in Brooklyn." Works on paper from the past decade; through 6/14. . . . "Scattered Petals, Fallen Leaves, Shards of Glass: The Work of Bing Hu, Working in Brooklyn." An exhibition of sixteen sculptures that incorporate material found on the streets of Brooklyn by the Chinese artist; through 5/10. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum Smithsonian Institution—"The Jewels of Lalique." A retrospective of jewelry by the French art Nouveau artist-designer; through 4/12. . . . "Arquitectonica: The Times Square Project." The first New York exhibition of photographs, models, and drawings by the Miami-based architectural firm, highlighting its plans for a hotel, entertainment, and retail complex at 42nd Street and Eighth Avenue; through 5/10. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5. Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (free admission 5–9); $3, $1.50 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"Training an Artist: Alexandre Cabanel and the Academic Process in Nineteenth-Century France." Paintings and drawings by the nineteenth-century French artist; through 6/13. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Robert Irwin." Part 1 of a two-part site-specific installation; 4/12–6/14. . . . "Tracey Moffatt: *Free-falling*." A group of 25 photographs and a video installation by the Australian artist and filmmaker; through 6/14. . . . "Richard Serra: *Torqued Ellipses*." Three monumental sculptures of Cor-Ten steel that explore the shaping of space rather than material as their primary subject; through 6/14. . . . "Dan Flavin: 1962/63, 1970, 1996." Three installations using fluorescent light and six separate fluorescent works by the late sculptor; through 6/14. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio—"Taíno: Pre-Columbian Art and Culture From the Caribbean." The first comprehensive survey of the art of the Taíno, the dominant culture in Puerto Rico, the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Cuba, Jamaica, and the Bahamas from about 1200 A.D. to the arrival of Columbus in 1492; through 5/3. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"Shiro Kuramata 1934–1991." Furniture and objects by one of Japan's most influential designers; through 5/2. 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Wed. 11–8, Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–5; $2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"China: 5,000 Years." More than 500 artworks and artifacts from seventeen provinces of China; through 6/3. . . . "After *Mountains and Sea*: Frankenthaler 1956–1959." A survey of the artist's early paintings, including her groundbreaking *Mountains and Sea* of 1952,

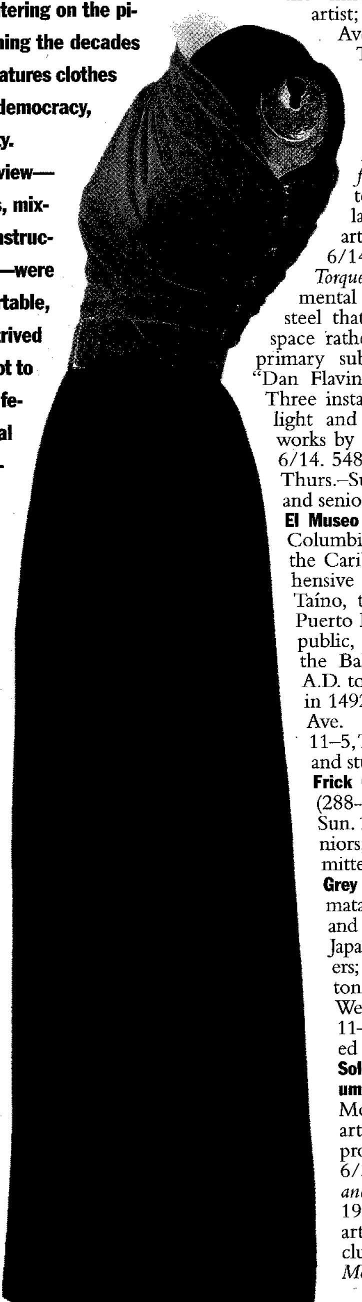
Running Time

Yankee Clippers

In its new exhibition, "American Ingenuity," the Costume Institute of the Metropolitan Museum pays charming homage to several of our native mythologies. Centering on the pioneering designers of sportswear, and spanning the decades from the thirties to the seventies, the show features clothes that make statements about independence, democracy, guilelessness, and invention born of necessity.

The common goals of the garments on view—wraparound dresses in down-to-earth fabrics, mix-and-match pieces to make travel a breeze, unstructured swimwear almost Grecian in its purity—were to let a woman look casual and feel comfortable, free from her European counterparts' contrived sophistication. These designs were created not to embody an autocratic couturier's vision of female-as-demon-goddess, but to give real women (with jam-packed schedules and bodies of all sizes and shapes) what they wanted, needed—and could afford.

The clothes are, indeed, relaxed and unpretentious, often fresh as a daisy (all that cotton!), occasionally handsome in their simplicity, full of useful elements like easy closures and ample pockets—a liberating convenience formerly exclusive to men's wear. There's no doubt that these outfits were practical, that they "worked" and have thus earned a place in cultural history. (The first generation of designers in this vein, dominated by women, with Claire McCardell in the lead, has secured itself a place in feminist history as well.) Truth to tell, these dress-for-reality numbers are not creations that will inspire covetousness or dreams, and certainly not costumes that can lay claim—as a Balenciaga or a Charles James does—to being high art. But the very fact that they are being reexamined and honored by a major fine-arts institution reflects a deep-rooted American impulse to value the ordinary. **Tobi Tobias**



which laid the stylistic groundwork for her subsequent works; through 5/3. . . . "Visions of Paris: Robert Delauney's Series." An exhibition focusing on the artist's series paintings of Saint-Séverin, the Eiffel Tower, and Paris as seen through his window; through 5/24. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"China: 5,000 Years"; through 5/25. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500), Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); $8, $5 seniors and students.

Jewish Museum—"Still More Distant Journeys: The Artistic Emigrations of Lasar Segall." The first major United States retrospective of the preeminent Brazilian artist, a major contributor to the development of German Expressionism and Brazilian modernist painting; through 5/10. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5; free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Paul Strand circa 1916." An exhibition of 50 rare prints tracing the artist's transition from soft-focus pictorial style to modernism; through 5/31. . . . "Augustin Pajou, Royal Sculptor." The first comprehensive exhibition of the work of the eighteenth-century French sculptor; through 5/24. . . . "Pierre-Paul Prud'hon." The first American retrospective of the works of the eighteenth-century French court painter and draftsman; through 6/7. . . . "The Nature of Islamic Ornament, Part I: Calligraphy." An exhibition surveying the development of Islamic calligraphy; through 6/28. . . . "When Silk Was Gold: Central Asian and Chinese Textiles in the Metropolitan and Cleveland Museums of Art"; through 5/17. . . . "Evocative Fragments." A selection of twentieth-century paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs depicting fragments of the human body; through 6/14. . . . "Honoré Lannuier, Parisian Cabinet Maker in Federal New York"; through 6/14. . . . "Elegant China Ware: Paris Porcelain in America"; through 6/14. . . . "American Ingenuity." A survey of twentieth-century American sportswear; through 8/16. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum at F.I.T.—"Norman Norell." The first retrospective of the American designer (1900–1972) known for his tailoring perfection; through 4/18. . . . "Toledo/Toledo: A Marriage of Art and Fashion." Approximately 100 pieces of clothing designed by Isabel Toledo, and paintings, fashion illustrations, sketches, sculptures, and mannequins by her husband, Ruben Toledo; through 4/25. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-5966), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

Museum for African Art—"African Faces, African Figures: The Arman Collection." African sculptures from the collection of the sculptor Armand P. Arman; through 4/19. 593 Broadway, bet. Houston and Prince Sts. (966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Self-Taught Artists of the 20th Century: Perspectives on Patterning." A survey of works by five self-taught artists whose oeuvres are characterized by a consistent use of overall patterning, including Morris Hirshfeld, Leroy Person, Martin Ramirez, Eugene Von Bruenchenhein, and Joseph Yoakum; through 6/7. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage–A Living Memorial to the Holocaust—Permanent exhibitions of more than 2,000 photographs and 800 historical and cultural artifacts documenting the Jewish experience from the1880s to the present, and 24 films chronicling the memories of Holocaust survivors. 18 First Place, Battery Park City (968-1800), Sun.–Wed. 9–5, Thurs. 9–8, Fri. and eve of Jewish holidays 9–2, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—"Chuck Close." A retrospective of paintings, drawings, prints, and photographs by the American artist known for his monumental, psychologically charged portraits of artists and anonymous sitters; through 5/26. . . . "Alvar Aalto: Between Humanism and Materialism." The first United States retrospective of the works of the renowned Finnish architect, designer, and town planner, including sketches and competition drawings, models, new and archival photographs, and examples of furniture and glass; through 5/19. . . . "Fernand Léger." A retrospective of paintings and drawings by the French artist (1881–1955) from his early series "Contrastes de Formes (1913–14)," the first fully abstract works to emerge from Cubism, through his last realist paintings of construction workers of the late forties and early fifties; through 5/12. . . . "Fabrications." An exhibition developed jointly by MOMA, the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, and the Wexner Center for the Arts, comprising a total of twelve installations simultaneously constructed at all three venues by architects and architectural teams; through 4/28. . . . "The Clutter of Happenstance: Photographs by Robert Cumming." Photographs of ordinary objects in tableaux of the artist's devising, made between 1969 and 1981; through 6/15. . . . "Maria Magdalena Campos-Pons: Spoken Softly With Mama." A site-specific installation exploring the artist's African-Cuban roots; through 5/26. . . . "Rethinking the Modern: Three Proposals for the Museum of Modern Art." Design proposals for the expansion and renovation of the Museum of Modern Art, featuring the work of the Japanese architect Yoshio Taniguchi, who was chosen in December 1997 to design MOMA's expansion and renovation, and by the Swiss architectural firm Herzog & deMeuron, and the New York–based architect Bernard Tschumi; through 4/28. . . . "Garry Winogrand: Selections From a Major Acquisition." Twenty-six photographs from a collection of 200 prints ranging in date from the fifties through the seventies that were acquired by the museum from the New York collector Barbara Schwartz through purchase and through her gift in memory of her late husband, Eugene M. Schwartz; through 5/31. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Berenice Abbott's Changing New York, 1935–1939." A selection of 175 prints from the museum's own collection of the photographer's "Changing New York" project of the thirties that was funded by the Federal Art Project of the W.P.A. and sponsored by the museum; through 6/21. . . . "Bridging New York." An exhibition of paintings, prints, drawings, postcards, and vintage photographs exploring the role played by bridges in the creation of Greater New York; through 6/28. . . . "New York From Above: An Aerial View." Paintings depicting aerial views of the city by Spelman Evans Downer; through 6/14. . . . "A Float for All Seasons: New York's Ethnic Parades." A survey of New York City's ethnic parades; through 10/17. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Museum of the American Indian Smithsonian Institution—"Memory and Imagination: The Legacy of Maidu Indian Artist Frank Day." Works by the first self-taught Native American painter in California to depict customs of his tribe; through 5/3. George Gustav Heye Center, 1 Bowling Green (514-3888), 10–5 daily, Thurs. to 8; free.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Doris Salcedo." New sculpture by the Colombian artist; through 5/31. . . . "Cardoso Flea Circus." A miniature flea circus accompanied by a video documenting a performance piece; through 5/10. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12–8, (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New York Public Library—"A War in Perspective, 1898–1998: Public Appeals, Memory, and the Spanish-American Conflict"; through 8/29. . . . "A Secret Location on the Lower East Side: Adventures in Writing, 1960–1980." An exhibition focusing on the writers, artists, publishers, and communities who produced publications associated with the use of the mimeograph machine from the sixties through the early eighties; through 7/25. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Unconventional Currier & Ives." Lesser-known works produced by the printing firm, among them prints, photographs, certificates, and advertisements; 4/14–7/5. . . . "Militant Metropolis: New York City and the Spanish-American War 1898." A selection of newspapers, caricatures, letters, photographs, and other materials from the Society's Lathrop Colgate Harper Collection of Spanish-American War materials; through 7/12. . . . "New York Landmarks, Present and Future Direction." Photographs of New York City landmarks from the new book *Landmarks of New York III* (Abrams) by Barbaralee Diamonstein-Spielvogel; through 8/23. . . . "Paul Robeson: Bearer of a Culture." A exhibition of photographs and memorabilia commemorating the centenary of the actor's birth; through 7/12. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Jackie Winsor: Sculpture"; through 4/12. . . . "10 Years Portikus, Frankfurt, Germany"; through 4/12. . . . "Matthew McCaslin, Susan Etkin, Michael Joo"; through 4/12. . . . "Installations/Projects—Siah Armajani, Per Barclay, Shane Cullen, and Philip Napier"; through 4/12. . . . "Vertical Painting Show"; through 6/28. . . . "Wish You Luck." 22nd National and International Studio Program Exhibition; through 4/19. . . . "Meg Webster 'Pool' "; through 6/28. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $4 suggested donation, $2 students and seniors.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"A Seal Upon Thine Heart: Glyptic Art of the Ancient Near East, ca. 3500–2100 B.C." A selection of seals from the Library's collection and from the Yale Babylonian Collection, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and several private collections; through 4/26. . . . "To Observe and Imagine: British Drawings and Watercolors, 1600–1900"; through 5/3. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $6; $4 students and seniors.

Abigail Adams Smith Museum & Gardens—"Sitting in Style: Fancy Chairs and Other Highlights From the Permanent Collection." Selections of nineteenth-century chairs and silver from the museum's collection; through 7/31. 421 E. 61st St. (838-6878), Tues.–Sun. 11–4 (Tues. evening to 9 in June and July); $3, $2 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Bill Viola." The first full-scale overview of the work of the California-based video artist, including 15 installations, 25 videotapes, and drawings and notebooks from the past 25 years; through 5/10. . . . "Arthur Dove: A Retrospective." Paintings, assemblages, pastels, and drawings by the pioneering American modernist; through 4/12. . . . "Ad Reinhardt." Paintings and gouaches recently acquired by the museum; through 4/12. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $7 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"*Garden of Qián*, by Ming Fay." A fantasy garden of trees and fruits handcrafted from paper, wire, synthetic fibers, and layers of polyurethane; through 4/17. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 4/8 at 10 and 2: "Photographs." On view from 4/3.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 4/8 at 10: "Fine Jewels." On view from 4/4. 4/9 at 10: "American Paintings." On view from 4/4.

Phillips—406 E. 79th St. (570-4830). 4/21 at 12: "Antique and Fine Jewelry." On view from 4/16.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave., at 72nd St. (606-7000). 4/8 at 2: "Jewelry." On view from 4/3. 4/8 at 6: "Fashion." On view from 4/4. 4/9 at 10:15 and 2: "Jewelry." On view from 4/3.

restaurants

The Upper Crustacean...Morning Matzoh

Opening
Cellar Dwellers

Pepe Rosso, downtown's burgeoning Italian fast-food chainlet, has penetrated midtown with a peaceful new location in the basement of the Benetton store. Those who venture past the Colors-wear will discover excellent made-to-order salads, pasta specials, and focaccia sandwiches, not to mention live soccer broadcasts and—the last echo of the late, lamented Scribner's—a terrific selection of New York guidebooks. Free delivery. (597 Fifth Avenue, near 48th Street; 891-0339.)

ONIONS FOCACCIA
TOMATO & GARLIC FOCACCIA

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Canal House—The restaurant at the SoHo Grand Hotel, a beige-on-beige dining room with *Alice in Wonderland* fixtures and furniture, turns out surprisingly tasty regional American fare. Try the macaroni and cheese, the crab cakes, and the cornmeal-crusted chicken breast, or—if you're the type who likes to loiter in hotels—nurse a cocktail in the lounge. *310 West Broadway (965-3588). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—A far cry from the curry canteens of 6th Street, this Indian restaurant is a good alternative to TriBeCa's medley of French and Italian standbys. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Taliesin—This power dining room inside the Millenium Hilton attracts its fair share of bankers and brokers with creative New American cuisine. Sample the chef's Italian-influenced fare by ordering an appetizer degustation menu or the three-course Tuscan Tastings prix fixe for $45.00. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. *55 Church St. (312-2000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef Michael Lomonaco, formerly of the '21' Club, has landed at this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His new menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including skillet-roasted bluepoint oysters with sweet shallot-caviar cream; open raviolo of forest mushrooms, pumpkin, and sage; and Maine lobster with truffles, root vegetables, and buttermilk biscuits. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's superlative wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, third floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant

Photographs by Kenneth Chen.

with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good food keep them coming back. (A newer uptown branch offers a similar menu of American classics like chicken potpie and grilled steaks and burgers, and is decorated with a similar canine motif.) *190 W. 4th St. (633-2275). Also, 1152 First Ave., at 63rd St. (688-9663). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared authentic Spanish cooking. Do yourself a favor and sample the hearty paella and the house sangria. A sleeper worth getting in on. *4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

53 Grove Street Cafe—This American bistro on a charming Village side street has the requisite exposed brick walls and outdoor patio (in warm weather). There's a raw bar from which one—actually, two—could order the plateau fruits de mer, which comes with vodka or champagne. Or try the sesame-crusted tuna with lemongrass marinade, the filet mignon in bourbon sauce, or the salmon en papillote with oranges. *53 Grove St. (924-8299). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Salam Cafe and Restaurant—This casual Arabic restaurant ensconced in a Village brownstone offers a broad variety of Middle Eastern food, including kebabs, couscous, and lamb with yogurt-and-sesame sauce, plus lots of vegetarian options. Try the Lebanese wine. *104 W. 13th St. (741-0277). (I–M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villary. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. *62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. A new attraction is a weekend brunch accompanied by live Irish music, and fifteen versions of that most archetypical brunch drink, the Bloody Mary. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Heartland Brewery—A rollicking brewpub with a lively outdoor café and a menu as American as its Thomas Hart Benton–ish murals. Accompany your choice of microbrew with comfort food like meat loaf with buttermilk smashed potatoes, stout-glazed chicken with apricots and juniper berries, and—for adventurers—buffalo burgers. The beer-weary can sample from the city's largest selection of tequilas and single-malt scotches. *35 Union Square W. (645-3400). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Shopping From Almost Famous Francine Food comes Matzohla, an entirely secular Passover snack and unique, milk-friendly use of unleavened bread. Crumbled matzoh—adapted for the sweet tooth by the gorp-like addition of pecans, dates, raisins, coconut, honey, and brown sugar—makes a sublime breakfast cereal, yogurt topper, or crunchy farfel finger food. (Available at Zabar's and ABC Carpet & Home.)

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

Mendy's—This kosher midtown deli proudly claims to be New York's only Jewish sports bar and serves hearty American fare like soups, salads, steaks, and chops. *61 E. 34th St. (576-1010). Also, 208 W. 70th St. (877-6787). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in New York. Really. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Piccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattroformaggio. *8 E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Turkish Kitchen—This crimson-walled den has long been a beacon for adventurous eaters, who come for house specialties including kebabs, seafood and a variety of Turkish appetizers. *386 Third Ave., nr. 27th St. (679-1810). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Bice—It's always buzzing at this midtown Italian hot spot, where the fashionable crowd takes a hiatus from air-kissing to partake of dishes like lobster salad with baby vegetables, porcini risotto, and veal chop Milanese. *7 E. 54th St. (688-1999). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Domingo—The opera star's very own Spanish kitchen right in midtown Manhattan. Downstairs there's a Castilian-style tapas bar; upstairs, a more formal dining room with dramatic skylights. Drop in for churros y chocolate, or make a full meal of the regional Spanish specialties such as paella Valenciana. *209 E. 49th St. (826-8269). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

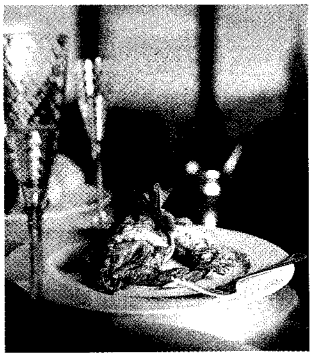
Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Istana—Situated in the lobby of the New York Palace hotel, this Mediterranean newcomer is rightfully proud of its olive bar, the only one, chances are, of its kind. Tapas are ideal cocktail accompaniments; heartier appetites are readily satisfied by paella-style roasted fish, pumpkin ravioli with walnuts, or baby

Tasting
The Shell Game

Being the first chef to snag a shipment of a strictly seasonal ingredient—be it Périgord truffles or New Jersey heirloom tomatoes—is a culinary scoop, and getting a line on spring's first soft-shell crab is a score of Woodward-and-Bernstein proportions. The blue crab began molting in the waters off Florida and South Carolina in mid-March, whereupon they were instantly whisked away to the Rainbow Room, Tropica, SeaGrill, and a handful of other restaurants willing to spring for the extravagant wholesale price of up to $60 a dozen. As the season progresses—last year, it didn't peter out until October—the cost drops with the size of the crab, from whale and jumbo, which Americans prefer, to the daintier prime and hotel, esteemed by such bastions of French fare as Le Cirque 2000. "There's definitely a first-to-have-'em syndrome," says Rainbow chef Waldy Malouf, whose new spring menu features softshells crisped in clarified butter, with puffy asparagus pillows (pictured below, right). Whatever the preparation, the shell-less shellfish is always hugely popular. Aquagrill chef Jeremy Marshall sold out the first night he served his version, which matches the crunchy texture of the crustacean with jicama vegetable slaw and crispy carrots in a balsamic reduction (below, left). "They made for 36 orders out of 150 people," he says, despite a price tag pushing $30. Such widespread demand justifies chefs' greed for speed. "There is a race," admits SeaGrill chef de cuisine Julian Alonzo. "We were in it, and we were first." This puts seafood purveyors like Louis Rozzo, who supplies 200 Manhattan restaurants (including the SeaGrill), in a bit of a bind—which he manages to wiggle out of by telling all five of his earliest customers that they're the first. Little white lies are necessary, he's convinced, when "so many people are breaking my chops." Except for the French, who demonstrate a seemingly noble restraint. "The ones available now are really, really large," says Le Bernardin chef de cuisine Chris Muller, with a connoisseur's certitude that bigger isn't always better. Even if it gets there first. **ROBIN RAISFELD**



Photographs: left, Amy Freeth; right, Boyd Hagen.

chicken with Tunisian spices. *455 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (303-6032). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

La Mediterranée—A cozy midtown bistro famous for its simple, well-priced peasant food. Try house specials like cold poached salmon, chilled stuffed baby lobster, and baby lamb chops. *947 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (755-4155). (M) AE, DC.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $44 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Park Restaurant—The plush surroundings in this new hotel-lobby restaurant are much fussier, but no more elegant, than the French-American fare concocted by ex–Lespinasse chef Fabrizzio Salerni. Sample dishes include porcini risotto, yellowfin-tuna tartare in wheat crust, steak-frites, and pan-roasted halibut in crispy rice paper. Piano music performed nightly, and cigar smokers have their own private lounge in which to indulge. *109 E. 56th St. (750-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented new chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—After nearly a quarter of a century, this elegant Japanese restaurant is still an oasis in the frenzy of midtown. Owner Fumiko Hosoda offers a traditional menu of tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, plus an array of chef's specialties. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, cherubs, jazz onstage, and New American cuisine. Executive chef Neal Myers, formerly of Ben Benson's, transports his expertise with meats and creatively prepared seafood, like pepper-crusted tuna with winter squash and black vinegar sauce, and crab cakes accompanied by cole slaw rolls. Try something from the extensive raw-bar menu. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Torremolinos—This casual midtown restaurant serves a variety of Spanish regional dishes, like paella Valenciana and Castilian-style rack of baby lamb. *230 E. 51st St. (755-1862). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Barbetta—This elegant theater-district duplex is still owned, amazingly, by its founding family. The elaborate interior provides a peaceful background for regional specialties like fonduta, rabbit alla Piedmontese, and a variety of wild-game dishes. The garden is a summertime oasis. *321 W. 46th St. (246-9171). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

C2 at the China Club—The restaurant at the newly relocated China Club is conspicuously upscale for its Eighth Avenue address and surprisingly calm for its affiliation with the dance club upstairs. Chef Eban Ross has created an eclectic menu of Asian-influenced dishes like tuna-and-salmon tartare with daikon-hijiki slaw and braised lamb shank with maple-roasted acorn squash. *268 W. 47th St. (398-3800). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

China Regency—This Chinese-Japanese hybrid is located conveniently in midtown's hotel nexus. Try any of the noodle dishes or a sampling from the sushi bar. Private-party facilities are upstairs. *850 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (247-6440). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare. Try the $19.98 prix fixe. *342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. *60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vine-

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gar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Molyvos—This interpretive Greek restaurant a stone's throw from Carnegie Hall is a large, stylishly rustic showcase for chef Jim Botsacos's serious Mediterranean menu. Sit at one of the tables up front for drinks and meze, or indulge larger appetites with dishes like grilled octopus, rabbit stifado, and vegetable dolmades. *871 Seventh Ave., nr. 55th St. (582-7500). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—Traditional French cuisine, served in thoroughly charming and comfortable surroundings. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

SeaGrill—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, lobster salad with couscous in spicy lobster oil, and pepper-seared tuna steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu. Tchotchkes can be had at the "general store" souvenir stand, and cigar smokers have their own room in which to exhale. The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meat-lovers. *121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Torre di Pisa—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. *19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—A venerable neighborhood haunt with tropical flair. Try the Cuban sandwich or the roast suckling pork. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kid's menu. All menu items are under $10. *201 E. 60th St. (755-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and elegant, this Art Deco dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen, turning out dishes like pyramid of tuna tartar and grilled tuna, and roasted lobster with vanilla bean and lemon pasta. And the artwork on the walls is by some very high-profile, and surprising, nonprofessionals. Dinner only; jacket required. *155 W. 58th St. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pondicherry—Although the entrance is situated directly next to the Paris Theatre, this new restaurant is somewhat sequestered down a flight of stairs. But the serene, comfortable environs are anything but cramped. Filmmaker Ismail Merchant is credited with contributing several recipes to chef Jean-Luc Kieffer's French-Indian menu. Some representative dishes include bouillabaisse, chicken biryani, Mauritius-style lamb, and grouper in banana leaf "papillote." *8 W. 58th St. (750-7474). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Veau d'Or—This old-fashioned, family-run French Provincial bistro has been around for an astounding 60 years and serves the usual traditional suspects: cassoulet, braised beef, and calf's liver with onions. *129 E. 60th St. (838-8133). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Allora—This cozy restaurant appeals to neighborhood regulars looking for gently priced Italian standards like osso buco and linguine pescatore. For the fish lover, crab cakes and Dover sole would make an ideal order. *1321 First Ave., at 71st St. (570-0384). (I) AE.*

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

The Boathouse—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an extensive American menu, featuring such enticing dishes as the "lobster Martini," house-smoked, pan-roasted swordfish, and grilled veal chop with truffled mashed potatoes. For postprandial excitement, rent a bicycle, a rowboat, or a gondola. Live jazz Monday through Thursday. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Boxers—This uptown outpost of the Greenwich Village Boxers has a similar menu of American staples like chicken potpie, burgers, and steaks. This spot, in the shadow of the Queensboro Bridge, enjoys the distinction of being one of the birthplaces of the Upper East Side swinging singles scene. In fact, the Tom Cruise vehicle *Cocktail* was filmed on the premises. *1152 First Ave., at 63rd St. (688-9663). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Cabana—The Pan-Caribbean menu at this East Side restaurant casts wide for its influences, which range from Cuban to Aruban. At $17.95, a shellfish stew simmered in a tomato-garlic broth is the most expensive entrée. Lunch specials, especially the sandwiches like media noche and jerked chicken, are particularly good bargains. And where else could you find as eclectic an appetizer as the bocadillos, with conch and vegetable fritters, jerked chicken wings, and beef patties sharing the same plate? *1022 Third Ave., nr. 60th St. (980-5678). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Decade—This place bills itself as the Classic Rock Supper Club, and thus appeals to the sort of over-30 crowd that would know exactly what classic means. Besides dinner—which could be pan-seared wild salmon with a horseradish-potato crust, duck-confit-and-vegetable spring roll, or Arctic char in a fennel consommé—there's a 4,000-bottle wine vault, nearly 200 humidors, and original artwork by Warhol and Rosenquist. And dancing, of course. Jackets required. *1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (835-5979). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Opening

Pacific Notion

Taking after TriBeCa's gargantuan and still-evolving Obeca-Li, the new BONDST, a three-floored NoHo Japanese emporium, will open in stages—beginning this week with the basement lounge and raw bar. Once the oysters and martinis are in place, the fad-feeding owners behind Indochine and Republic will reveal the dining and tatami rooms and sushi bars, with food masterminded by ex-Nobu chef Linda Rodriguez and sushi star Hiroshi Nakahara. (6 Bond Street; 777-2500.)

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties

Photograph by Safia Fatimi.

like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa City—Bobby Flay's uptown bastion of innovative southwestern fare offers dishes like mango-glazed tuna steak and tortilla-crusted grouper. The bar attracts regulars with the house margarita, spiked with cactus-pear juice, and its selection of twenty brands of tequila. *1059 Third Ave., nr. 62nd St. (207-1919). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Vermicelli—The décor of this restaurant is meant to evoke a much milder version of the Vietnamese jungle, with birdcage fixtures and a bamboo bar. Try the crispy shrimp rolls, cracked lobster with a ginger-scallion-and-honey sauce, or the grilled pork chop. *1492 Second Ave., nr. 77th St. (288-8868). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Mendy's West—This kosher deli proudly claims to be New York's only Jewish sports bar and serves hearty American fare like soups, salads, steaks, and chops. *208 W. 70th St. (877-6787). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The $42.50 dinner prix fixe, available Sunday through Thursday, is a great deal. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouth-watering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($).*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Queens

Pearson's Texas Barbecue—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much farther than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I) ($).*

Brenna *continued from page 63*

the others are cruising the classroom, helping students individually.

The project has been phased in slowly over five years, but statistical evidence shows that pass rates and attendance are up for special-ed kids. "If you take them out of the little twelve-foot room and put them into a regular classroom with support, they'll live up to our expectations," says DeAngelis, now an assistant principal.

But that simple picture belies the juggling, the hours of negotiation with parents and staff that go into making so many integrated classes work so smoothly. DeAngelis is constantly surveying teachers about which students are ready to progress into which classes and finding new incentives. For one failing ninth-grade girl, it was a place on the basketball team. Principal Charles Amundsen says, "The culture is that we expect teachers to be risk-takers. When they meet with success, we give them the means to share it with other teachers; and when they don't, they know we won't write them up for it."

Amundsen, in his fifth year here, wants Tele to be known as more than just a school with a progressive special-ed program, so he's very aggressively pushed the development of courses for high achievers. He put advanced placement classes into the schedule even before there were enough qualified students to half-fill the classes; they're now well subscribed.

The interdisciplinary humanities program is loaded with college-seminar-style courses, including small-group studies of the Great Books. And to be able to fully exploit the five networked computer labs hooked to a T-1 line, teachers have been trained (in summer workshops) to find digital pathways into nearly every subject area. "There are people who are maniacally interested in authors like Emily Dickinson and Edgar Allan Poe," English teacher Phil Weinberg says, "and students can get so much [about them] from Websites." That, with a we-try-harder sales approach, is fortifying the school's reach into brownstone Brooklyn. Though many schools invite families only to after-hours open houses, Amundsen gives tours.

DeAngelis shamelessly uses her native Bay Ridge connections to good ends, most notably for the furnishings in a school store stocked not only with the traditional test-prep books but also with student-made jewelry and embroidered pillows. DeAngelis wanted special-ed students to get real-life work experience and decided the store would support a class in marketing. So she called in her neighborhood chips. "When I really need something, I can call the owner of Bay Ridge Toyota and say, 'John, $500 donation. Write it off?' " she says with a smile. ■

McAlary *continued from page 35*

Mazzarella told me. "Freddy is a street guy—and he has to give the bloody clothes to his father? The father has to be the dumbest fucking wiseguy of all time. He has two fireplaces in his house—and he drops them off in the Bronx and he doesn't see the only other white guy in that neighborhood sitting in the parking lot in an FBI car? I am working with morons here. Anyway, we took Anthony to my friend Vinnie Russo's house, who later gets arrested with his father and Junior Gotti. We waited until DiSimone's father, Sally Bo, decided what to do. Sally Bo, a Lucchese capo, sent another person, who is also a made guy, to get Anthony. The last I seen of Anthony DiSimone, he was wearing my Raiders jacket. He says, 'See you in about ten years, guys.' Anthony DiSimone ain't ever been seen again."

The blood on the clothing Dave Calore found in the Dumpster was fresh, but he couldn't connect it with a mob murder, and it took years to find out what really happened. Ultimately, he sent the clothes to the bureau's lab in Quantico, along with a sample of Louis Balancio's blood. It was a perfect match.

Mazzarella was arrested for the murder in December 1996. Jeanine Pirro, the Westchester D.A.; Mary Joe White, the federal prosecutor; and James Kallstrom, the former assistant director of the New York FBI office, announced the arrests. In August 1997, Darin's future wife met with Calore on the sly and told him that Darin wanted to turn. In February, the D.A. quietly dropped the murder charges against Mazzarella. Two weeks ago, "Blue Eyes" Santorelli was convicted of disposing of evidence. Nicholas Mazzarella and agent Dave Calore were the main witnesses against him. The government is saving Darin for the bigger cases.

Earlier—in January, after Darin had told me his story—I met with Louis Balancio's parents, Jeffrey and Dorothy, in the Bronx, and brought a transcript of my conversations with Mazzarella. Jeff Balancio had just been elected to the Yonkers City Council, having won by a margin of six votes. He read the account of his son's murder aloud to his wife, a human-sexuality professor at Mercy College. By the time we all met, a murder indictment based on Mazzarella's grand-jury testimony had been issued for Anthony DiSimone, now 31.

"We thought God forgot about us," Dorothy Balancio said. "Now we finally know what happened."

THE GANGSTER SPIRIT WAS SHOT OUT OF Darin Mazzarella's soul on June 30, 1995. He had played golf that day and was hanging out in the park with Johnnie Boy Petrucelli. A few nights before, Freddie Boy and Darin had beaten up a guy in a Bronx mob bar, knocking out his teeth with a bottle after the guy remarked, "There are no tough guys from Westchester." They also beat up the sons of the jailed mobster who killed John Petrucelli. The Tanglewood Boys were getting out of control.

On that late-June evening, a rich guy, Gene Gallo, whom another crew used to front them loan-shark money, parked his Mercedes and walked into the park. Johnnie Boy Petrucelli threw a bottle at him, and Gene Gallo left. A couple of minutes later, Gallo came back with a Genovese hit man they all knew as Hippy—Michael Zanfardino. When Hippy asked, "Who threw the bottle?," Petrucelli replied, "I did."

"At this stage in my life, I'm like 25, I don't hang out in parks," Darin said. "I had shorts on. We were drinking beer and bustin' balls. I know this guy Gallo well. He's a pussy. One of my guys beat the shit out of him once and got Gallo to say, 'I'm a pussy.' Which shows how much of a pussy the guy is. He's driving his convertible Mercedes. He wants desperately to be a wiseguy, but the Genovese crew just used his money for shylocking. We all hate him. He leaves and comes back with Hippy in his mother's Jeep. Hippy tells Johnnie, 'This guy is a friend of mine. He's with me. You're making me look stupid.' So at that point I know they are up to something. He is trying to get Johnnie Boy in the street. I said, 'Johnnie, I just got beeped.' I know Johnnie has a gun in his car, and I want to get it. On the way to the car, I hear something. It's Hippy. He says, 'Hey. How's Freddy Boy doing? Give him my best,' and I just turn around. Hippy opens fire on me. I don't know how many bullets I was hit with, because there are so many in-and-outs. I make it halfway down the street running. Finally, my leg collapses, because it's shattered in a couple of spots. They throw me into a car and take me to the hospital.

"Johnnie went back alone to get his car. On the way to the car he sees Gene Gallo's cousin, Paul Cicero. He stabbed him once and said, 'Give this to your cousin, Gene.' The kid bled to death."

In January I also visited Paul Cicero's parents and brought a transcript of Darin's admissions. One comment stood out. "By being stupid, Gene Gallo got his cousin killed." Joanne Cicero is a strong, even heroic woman. She raised a good boy who worked at the corner grocery. His room has been untouched since the day he died. There are posters of Don Mattingly and Mickey Mantle on the wood-paneled walls. His closet is still filled with sports jackets and baseball clothes.

"My son was selling firecrackers a couple of weeks before this with Johnnie Petrucelli," Cicero said. "He never told the cops who stabbed him. He believed in the false gangster bullshit: *Don't be a rat.* Paulie figures he's going to recover and come back as a hero. He died instead. His father gave him $100 to see *Batman Forever* that night. We have the bill upstairs—a bloody bill forever."

In time, Darin Mazzarella got strong again. Nick was released from prison. Hippy was working for a crew headed by the former Javits Center boss, Ralphie Coppola, who was hit with a federal fraud-and-money-laundering indictment last year, set up in Manhattan by the two angry factions from the opposing Genovese and Lucchese families. The old wiseguys may be weak, but they are the only law that matters.

"IT WENT ON FOR AWHILE AND EVENTUALLY went to the top of the families, the Luccheses speaking for me and the Genoveses speaking for him," Darin said. "The Genovese bosses told our bosses, 'Hey, listen, we got a dead kid here, you've got a kid who is injured. Youse already won. It's even. Leave it like that.' So rather than Hippy getting killed, it got squashed.

"We all met on 86th Street in Manhattan. Me, Freddy, Freddy's father, and another wiseguy. Hippy came with Ralphie Coppola and another wiseguy from that crew. We stood on the street corner. And Ralphie said, 'I'm happy you both picked this life and that you are going to let us settle this instead of the authorities. He says he respects us both for that. Ralphie said Hippy was 100 percent wrong for what he did, but because of things that happened afterwards with Gallo's cousin, it's going to be a dead issue. I felt betrayed by my Lucchese friends. I am still going to kill Hippy, but I am going to wait."

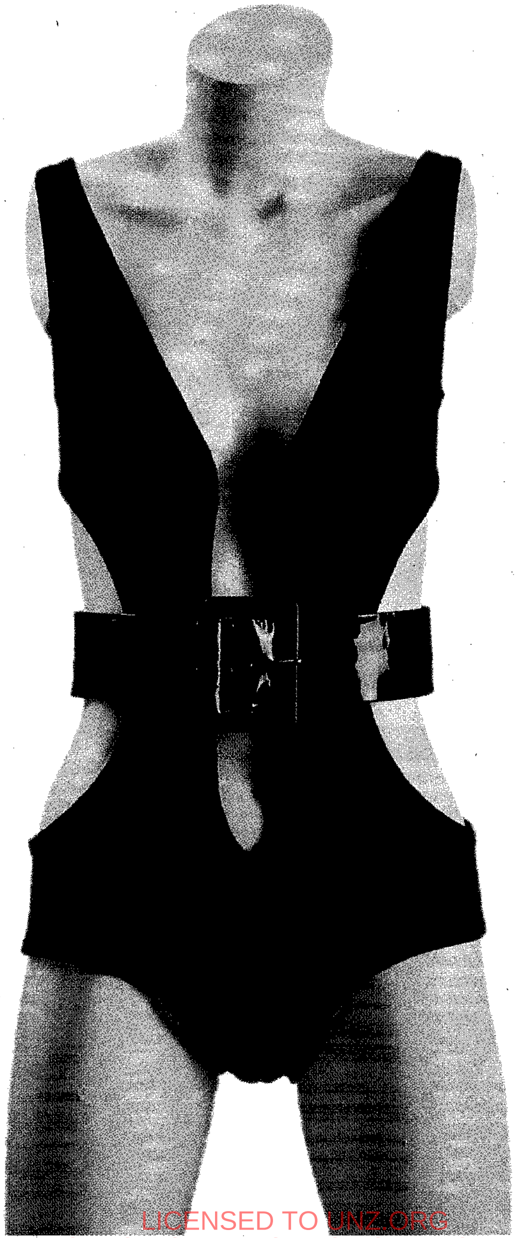
FOLLOWING HIS RELEASE FROM JAIL IN AUgust, Darin went to work for the FBI. Now he is looking for a partner, someone to write his story. It won't be me. On the day before Junior Gotti surrendered on a Yonkers street, I met with agent Dave Calore again in the parking lot of a deserted Nassau County golf course. I needed to tell him—as I promised Mazzarella I would—that I had been meeting secretly with the FBI's newest witness. The Tanglewood chase, it seemed, was perfectly completed. After getting beeped, the federal agent sped away to help round up the son of the most famous mobster in the world, along with New York's next generation of gangsters. ▬

the mix

Speaking With Strangers...The Car Show

Happening
The Century Club

The ghosts of Grace Kelly, Andy Warhol, and Salvador Dali (among countless others) will mingle at Sotheby's gargantuan "Nothing to Wear" auction and exhibition April 8. Highlights of the sale—which salutes the last 100 years of fashion—include the fifties Hermès Kelly bag, Dali's bird-shaped compact, and a Warhol-inspired paper dress imprinted with Campbell's Soup cans (it's identical to those on view at the Whitney and F.I.T.). See listings.



Photograph © Sotheby's.

Radio Highlights

The Lewis Burke Frumkes Show—Sunday evenings at 8. 4/12: Steadman Graham, author of *You Can Make it Happen*; 4/19: Russell Banks, author of *Cloudsplitter*; 4/26: Ruth Reichl (New York *Times* food critic), author of *Tender at the Bone*. WNWK, 105.9 FM.

New York and Company—Weekdays at noon. 4/6: Robert Caro on *The Power Broker*; Jim Crace on his novel *Quarantine*; Steve Allen on his life, career, and new murder mystery, *Die Laughing*. 4/7: Stephen Kusisto on his memoir *Planet of the Blind*; Tony Horowitz on people in the South who reenact the Civil War. 4/8 Marvin Siegel on *The Last Word* (a collection of the New York *Times*'s more unusual obituaries); Alex Kotlowitz on *The Other Side of the River*; Russell Banks on *Cloudsplitter*, a novel. 4/9: Lou Cannon on how the L.A. riots changed that city; Peter Carey on his novel *Jack Maggs*; Amy Alexander, Derrick Bell, and Irene Monroe, contributors to *The Farrakhan Factor*. 4/10: Patti LuPone on her role in David Mamet's *The Old Neighborhood*; David Landes on *The Wealth and Poverty of Nations*; Randall Robinson on *Defending the Spirit*. Leonard Lopate hosts. WNYC, AM 820.

The Written Word

Roberta Brandes Gratz—4/9 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Cities Back From the Edge*. Municipal Art Society's Urban Center Books, 457 Madison Ave., between 50th and 51st Sts. (935-3960); free.

"New York, New York: A Celebration"—4/28 at 6 P.M.: With readings by Anne Jackson, Philip Hamburger, and Patricia O'Connell. The New York Public Library, Fifth Ave., at 42nd St. (930-0654); $10.

WV—4/7 at 7 P.M.: Readings by Jamie Manrique, Greg Sanders, Veronica Golos, David Conrad, Kim McLarin, and Nan Horowitz from the premiere issue of the new literary magazine *WV*. Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Robert A. F. Thurman—4/8 at 7 P.M.: The first American Tibetan-Buddhist monk reads from *Inner Revolution: The Politics of Enlightenment*. Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Jacques Torres—4/11 at 3 P.M.: The executive pastry chef at Le Cirque 2000 gives a demonstration from his book *Dessert Circus: Extraordinary Desserts You Can Make at Home*. Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

George Lang—4/14 at 7 P.M.: The Cafe des Artistes restaurateur reads from *Nobody Knows the Truffles I've Seen*. Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Sharon Olds and Robin Robertson—4/8 at 7 P.M.: The poets read from recent work. Lipton Hall, 108 W. 3rd St. (998-8816); free.

Kathryn Harrison and A. M. Homes—4/19 at 7: The writers read from their works-in-progress. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (358-1935); free.

Lectures and Panels

Domingo Cavallo—4/7 at 8 A.M.: Explore the economic and political trends of Argentina over breakfast with the former economy minister and architect of the country's Convertibility Plan. Council of the Americas, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. (628-3200); $40.

Poetry Writing Workshop With Gertrude Morris—4/9, 4/16, 4/23, 4/30 at 5 P.M.: An opportunity to foster growth in style and form. The New York Public Library's Hudson Park Branch, 66 Leroy St. (243-6876); free.

Dance Education—4/6 at 1 P.M.: Marijeanne Liederbach of the Harkness Center for Dance Injuries discusses techniques to avoid injury and illness. NYU, 35 W. 4th St., Studio 305 (998-5415); free.

Memoir Writing Workshop—4/9, 4/16, 4/23, 4/30 at 6 P.M.: Poet Patricia Spears Jones explores the genre, emphasizing tone, narrative control, and issues of confidentiality. The New York Public Library, Harlem Branch, 9 W. 124th St. (348-5620); free, pre-registration required.

On Being Martha Stewart—4/16 at 6: A rare interview with Stewart, exploring how she became what she is, and what she predicts for households in the 21st century. The New School for Social Research, 66 W. 12th St., bet. Fifth and Sixth Aves. (229-5488); $15.

Tours

St. Patrick's Cathedral and the American Scene—4/11 at 1 P.M.: A slide lecture and a walking tour of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Meet at the Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (935-3960); $18.

East Village Tales and Taverns—4/11 at 6 P.M.: Explore the legends and lore of this ever-changing neighborhood. Meet at Astor Place, in front of the subway kiosk (969-8262); $10.

Historic Hoboken—4/18 at 2:45: Visit this one-square-mile city and learn about its surprisingly significant role in American history as well as its culturally diverse present. Meet at the northwest corner of 31st St. and Sixth Ave. (in Manhattan). Call 265-2663 for more information; $5 (plus $2 roundtrip PATH fare).

Rockefeller Center—4/13 at 12:30: A tour of this landmark district, the "most significant planned development in New York City" (according to the Municipal Art Society). Urban

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historian Francis Marrone is your guide. Meet at the Urban Center, 457 Madison Avenue, at 51st St. Call 935-3960 for reservations or further information; $10.

Art from Ancient Chinese Tombs—Tuesdays at noon; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 4: A Guggenheim Museum tour concentrating on the range of objects discovered in Chinese tombs on recent archaeological finds. Meet at the information desk in the main rotunda of the Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Call 423-3500 to confirm the day and time of the tour; the schedule is subject to change.

Easter Sunday Jewish Ellis Island Tour—4/12 at 12 A.M.: Explore the history of Jewish immigration while the gentiles look for Easter eggs. Meet at the flagpole at the center of Castle Clinton National Monument in Battery Park (439-1090); $15.

Downtown Skyscraper Evolution—4/16 at 12:30: Tour the dense canyons of Manhattan's tip (and take in nine decades of skyscraper history). Meet at Trinity Church, Broadway and Wall Street. Call 935-3960 for reservations or further information; $10.

A Celebration of Queens—4/15–4/16 from 1 to 3: A guided tour of the ethnically diverse borough (on the occasion of the city's centennial), followed by workshops in which you'll design and create an architectural scale model of a Queens city block. Call 534-1672, ext. 257, for reservations (they're required), meeting place, and further information. Sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. ($3 materials fee for each workshop.)

Gramercy Park—4/17 at 11 A.M.: Explore the still elegant enclave that was home to (among others) Stanford White, Elsie de Wolfe, and O. Henry. Meet at the northwest corner of 14th St. and Third Ave. Call 935-3960 for more information; $10.

From Landfill to Landscape: Battery Park City and the World Financial Center—4/11 at 1: Discover Manhattan's newest waterfront promenade. Meet at the entrance to the Marriott World Trade Center Hotel (West St., north of Liberty). Call 242-5762 for more information. This three-hour tour includes a brief rest stop; $12.

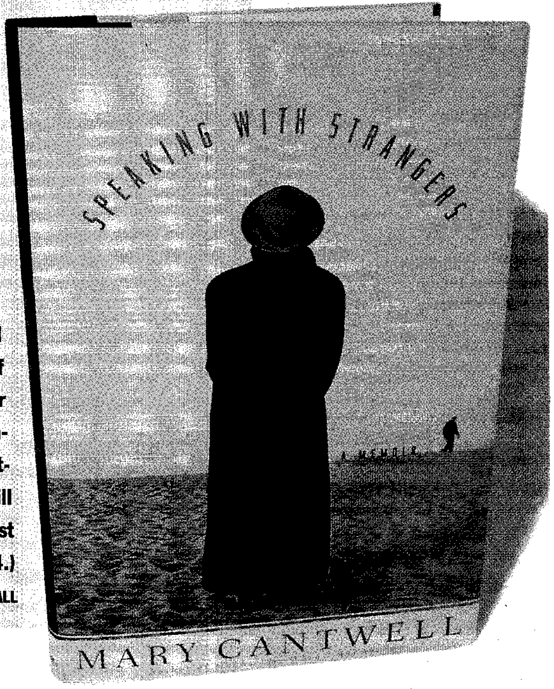
Metropolitan Opera Backstage—Weekdays from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.: A unique, behind-the-scenes view of the creation of

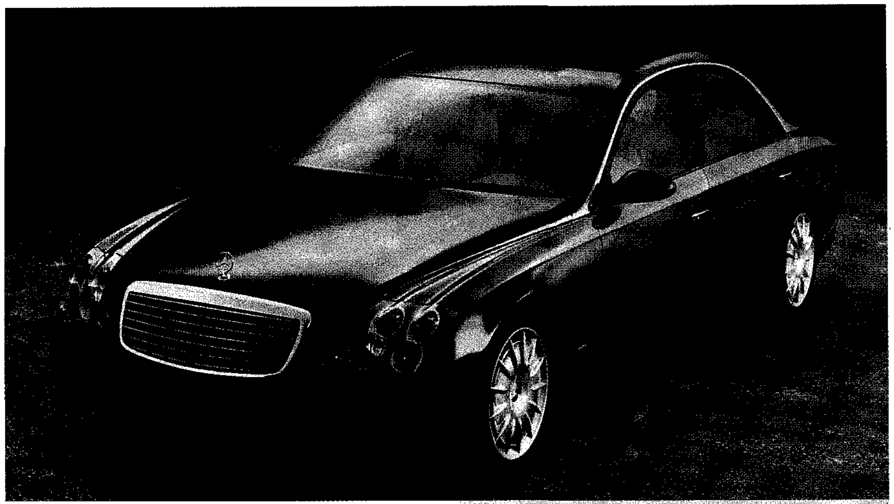
In Print

Speak, Memory

In *Speaking With Strangers,* the final installment of her trilogy of memoirs, Mary Cantwell recalls dinner parties as if they were tennis matches, "but for the balls being *aperçus* and the net, leg of lamb or *vitello tonnato.*" The rallies were lengthy unless some member of the literati, usually Cantwell's husband, served an ace. (Cantwell, then an editor at *Mademoiselle,* claims her own contributions were sorry lobs.) Mostly, though, she recreates the six-year period after her divorce, when she "rolled about the world like a billiard ball looking for a pocket." During that time Cantwell held a kind of wake, for herself as well as for her ex-husband, "and much of it consisted—as do many wakes—of speaking with strangers." One such stranger was the famous, married, alcoholic (and unnamed) writer who became her lover. Another was Cantwell's adolescent daughter, suddenly and inscrutably a "slouching mutiny." But if these years nearly undid the woman, they surreptitiously abetted the writer. Her timidity at parties left Cantwell in a position to do little but observe—"I was *always* watching and memorizing"—the first duty of a writer. And Cantwell's incessant traveling supplied her with still more to see and remember. Then her life ended, in a sense, and her career began: "All the intense living was done by my mid-forties, and I've spent the rest of my life recording it." Cantwell chronicled her New England childhood in *American Girl* and followed it with *Manhattan, When I Was Young.* Each book showcases her instinct for metaphor, her ease with the successful generalization ("It is easy to write about sorrow dry-eyed, but not about joy"), and above all her mastery of tone, which is sometimes plaintive but never whiney. "Well, whining is what people do when they don't know what else to do," says Cantwell, for whom the sole alternative has been to strive for literary art—"although I hate to use a pretentious phrase like *make art* because I've never made art." But another New England girl, Sarah Orne Jewett, assured us that "the thing that teases the mind over and over for years, and at last gets itself put down rightly on paper—whether little or great, it belongs to literature." *Speaking With Strangers*—little in size, narrow in scope—will stand as Mary Cantwell's third bequest to literature. (Houghton Mifflin; $24.)

LINDA HALL





the opera. Includes costume and set design, the performers' rehearsal facilities and dressing rooms, and the opulent auditorium. At Lincoln Center; call for reservations and times (769-7020); $8.

On View Never mind the prosaic "fuel-cell" cars projected for the early years of the twenty-first century (they'll run on electricity produced from the chemical reaction of hydrogen and oxygen); give us the more viscerally thrilling sculptural beauties on hand at the 1998 New York International Auto Show from April 11 to April 19. Sixteen auto manufacturers will unveil new designs at the event—a record for the 98-year-old exhibition. (See listings.)

Exhibitions

"America's Concentration Camps: Remembering the Japanese-American Experience"—Through 1/5/99: An exhibition that tells the story of this shameful chapter in American history through the eyes of the incarcerated. Photographs, mementos, and home videos contributed by some of the 120,313 people held in the camps—two thirds of whom were American citizens—will be on display, along with maps and statistics from each camp. Ellis Island Immigration Museum, New York Harbor (363-3200); $5.

"Landmarks of New York"—Through 8/23: An exhibition of photographs by Barbaralee Diamonstein, coinciding with the release of *Landmarks of New York III,* which documents more than 1,000 historic sites. The New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); $5.

Sixth Annual Poetry Publication Showcase—Through 5/9: An exhibit celebrating National Poetry Month. Poets House, 72 Spring St. (431-7920); free.

"Return Address: Revisiting Exposures"—Through 4/23: An exhibition of photographs by Israeli artist Margalit Mannor. 92nd St. Y, Weill Art Gallery, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); free.

Bridging New York—Through 6/28: Selections from the museum's painting, print, and photographic collections dealing with the city's bridges. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5 suggested contribution.

"Proudly We Served"—Through 9/5: Photographs, artifacts, and models commemorating 200 years of service by African-American veterans. Intrepid Sea Air Space Museum, Pier 86, W. 46th St. (957-7055); $10.

New York From Above: An Aerial View—Through 6/14: An exhibit of 26 paintings by contemporary painter and geographer Spelman Evans Downer that chart the evolution of Greater Gotham over the past 100 years. His work depicts historical landscapes before extensive urbanization and also includes space-age satellite views of Manhattan. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5 suggested contribution.

"A Float for All Seasons: New York's Ethnic Parades"—Through 1/10/99: Mini-floats, paraphernalia, and photographs celebrating cultural identity in New

GAME WEEK

HOME ● **AWAY** ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
METROSTARS						LA ABC 3PM	
RANGERS		MON MSG 7:30PM				DET FOX 1PM	
ISLANDERS	TB FSNY 7:30PM		NJ FSNY 7:30PM	BOS FSNY 7:30PM		MON FSNY 7:30PM	
DEVILS			NYI FSNY 7:30PM			BOS FSNY 7:30PM	FLA FSNY 5PM
KNICKS		ATL TNT 8PM	MIA TBS 8PM				MIA NBC 1PM
NETS	CHA FSNY2 7:30PM		BOS FSNY2 7PM			MIL FSNY3 9PM	TOR FSNY2 6PM
METS	PIT WOR 1:30PM	CHI FSNY 2:20PM	CHI FSNY 2:20PM	CHI WOR 2:20PM	MIL FSNY 7PM	MIL FSNY 2PM	MIL WOR 2PM
YANKEES	SEA MSG 10PM	SEA MSG 10PM	SEA MSG 6:30PM		OAK MSG 1PM	OAK WPIX 1:30PM	OAK MSG 1:30PM
	4/6	4/7	4/8	4/9	4/10	4/11	4/12

Photograph courtesy of the International Auto Show.

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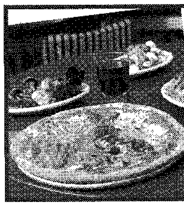

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TICKETMASTER 212-307-4100
$20-85, State Thtr, Lincoln Center. Call 1-800-485-6984 for a season preview sponsored by AT&T.

York. City Partners Gallery at the Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St (534-1672); $5 suggested contribution.

"Broadway! The Great White Way in 1898"—Through 6/28: The show will feature stars, costumes, and a set of models reflecting Broadway 100 years ago The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5.

"The New Metropolis: New York, 1898–1998"—Through 12/1: A yearlong exhibition commemorating the consolidation of the five boroughs. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5.

Events

"Nothing to Wear"—4/8 at 6 P.M.: An auction and public exhibition of fashion and accessories, including Louis Vuitton luggage, Chanel and Cartier jewels from the twenties, Norma Kamali high-heeled sneakers, and letters written by Jackie Onassis to her hatmaker. Sotheby's, 1334 York Ave. (774-5304); free.

NY Auto Show—4/11–4/19: Global debuts from Chevrolet, Honda, Hyundai, Infiniti, Isuzu, Lincoln, Mitsubishi, Subaru, and Suzuki. Jacob K. Javits Convention Center (800-282-3336); $9.

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—Click from "Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) to a new Website pick every day. This week: Go *Overboard* for WNET's new online comic soap for teens; chat online with fellow grooms-to-be before stepping up to the altar; order all the matzoh you'll ever need online from the Kosher Grocer; see if your current beau made it on one woman's "Dick List"; and find out if that new alternative-medicine fad is really a fraud at QuackWatch. While you're visiting us at www.nymag.com, stick around and see what else we've got. In addition to selected articles from the current issue and a searchable "Cue" section, find daily picks of New York events in "Vanessa Takes Manhattan," neighborhood guides, a Subscriber Service Center, and much, much more.

Sports

And Then There Were Six—Isn't it nice how the Rangers and Islanders have bowed gracefully out of the spotlight just as the baseball season gets under way? It's really too polite of them. Sure, they could have scraped together a late run at the playoffs, but then New York sports fans would have to track a full eight local teams. Now, at least, the only hockey that needs to be attended to is in New Jersey. There's still basketball being played, of course, although barely. The Nets are once again the Hospital Hoopsters, with enough broken bones, strained muscles, and torn ligaments to supply a Jackie Chan movie. The Knicks, meanwhile, are still deciding what they want to be—either an undersize, big-hearted giant-killer or an aching, aging also-ran. This week, they audition one version or the other in front of the rest of the country, playing three nationally televised games in a row. Two of those are against division-leading Miami, and depending on how the Knicks perform, fans may be able to cross another team off their spring-viewing schedule. *See Game Week for team schedules.*

74th Annual Wood Memorial—4/11 at 1 P.M: The best three-year-olds in the country (horses, that is) compete in their final prep for the Kentucky Derby on May 2. Admission is $1 grandstand, $3 clubhouse. For information call 718-641-4700.

Rabbit Run—4/11 at 10 A.M.: No, not an Updike reading, but a 5K Easter fun run. Every runner crossing the finish line will receive a holiday egg containing a "special prize," presumably not yolk. For information, call the New York Road Runners Club, 860-4455.

in concert

Beaux Arts Trio at Carnegie Hall

Classical Music

Tuesday, April 7

Kenneth Lane, Heldentenor—Performs Mozart, Haydn, and Schubert. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18–$75.*

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Performs Poulenc, Debussy, Faure, others. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5788), at 7:30; $25–$35.*

Wednesday, April 8

Steven Herbert Smith, Piano—Performs John Woolich, Messiaen, George Benjamin, others. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $10.*

Ancient Music at St. Bartholomew's—The Fairfield Orchestra and St. Bartholomew's Choir perform Howells, Britten, and Tavener. *St. Bartholomew's, 109 E. 50th St. (378-0248), at 7:30; $10–$20.*

Australian Chamber Orchestra—Performs Haydn, Sculthorpe, and Bloch. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $12–$50.*

New York Philharmonic—Performs Brahms and Schumann, with András Schiff, piano; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 8; $20–$75.*

Keyboard Conversations—Works by Chopin. Rubinstein, Grieg, Debussy, others. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $20.*

Bargemusic—Viennese music performed by quartet. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 6:30; $20–$30.*

Thursday, April 9

NY Virtuosi Chamber Symphony—Works by Robert Beaser, Larry Allen Smith, Elgar, with Paul Sperry; Kenneth Klein, conductor. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $15–$20.*

The SoLaRe Trio—Performs Beethoven and Françaix. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 2; $5.*

Bargemusic—Quartet performances of Mozart, Beethoven, and Dvorak. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $20–$30.*

New York Philharmonic—See 4/8.

Friday, April 10

New York Philharmonic—See 4/8, at 11.

Sunday, April 12

New England Symphonic Ensemble—Performs Monteverdi, Rutter, others. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 2; $16–$65.*

Youth Chorales—Perform Handel, Rutter, Wilberg, others; Will Keisling, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 2; $20.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Bargemusic—See 4/9, at 4.

Monday, April 13

Beaux Arts Trio—Performs Haydn, Bolcom, and Brahms. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15–$45.*

New York Philharmonic—See 4/8.

Previews

Roller Girl

Feminine mystique comes under the gun this weekend at Dance Theater Workshop's "Split Stream" series. The program features category-defying choreography from former Nikolais and Murray Louis Dance soloist Sara Hook (pictured here, in Bashibazouk) and David Dorfman dancer Jeanine Durning. April 9 through April 12.

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Performs Verdi's *Stiffelio,* 4/7 and 4/10 at 8; Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette,* 4/8 at 8; Wagner's *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg,* 4/11 at 12; Janácek's *The Makropulos Case,* 4/11 at 8:30, and 4/13 at 7:30; and Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* 4/9 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $24–$200.*

New York City Opera—Performs Picker's *Emmeline,* 4/8 at 7:30 and 4/11 at 8; Offenbach's *Les Contes d'Hoffman,* 4/7 at 7:30 and 4/11 at 1:30; and Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* 4/10 at 8 and 4/12 at 1:30. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $20–$85.*

Dance

Sara Hook and Jennifer Durning—*Bashibazouk, A Minor Bombast,* and *Buff Em Up Baby Doll* by Hook; *Dissolve* and *Pilgrim Hull* by Durning, 4/9–4/11 at 8, and 4/12 at 3. *Dance Theater Workshop, Bessie Schonberg Theater, 219 W. 19th St. (924-0077); $15.*

Ballet Tech—Premieres from the Eliot Feld troupe, which comprises graduates from his tuition-free high school in New York, 4/7–4/12. *The Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave. (242-0800); evenings $35, matinees $20.*

Forever Tango—The Argentine form, interpreted by Luis Bravo. *Walter Kerr Theater, 218 W. 48th St. (239-6200); $30–$65.*

Sally Hess—Performs two world premieres, set to Mendelssohn, 4/10 and 4/11 at 8. *Joyce Soho Theater, 155 Mercer St. (334-7479); $12.*

Eifman Ballet of St. Petersburg—Performs *Red Giselle* and *Tchaikovksy. City Center, W. 55th St. (581-1212); $25–$50.*

Yanina Castro & Melanie Kloetzel—Performs *elevating suite,* 4/9–4/10 at 9, 4/11 at 8. *Merce Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St. (865-7915); $10.*

Photograph by Nicholas Burnham.

nightlife

Bran Van 3000...Idlewild...CBGB Lounge

Concerts

"Bacharach: One Amazing Night"—In the past year, Burt Bacharach's been the subject of numerous tributes, theme nights, and other assorted homages from downtown avant-gardists and unapologetic pop crooners alike. It's fitting, though, that the biggest and most star-dense of these events should feature none other than the popsmith himself, conducting an orchestra through "Do You Know the Way to San Jose," "Alfie," and "Say a Little Prayer." Doing vocal duties will be Spice Girls-*manquées* All Saints, Ben Folds Five, Elvis Costello, Sheryl Crow, Chryssie Hinde, Luther Vandross, and (naturally) Bacharach's premiere songbird and No. 1 psychic friend, Dionne Warwick. The tickets are gone, but the concert will be broadcast on TNT April 15. 4/8 at 8 P.M. *Hammerstein Ballroom, 311 W. 34 St. (307-7171). Sold out.*

Bran Van 3000—(See box, page 82.) 4/7–4/8 at 9:45 P.M. *Shine, 285 West Broadway, below Canal St. (941-0900). $10.*

Chick Corea—Playing with Jon Faddis and the Carnegie Hall Jazz Band, Corea works through highlights from his storied career, including "One Step," "Spain," "Matrix," and "Straight Up and Down"—all arranged by various members of the midtown gang. 4/9 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800). $18–$55.*

"Cyber Seder '98"—Lou Reed, Laurie Anderson, Rabbi Goor, Judith Sloan, Tuli Kupferberg, Congressman Jerrold Nadler, Sandra Bernhard, Hal Willner, Neta Pulvermacher, John Zorn, Roy Nathanson, Anthony Coleman, David Krakauer, and other noteworthy Jews (and the odd Gentile) participate in the Knitting Factory–sponsored worldwide third-night Passover event. (See box, this page.) 4/12 at 7:30 P.M. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. (219-3006). $55–$5,000.*

Fred Hersch and Friends—Much has been made of pianist Hersch's HIV-positive status. More noteworthy, though, is his peerless playing, recently displayed on solo discs dedicated to songs by Billy Strayhorn and Thelonious Monk. Now he's released *Fred Hersch & Friends: The Duo Album*, on which he teams up with Diana Krall, Tommy Flanagan, and Kenny Barron. For this show, five of the album's high-watt guest-stars—Joe Lovano, Gary Burton, Janice Siegel, Andy Bey, and Barron—join Hersch to raise money for Performing Arts Against AIDS and the ACLU's HIV/AIDS and Lesbian/Gay Rights Projects. 4/13 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824). $20–$150.*

Garrison Keillor's *Prairie Home Companion*—The whimsical and sonorous raconteur, in from the Twin Cities for the first of three Saturdays of Lake Wobegone tales. 4/11 at 5:45 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824). $30–$35.*

Jubilant Sykes—The enormously talented and aptly named young gospel baritone, in residence at the Iridium all week (see Jazz listings), hits an actual church for an Easter Sunday romp through his debut CD, *Jubilant*. 4/12 at 11 A.M. *Abyssinian Church, 132 W. 138th St. (862-7474). Free.*

Clubland

Arlene Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hippish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock and folk venue. 4/8: Professor & Mary Ann. 4/10: Papaya Kings. 4/11: Poncho Havana. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 4/9: Maria Muldaur; John Hall. 4/14–4/15: Mike Stern with Dennis Chambers, Lincoln Goines, and Bob Malach. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. 4/10: Chicago's Tortoise has been spinning off new bands faster than, well, certainly faster than their name would imply. The "post-rock" collective's first offshoot, Isotope—in which a couple of Tortoisers try their hand at Miles Davis–esque modal jazz—played a show at the Knitting Factory last month. Now Aerial M, guitarist Dave Paho's new outfit, hits town for its own moment in the spotlight. 4/11: Muckaferguson; Life in a Blender. 4/12–4/13: The Mountain Goats, essentially the one-man "band" of John Darnielle, play some of the finest, most melodic acoustic-guitar pop you'll hear this side of Harry Nilsson. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's Stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flyer-strewn pit—in a good way. Dig the new, unscuzzy basement lounge. 4/10: Reid Paley. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 4/7: Todd Wolde. 4/8–4/9: Son Seals. 4/11: Better offf Dead. 4/12: Scarlett Moore. 4/13: Moose & the Bulletproof Blues. 4/14: Ernie Williams & the Wildcats. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—Originally a glam-trash revival hall, this two-level East Village funhouse now reflects the neighborhood's cultural diversity, with indie-rock and punk bands sharing the venue with some of the city's wackiest parties. 4/13: Pro-pain. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

The Cooler—The meatpacking district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. Wednesday's "Stella" offers some of the finest young stand-up talent in the city. 4/7: Ivy Markaity; Nina Hynes; Joy Askew. 4/8: Loser's Lounge Tribute to Nancy and Lee. 4/10: Ida. 4/13: Bako Babies; Sha-Key with Edgetone. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

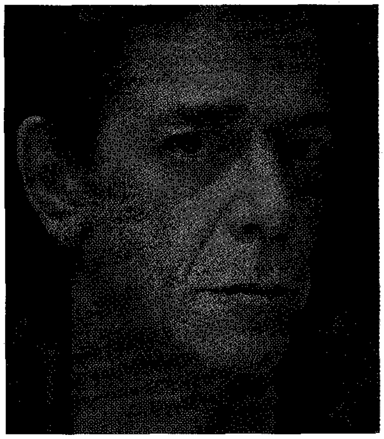
Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 4/7: Creed; Samiam; Cool For August. 4/10: Leftover Salmon. 4/11: Robert Hunter. 4/14: Sister Hazel. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. 4/7: Add N to X. 4/8: Karen Finley. 4/9: Chocolate Genius.

Religion

And on Air Guitar, Elijah!

Improbable as it sounds, Avery Fisher Hall looks to be the new venue of choice among downtown hipsters. Last summer, free-jazz pioneer Ornette Coleman was in residence for four straight nights. A few months later, Sonic Youth filled the venerable auditorium with adolescent fans, arty scenesters, and guitar feedback galore. Now an entire TriBeCa venue, the Knitting Factory, moves its operation to Avery Fisher, April 12, for its third annual Passover Seder. (For those who prefer to remain home, below 14th Street, the event will also be broadcast live on the Web, at www.jewmu.com.) Helping celebrants of the Cyber Seder find the afikoymen, read the Haggadah, and rock out will be Sandra Bernhard, John Zorn, and supercouple Laurie Anderson and Lou Reed (pictured). Downtown diehards take heart: Knit proprietor Michael Dorf promises not to abandon his Leonard Street location permanently.



4/10: Damon & Naomi. 4/11: Sam Rivers. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Life—Okay, we give. It *is* the only hip place on Bleecker Street, even if the doormen can get a little tough on those they deem unworthy. What bouncers aren't? Wednesday night's "Lust For Life" gets you in touch with your inner rock-and-roll rump-shaker. *158 Bleecker St. (420-1999).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues. 4/7: Gravity *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUES).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 4/10: Steve Poltz. 4/11: Belizbeha. 4/12: Tsunami; Storm & Stress. 4/13: Hot Water. 4/14: Ruth Ruth. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

The Roxy—The cavernous Chelsea institution's deeply entertaining and mysteriously underattended Tuesday- and Wednesday-night rollerskating jam keeps boogie queens' wheels spinning till the wee hours. The rental skates may have been in service since the eighties; the D.J.'s occasional Beatles-dance-mix medley may grate; but when you get right down to it, nothing beats shaking a groove thing while whizzing around a dance floor at neck-breaking velocity. *515 W. 18th St. (627-0404). $.*

Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 4/8: Lezlee; Rich Shapiro. 4/9: "Rob Ryan's Country Thursday." 4/10: Ruth Gerson. 4/11: The Humans. *94 Ave. A (473-7373).*

S.O.B.'s—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 4/10: Ruben Wilson. 4/13: Miles Pena. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Every Friday and Saturday, the Tony Corbiscello Big Band gets the room swinging, lindy-hopping, and otherwise engaging in social behaviors of yesteryear (look for guest appearances by John Pizzarelli and other bona fide big names), after which the next generation takes over, to ever-more-vigorous dancing. Too much hopping got you pooped? Take a load off in the upstairs Blue Room Lounge. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 4/9: The High Llamas; Low; Magnetic Fields. 4/10: Mikal Rose; Sugar Minott. 4/11: Brooklyn Funk Essentials; Liquid Soul. 4/13: Souls of Mischief; Natural Elements; De La Soul's D.J. Maseo. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. Sunday is the long-running drum-and-bass extravaganza "Konkrete Jungle." 4/8: Furious Styles; Seventh House; 13 O'Clock. 4/9: Agents of Good Roots. 4/10: Conehead Buddha; Moon Boot Lover. 4/11: Avail; Snapcase; Jupiter Coyote. 4/14: Baba Olatunji & His Drums Of Passion. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Windows on the World—Tuesday's "Sway" gets tourists and hipsters alike freaking the funk to old-school hip-hop of the highest caliber. Every Wednesday, "Strato-Lounge" turns the "Greatest Bar on Earth" into a full-on cocktail nation freak-fest. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000).*

Opening

Cleared for Takeoff

Look up; look down. If you're in the East Village, you'll find a new lounge no matter which way you gaze. For mile-high-clubbers without a destination, Idlewild brings all the plasticky internationalism of its namesake airport right to Houston Street. And the subterranean CBGB Lounge should sate those for whom street-level Bowery socializing just isn't low enough—though its cozy décor and top-notch music are anything but scuzzy gutter fare. (Idlewild: 145 East Houston Street; 477-5005. CBGB Lounge: 313 Bowery, downstairs; 982-4052.)

Jazz

Birdland—More comfortable than the Blue Note, swankier than the Vanguard, and proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Friday the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. 4/7: The Duke Ellington Orchestra, conducted by Paul Ellington. 4/8: Charli Persip & Supersound 17 Piece Big Band. 4/9: Maria Schneider and her Orchestra. 4/10–4/11: Chris Connor. 4/12: Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 4/7–4/12: Boney James. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Cajun—A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).*

Iridium—Merlot, the artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center, hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy basement, along with the occasional legend. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 4/7–4/12: Terence Blanchard Septet. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Jazz at Noon—East midtown's long-running, Friday-afternoon jam session—where Dizzy Gillespie, Clark Terry, and Elvin Jones have all been visiting scholars—returns for its thirty-third season, with the usual high-caliber house band. Noon–2:30 P.M. 4/10: Harry Allen. $5 cover. *San Martin Restaurant, 143 E. 49th St. (832-0888).*

The Jazz Standard—Midtown south's newest, biggest, and happeningest hangout for hard-boppers and the men and women who love them. You can't hear the bands from the swanky first-floor restaurant, but the basement club's modified menu should more than suffice. 4/7–4/11: John Regen Trio. Sets Sun., Tues.–Thurs. at 8 P.M. and 10 P.M., Fri. and Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and midnight; $10–$15 cover on weekdays, $15–$20 cover on Fri. and Sat. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. 4/8–4/11: Pierre Hurel and John Robinson. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. While no amount of imagination can render the institutional, linoleum-tile décor any more inviting than your average mass feed-trough, the concept *is* fairly happening. 4/10: Barry Harris. *11 W. 53rd St. (708-0480).*

Red Blazer—Reopened in a new spot, the famed Theater District jazzerie continues to offer up fine sounds. Monday: Rick Hardeman and his New Orleans Jazz All Stars. Tuesday: Kelly Freizin Jazz Band. Wednesday: Sunny Daniels Swing All Stars. Thursday: Stan Rubin and His Swing Sextet. Friday: Sam Ulando and the Bourbon Street Jazz Band. Saturday: Bob Cantwell and the Stompers. *32 W. 37th St. (262-3112).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Every Sunday, the Jazz Composers Forum, followed by the Across Seventh Street Septet. Every Monday, Jason Lindner's youthful, Ellington-meets-Mingus big band. Tuesdays, cerebral and atmospheric guitarist Kurt Rosenwinkel leads his quartet. Shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 4/7–4/9: Mark Turner Quartet. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. 4/7–4/12: Earl Rose. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. 4/7–4/12: Javon Jackson Quartet. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Zinno—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno is more dining spot than jazz

Photographs by Steven Freeman.

club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. 4/10–4/14: Hugo Fatoruso, Sergio Brandao, DuDuka DaFonseca, Luis Bonhilla. Shows Mon.–Sat. at 8 P.M. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Sundays: "All Star Comedy." Mondays: Open-mike night hosted by David J. Tuesday–Thursday, shows at 9:30 P.M. Fridays and Saturdays, the club promises "the country's top comedians," with shows at 8, 10, and midnight. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays and Tuesdays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 4/9–4/12: Ted Carpenter. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50, two-drink minimum.*

Catch a Rising Star—The high-class variety showplace has broadened its focus from straight standup to a mix of sketch and alternative comedy, theater, and musical performances. Friday's "The Big Bad Music Show" explores that riskiest of all entertainment territory, humor-rock. Shows Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. *253 W. 28th St., (244-3005).*

Chicago City Limits—The long-running and much-ballyhooed troupe, performing their latest, "@Chicago CityLimits.comedy." Wed.– Thurs. at 8:30 P.M., Fri.–Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. $20 cover. *Chicago City Limits Theatre, 1105 First Ave., at 61st St. (888-LAFF).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. 4/6–4/12: Mitch Fatel; Andre Fernandez; Dave Attell; Macio; Mike Estime. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 8:30 P.M., 10:15 P.M., and 12 A.M.; and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. Through 4/5: Joe Mulligan; Jim Gaffigan; Max Dolcelli. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M., and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 4/10–4/11: Rod Reyes; Rich Francese; Dave Attel. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7; Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. 4/10–4/11: Andres Fernandez; J. R. Havlan; Gregg Rogell; Dave Attel; Greg Carey. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—Through 5/2: Peter Mintun. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—Through 5/2, the incomparable Barbara Cook sings. Tues.–Sat. Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $50 ($25 for Davis's late, Woody-free set); no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Singer-pianist Kathleen Landis. $12 minimum; jacket and tie required. *Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (940-8195).*

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? 4/8 and Saturdays 4/11–5/30: Steven Brinberg's "Simply Barbra" fetishizes Brooklyn's most reclusive daughter. 4/13: Georga Osborne presents "Attack of the Killer Showtunes." $10–$15 cover, two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788). $.*

Duplex Cabaret—Fridays at 10 P.M. opening 4/10: Fabulosa Linguine stars in "Pasta Perfect." *61 Christopher St. (255-5438).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery. 4/14–5/2: Nancy Dussault. Tues.–Thurs., sets at 9 P.M. Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $40 cover; two-drink minimum. *363 W. 46th St. (586-0244).*

La Mama E.T.C.—An East Village experimental theater-cum-cabaret—as close to the real *Rent* esthetic as you'll find. Through 4/11: Natasha Fearless Lieder (described by Steve Buscemi as "Marlene Dietrich on acid") puts on a set of her whacked-out cabaret originals. *74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

Michael's Pub—Julie Wilson's standing-room-only show at the recently relocated boîte has been extended into an open-ended run. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $20 cover, Tues.–Thurs.; $25 cover Fri.–Sat. $15 minimum. *Bill's Gay '90s restaurant, 57 E. 54th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, and wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; seating for dinner is at 6:30 P.M. $50 cover. Through 4/25: Gershwin protegé Michael Feinstein celebrates younger brother George's centennial in appropriately lavish style. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—Thursdays through May, comic, singer, dancer, and pianist Mark Nadler performs numbers from his 3,000-song repertoire of standards, show tunes and other theater-district fare ($15 cover). Fridays, John Malino's combo plays jazz standards (no cover). $12 minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

"Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know"—In the tradition of *Forbidden Broadway* comes Stan Freeman and Jay Leonhart's new broad slapstick-'n'-show-tunes revue. Zeroing in on tourism's wacky cross-cultural misunderstandings may not be quite the precision exercise the old West 72nd Street warhorse's fearless parodizing was. But does anybody go to dinner theater expecting subtlety? Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8 P.M.; Sat. at 7:30 and 10:30 P.M.; Sun. at 3 and 7:30 P.M. $40 cover. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Spy Bar—Every Sunday night, this scarily trendy SoHo snuggery hosts "Flick6ix," whose drag-king and -queen hosts show campy films and stage appropriately themed live entertainment. Recent nights have included the Michael Caine fêting "Beware the Ides of Mike," a "Triple-RRR" soft-porn night, and the self-explanatory "Date With Dino." 4/12: At "Kwan Fu" Nancy Kwan, Queen of the Dragon Ladies, gyrates in front of Bruce Lee classics. $5 cover. *101 Greene St. (343-9000).*

Bars

Barmacy—From fine draft beers to vintage prophylactics, this 14th Street outpost has everything you need, no matter what ails you. (Only the drinks, of course, are actually for sale—pick up other items at your own peril.) *538 E. 14th St. (228-2240).*

King Cole Lounge—The Saint Regis's secluded bar features gorgeous dark-wood panelling, pricey drinks, the fanciest mixed nuts you've ever tasted, and a wall-sized mural depicting a flatulent ruler and his embarrassed retinue. What better setting to watch a bunch of overpaid out-of-towners blow their expense accounts on cigars and cognac? *Saint Regis Sheraton, 2 E. 55th St. (753-4500).*

Talent

Get in the Van

Video may have killed the radio star, but in the case of Montreal's Bran Van 3000, the medium gave life to an entirely new musical beast. Frontman James Di Salvio was a video director until a few years ago, when he invested his earnings from a Branford Marsalis clip—a job that was also the source of his *nom de rock*, Bran Man, and his group's name—in a bunch of new music equipment. "I envisioned this band as an extension of the mix tapes I used to make for my friends," says Di Salvio, 29. "I'd throw in some UK Subs to turn the hip-hop heads on to punk, and a little Eric B. and Rakim for the punk rockers." *Glee*, Bran Van's debut, more than achieves Di Salvio's original goal: Its nineteen tracks are a Beck-like excursion through loping rap, soul-diva R&B, hard-bitten thrash, contemplative folk, and just about every other style that's hip (and a few that aren't), circa 1998. Initially a two-man project, the Van quickly picked up passengers. "All our friends wanted to jam with us," he remembers. "We'd go from house to house with our home-recording gear—it became a living-room co-op." *Glee*'s liner notes list 32 musicians, though just 10 will be on hand for a two-night stand at Shine, April 7 and 8 (285 West Broadway, below Canal Street; 941-0900). All those participants playing all those styles threaten a musical car crash of epic proportions. That's where Di Salvio's directorial background comes in. "This band, more than anything else, is about editing," he says. "We had hours and hours of jam sessions on tape. And if you read, for instance, Scorsese's book, he stresses over and over that so much of art occurs in the editing." The radio star is dead: Long live the postproduction hero.

ETHAN SMITH

Photographs by James Smolka.

Secret Garden...Hot Air

Happening Eggheads

The annual tradition of trying to push wooden eggs across Central Park's Great Lawn quicker than the next kid has evolved over time into the daylong, commercially sponsored rite of spring known as The Easter Eggstravaganza. This year, more than 20,000 eggs will be dyed, rolled, and hunted down on 40 verdant acres of the park. And to cope with the crush of children, the Easter Bunny has thankfully agreed to referee.

Saturday, April 11. All events begin at 11 A.M. and run until 3. For further information, call 1-888-NY-PARKS or log on to the Net at www.nycparks.org.

❶ Eggs hidden at Frisbee Hill will be filled with jellybeans and tickets that win you prizes.

❷ Kids who roll eggs at the Bandshell Garden are guaranteed a ribbon or prize.

❸ Egg dye, glitter, and sparkles can be applied at two mid-park egg-decorating centers.

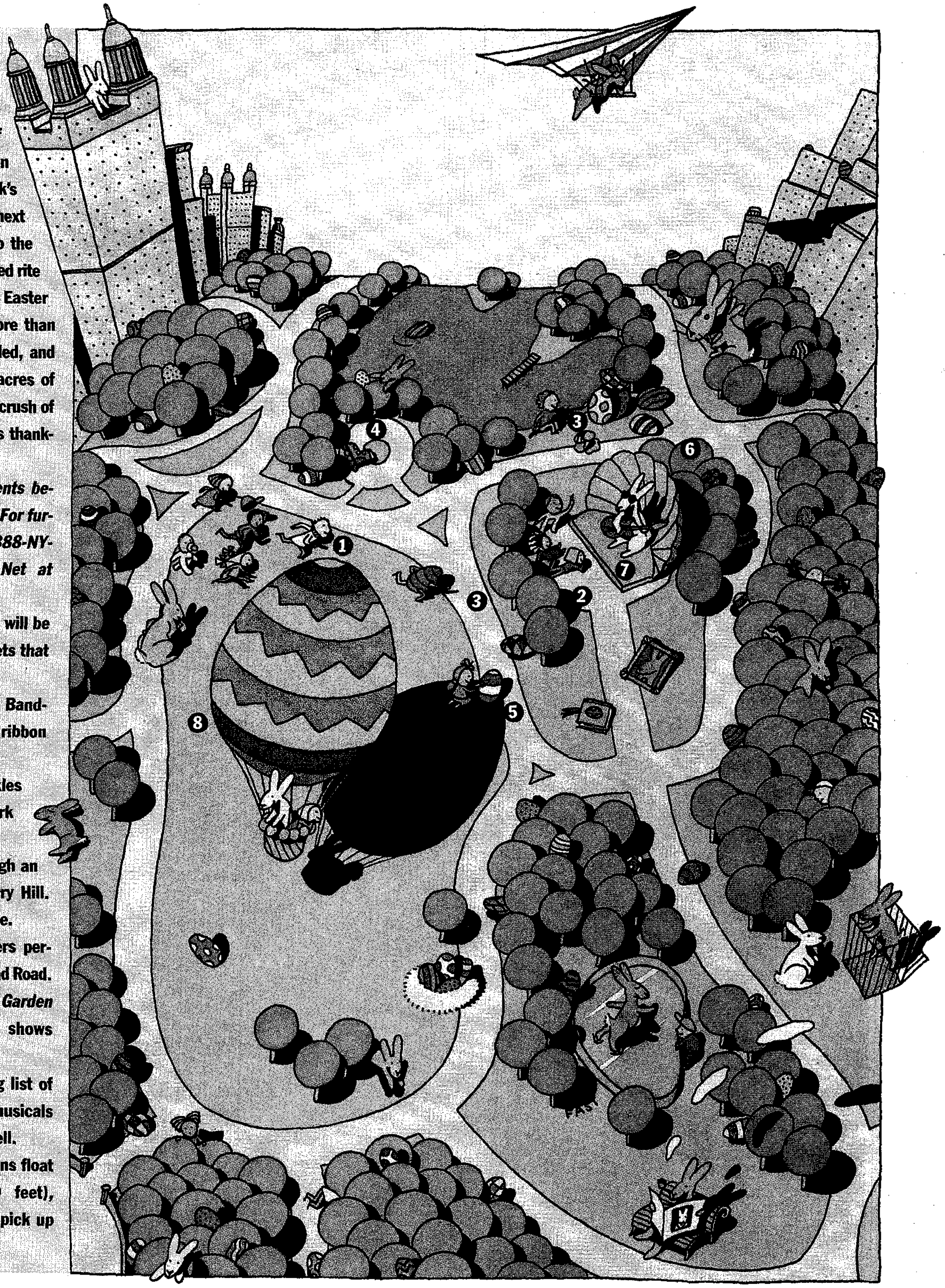
❹ Novices can stumble through an in-line-skating lesson at Cherry Hill. Skads of loaner skates available.

❺ Swedish Cottage puppeteers perform "Hansel and Gretel" at Dead Road.

❻ Theatreworks' *The Secret Garden* and other children's theater shows play at Rumsey Playfield.

❼ Cast members from a long list of Broadway and Off Broadway musicals sing and dance at the Bandshell.

❽ Two tethered hot-air balloons float sky-high (that's about 100 feet), touching down periodically to pick up new riders at Mineral Springs.



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As Good As It Gets"—Warmth, wit, oks, all in one package. Blue-eyed, t professional woman, looking for her one and only". He should have similar ttributes, 38-50. Photo, please. 3222 ✉

unny, Bright Jewish Woman—38, riendly Midwesterner at heart, eater entrepreneur by trade. Slim, thletic, compassionate and optimistic. eeks a mensch with brains for best-iendship, love and family. 3184 ✉ ☎

eeking Fellow Traveler—By very ttractive, successful, tall Jewish man, onsmoker, who loves NY things - i.e. pera (the Ring Cycle in June?), theater, ilm...as well as travel. Seeks attractive emale counterpart, vivacious, late 30s-arly 40s, well-educated - to continue he journey. Photo helpful. 3225 ✉

xciting Romantic—Youthful 59, rug- edly handsome, passionate, multifaceted, tylish, secure man - seeks a special lady or a giving/receiving relationship. Be tunning, very sexy, sensual, open-minded, etite, 5'1"-5'5"/under size 8 with a great igure - and know how to be connected nd intimate. Note/photo please. 3196✉

ewish Professional Man—48, 5'8", eady for commitment, nonreligious, onsmoker, varied interests - seeks ewish woman, five boroughs, 25-39, for arriage/family. Photo preferred. 2786✉

onest, Handsome, Educated—Successful hite male - 49 years, 6'3", 220 lbs, sin- ere, healthy mentally and physically, seeks ice, tall, beautiful woman, 35-45, for erious relationship. Note/photo. 3209 ✉

lder Man, Younger Woman—Young 0s physician/ex-modern dancer, car- enter, Wasp - with blue-green eyes, curly lond hair - hopelessly progressive, occasionally politically incorrect, true heart. eeks accomplished, lithe, sane woman, arly 30s, with the right pheromone, or friends, love, family... Mambo? Yoga? iking? No Prozac, please. Note/photo/ hone. Manhattan preferred. 3185 ✉☎

lassy Caramel Beauty—Single black emale, 33, 5'8", well-educated and ybaritic - enjoys the outdoors and family ife. Seeks single professional male, 30-42, ho is seeking his soul mate. Race unim- ortant. Serious only. Photo. 3172 ✉ ☎

Friends With My Ex—Creative, handsome, boyish LI VP seeks exciting, bright, very pretty, trim, single white female, 40-50 - adventure/romance to follow. Photo a must. 3203 ✉ ☎

Jet-Set Male—Desires long-term relationship. Are you an intelligent and beautiful woman used to being treated with respect and generosity, or desirous of such? If so, a fairy-tale life of travel and luxury may be available. Please send all of the following - note, photo, age, height, weight and phone to: 3199 ✉

Discriminating Woman—Well-educated, slim, stunning, appreciates the finer things in life. Seeks male soul mate, 60ish, for loving relationship. 3219 ✉

Handsome European Male—44, secure, seeks olive-complexioned beauty - Latina/ biracial, under 35, who is responsible, with sense of humor. Photo/note. 3152 ✉

Ebony Beauty—30, slim, very attractive black woman seeks white male of substance, 40-65, for a romantic, committed long-term relationship. 3195 ✉ ☎

Let's Create Dreams—With an accomplished corporate president, a handsome, old-fashioned, romantic, multifaceted man with warmth, humor...5'10", slim, 43. Seeks bright, empathic woman with an angel's heart, under 37, for marriage. Phone/photo a must. 3218 ✉ ☎

You've Seen My Byline—Meet the genuine article. Cute, slim, witty, 5'2" brunette, 40, seeks fit, fun, creative Jewish man with soul and heart. Photo. 3204 ✉☎

Jewish Physician—39, seeks Jewish professional female, 28-33, for future. 3191 ✉

Unpretentious Pisces Man—Enjoy amber sunsets, boating the LI Sound, foreign travel, the arts, city life. Am an accomplished entrepreneur in graphic arts (know how to use a Mac?), 38, 6', handsome, brown eyes/hair, Jewish, family-oriented and fun-loving. I have limited free time; avoiding the singles scene. I want chemistry with mature, smart, beautiful (212) woman, at least 5'4", 29-35, preferably brunette, slim, sexy and ready for lasting relationship with a really good guy. Note/photo, please. 3213 ✉ ☎

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Noncategorizable/Irrepressible Blond—Stunning, tall, slender, charming, witty woman wishing to join forces with you in her city or country homes. If you're drawn by music, art and theater as well as the outdoors, this dancer/equestrian woman of varied passions would love to meet you. Please be warm, humorous, generous, successful, attractive, people-oriented, desirous of new experiences, 53-63, and love to travel. Note/photo. 3169 ✉ ☎

Sunset In The Hamptons—With you by my side. Extremely successful business owner, 35, seeking truly exceptional woman to share romance by the water and under the stars, for this summer and beyond. You are beautiful, classy, sweet and intelligent, with a passion for living and an appreciation for the finer things in life. I am tall, fit, good-looking and Jewish (nonreligious), with a zest for life and a desire to share it with someone truly special. Together, let us explore all that life has to offer - starting with glorious summer in the Hamptons. Note/photo. 3187✉

Brains And A Little Black Dress—Classy, beautiful brunette, verbal, witty, accomplished Jewish professional, fun-loving and warm. Passions: theater, health/fitness, jazz, travel, films (preferably foreign), and men (domestic variety). Seeking sexy best friend (40-50) for romance, adventure, movies, museums and maybe more. Note/photo. 3231 ✉

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Highly Successful—40-year-old, handsome Jewish doctor seeks very pretty female, 23-35, for possible relationship. Race unimportant. Photo a must. 3180✉

Literate Liberal—North Jersey nice guy, seeks late 30s-early 40s, kind, bright, slim, pretty woman. I'm educated, fit, poetic, witty and able to leap tall buildings, Note/photo. 3224 ✉

PhD Judaic Studies—50, 6', affluent, seeks tall, upscale, learned, kosher woman soul mate. Photo. 3157 ✉

Attractive Attorney—56, 5'6", whose main interests are good books, good movies and staying fit, seeks down-to-earth, attractive woman with same interests for long-term relationship. Manhattan resident only. Photo preferred. 3178 ✉

I Admit It—I'm particular and difficult, but worth it. After all, a lawyer is duty-bound to be truthful. Jewish, 37, handsome and fit - seeks attractive, thin (major plus) woman, 25-34. Must be bright, kind and fit. Non-Cityite (don't hold it against me - at least until our date). Note and photo, please. 3192 ✉

Youthful 40-Year-Old Brunette—With green eyes, lucky enough to have good looks and brains but unlucky enough to have herpes - seeks single white male with same, between 38-46, for caring, lasting relationship. Please be down to earth, fit, accomplished and easygoing. Photo, please (will return if requested). 3143 ✉

Handsome, Warm, Affectionate MD—52, Jewish, loves life - seeks slim, attractive, sincere, playful, kind lady, 38-48 (Jewish, Latin, Italian), to bring out the best in each other. Photo a must. 3186 ✉

Lively Buxom Blond—We are writing this for a friend as a "birthday present". A busy professional theater life...has overlooked romance. She's pretty, funny, independent, mid 40s and smart. All sorts of interests. Since we're all paired off, we'd like her to meet someone equal to her. Definitely worth a try. 3208 ✉ ☎

6', 48, Slim, Good-Looking Woman—Where is my male counterpart? Let's share friendship, social/business occasions, city/country lives, more? 3146 ✉

Vibrant Beauty—Smart, sensual, athletic, great sense of humor, considerate and available to go anywhere with that special successful man, 45-55, who is ready for a loving, fun relationship. 3151 ✉ ☎

LI Lovely—Strawberry blond, late 40s, 5'5", 125 lbs, classy, bright, fit, leggy, verbal, witty, soft, sincere, exercised, centered, communicative, unencumbered. Seeking handsome, successful, sophisticated, stable, witty, communicative male counterpart, 47-62. 3153 ✉ ☎

Softhearted NJ Lady—Fair and slim, just 50, warm smile, three parts silk and satin, one part vinegar, often sensible, owns white horse (truly)...yearns for bold, fearless knight for fun, possibly marriage... Riding and jousting not necessary, but please be tall, professional, cultured, with well-developed sense of humor, appreciate opera, theater, a good book, or just lolling in the Caribbean. Note and photo appreciated. 3189 ✉

Asian Beauty, Loving Heart—Cerebral MD, globetrotter, passionate dancer, elegant, worldly, close family - seeks same in athletic, boyishly handsome gent (33-48), for marriage, family. 3220 ✉ ☎

Gay Professional Male—Handsome, tall, 48, masculine, divorced, seeks long-term relationship with similar man. 3154 ✉ ☎

Travel Companion—Pretty, blue-eyed blond, 35, tall, slim (ex-dancer), PhD, seeks handsome, secure, athletic male (28-38) to explore life. Stops along the way: friendship, laughter, romance. Final destination: a lasting relationship, loving family. Note/photo. 3182 ✉

Warm, Appealing, Bright Woman—Psychotherapist, former documentary producer, youthful 49, passionate about life, compassionate and affectionate, great dancer, with lively sense of humor and adventurous spirit, seeks compatible, caring man with similar qualities, to share NY culture, country getaways (the Berkshires!) and the adventure of getting to know one another. 3201 ✉ ☎

Sweet, Sultry Beauty—33, 5'6", fit, MD - loves nature and the finer things in life. Seeks a 6'-plus, handsome, fit professional (33-39) for sincere relationship. Note/photo. 3212 ✉

Beautiful, Accomplished Woman—Who enjoys life and wants to enhance it with her soul mate, seeks Jewish man, 60 and over. Photo. 3181 ✉

Petite, Blue-Eyed Westchester Beauty—46, looking for someone who wants to play in the ocean, sunbathe on tropical beaches, chase me down ski slopes, run me around tennis courts, dance me off my feet. If you're a handsome, successful professional, fit white male, 40-55, lover of life - your note, photo should already be in the mail. 3200 ✉

Beautiful, Professional Jewish Lady—34, 5'4", looking for a man who is smart, successful, who wants to love and be loved - who is tired of being alone and ready to settle down. Note/photo, please. 3232 ✉

This Woman Is Flying Solo—But looking for a co-pilot. He's 50-60, physically, intellectually, emotionally, financially strong. Humor vital. Handwritten flight plan and photo appreciated. 3194 ✉

Oh, Primavera!—Latin man, originally from Argentina, 44, 6', handsome, financially secure. Looking for sweet Latin girl, 25-35. Escribeme. Phone/photo. 3234 ✉

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North Shore/Manhattan—Doctor of psych, upscale individual, Sean Connery looks, warm, loving, generous, elegant... Seeks same in an intelligent, slim, very pretty woman under 52. Recent photo. POB 234659, Great Neck, NY 11023

High-Powered Man Required—For beautiful, elegant, educated, green-eyed redhead, ex-model, 52. If you want to be proud of your lady - write with photo if possible. NY area preferred. 3228 ✉

Have Fireplace, Will Travel—46-year-old single white male - psychologist by trade, regular guy by nature, looking for life partner. Me: 6', 170 lbs, smart and funny, kind and sensitive. You: 34-46, bright, outgoing, down-to-earth, with very pretty smile. Note/photo/phone. 3206 ✉

As Good As It Gets—With this very attractive, slim, elegant, down-to-earth blond who seeks attractive, successful, fit, adventurous man, 45 plus, to share the joys of travel, skiing, good wine and whatever else we can think of. Photo helpful. 3215 ✉

MD—60, seeks relationship with Christian or Moslem lady, under 45. 3161 ✉

Attractive Brooklyn Gal—Independent, Jewish, secure, seeks professional man, 50-62, for relationship. 3158 ✉ ☎

Lively Male, 70s—Seeks youthful woman who loves travel and affectionate relationship. No passive anything. Photo, please. 3210 ✉

Catholic Physician—40, never married (but still optimistic), hoping to meet an honest and sincere female for dating and hopefully long-term relationship. 3198✉☎

Classical Music Lover—Aesthetic values, Italian descent, Manhattanite - seeks soul mate over 5'5" for this raven-haired Joan Collins look-alike. 3205 ✉ ☎

Sweet, Disarmingly Charming, Sassy—Beauty (truly) with big heart, very fit, fun, youthful 36, seeks awesome guy with solid values, tall, handsome, warm, Christian, successful, 34-44, for romance forever-after. Note/photo. 3216 ✉ ☎

Very Pretty, Passionate, Slim—Jewish female, 34, long hair - likes rollerblading, movies, NY culture and spontaneous fun. Seeks a single, Jewish, nonsmoking male, 32-42, very good-looking, over 5'7", fit, successful, confident and looking for long-term relationship. Photo, please. 3162 ✉ ☎

Financially Independent—International air hostess - an attractive, petite European brunette seeks financially secure cosmopolitan gentleman, 50-60, to share life, love, fun and travels. Please send bio and phone number. 3197 ✉

est Side Values, Downtown Style—Ɛast Side upbringing. Late 30s, Jewish auty, Ivy-educated, with expansive ind, fit body and exceptional career film/television, seeks politically progres- /e, literate, brilliant and mature mate 0s) for Caribbean camping, Cajun ncing, dog walking, car repair. You e a sophisticated, accomplished non- nformist of sorts... You wouldn't expect find me here. Letter/photo. 3202 ✉

ecure, Warm, Attractive—Jewish dow in mid 50s - enjoys jogging, sports, usic and fun. Seeks loving, attractive onsmoking gentleman, 55-65, with like terests. 3170 ✉

all, Slender, Sexy—Vital, verbal, active id attractive female seeks white male,)-65. 3177 ✉

his Is Your Chance—Jewish male, 32, andsome doctor, 6', sensitive, warm, with great sense of humor and a big heart, eks *special female, 23-32, for a lasting* omantic relationship. Note/photo. 3155✉

xceptional Lady Publisher—Fifth venue art magazine. Pretty, slim, ensual, writes, paints. Loves the outdoors. eeks exceptional man, 60 plus, who is uccessful, spiritual, and ready for new adventure. 3171 ✉ ☎

landsome, Elegant, Kind, Secure— eeks slender, educated lady, 50s... ance, theater, travel. Photo/note. 3179✉

IJ—Cute, petite, genuine, kind, new to rea. Adventure traveler, beachcomber. eeks a great guy, 35-50, caustic sense f humor preferred. 3188 ✉

Our Friend—Wouldn't do this for herself ...so we took it on. She is an attractive, successful business owner with a personality, sense of humor and love of life to match her good looks and bod (I'm a guy writing this, so trust me). She's 38, looking for a great Jewish guy, 35-50. You must be smart, funny and share the same sense of adventure. She will be a sensational friend, lover and mother. This one's a keeper, really. Note/photo. This is one in a million. 3160 ✉

As Good As It Gets—Beautiful, sincere, educated Asian woman seeks 40 plus, white, educated, romantic, fun-loving, financially secure, smoke/drug free man for honest, long-term relationship. 3148✉

Handsome Professional Male—Who's active, witty, outgoing, romantic, fit and family-oriented. Interests: dining, travel, outdoor sports and friends. Seeks female best friend, 25-30, similar interests. Letter and photo. 3217 ✉

Are You My Sugar Magnolia?—In search of my sweetheart. 34-year-old, 6'1", good-looking Jewish male seeking a 27-35-year-old Jewish female who I can share my interests with (includes concerts, culture, movies and having fun). 3173 ✉☎

Rare Opportunity—Single Wasp man of leisure, 38, bright, fit, laid-back, socially liberal, food and music lover, technophile, private pilot, leg man (so?), seeks warm, *unaffected woman to thrill and be thrilled* by. Intelligence, good looks and political awareness are all pluses. Rush Limbaugh fans and other closeted haters need not apply. Photo/phone/note. 3190 ✉

Distinguished Hellenic Gentleman—In 40s, nonsmoker, established businessman, 5'5", blue eyes, light-haired and good-looking. Passionate, extremely romantic, sexy, poetic, very sincere and family-oriented. Enjoys classical music, long walks, steambaths, dry saunas and jacuzzi relaxation with exotic music. Seeks a truly *nice lady, no older than 42 - first to be connected* spiritually and second to become one body, one soul, enjoying long-lasting love for eternity. If you are eager to travel and discover the wealth of the historical treasures, come along my dear. One good heart deserves another. Be in good health. Please write - and recent picture. 3174 ✉

Dream Girl—Classic movie-star pretty, graceful, intelligent, sweet, Ivy-educated, 32, 5'6", 115 lbs with perfect (size 4) figure. Seeks sophisticated, smart, very successful, 30-plus man. 3193 ✉

Simply Special—Tall, pretty blond, Jewish female, classy, warm and natural, seeks that special man, 40s-50s, with a zest for travel, Manhattan culture, tennis, country weekends and sparkling conversation. 3150 ✉ ☎

Great Male—Handsome, fit, looking for great female (27-36), cute, simple and genius. Meet me at http://ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/yomtov2u/ or drop me a photo/description! 3223 ✉

Mr. Anonymous Cont'd, 4/6 Ad—You *circled ad, contemplated (he sounds good* ...too good). Wadda u waiting for? 3156 ✉

I Am Southern—Great-looking, fun, very interesting, 43, classy. Respond. 3214 ✉ ☎

NYMessage

You Called 3/21—And said the most important gift we can give a child is time. I think it is true for us. Please call.

Newark Airport From South Beach—3/24. I liked your shoes. Let's talk. 3166✉

Attorney, 28—Considerate, funny, tall, athletic, diverse interests...seeks a bright, attractive, nonsmoking woman, late 20s or 30s. Photo/note. 3164 ✉

Gay Male Physician—48, with many interests - bright, sensitive and successful, generally with a sense of humor and sense of perspective, but unfortunately with a vague resemblance to Danny DeVito, seeks interesting new friends. 3207 ✉

Professional White Male—35, sincere, serious and spiritual, attractive, a New Age thinker. Warm, fun, sensitive and multi-talented. Alcohol/tobacco and drug-free. Vegetarian. Love weekends in the mountains, meditation, movies, music, hiking and the outdoors, juicing, quiet evenings, excellence and achievement. Seeking compatible female, 24-39. Be sweet, honest, down-to-earth, intelligent, emotionally secure and real. Follow your heart. Photo requested but not required. 3211 ✉

Cultured—Sexy, athletic Cybill Shepherd type seeks Wall Street-type, similar 50s man, emotionally and financially secure. Recent photo. NJ acceptable. 3176 ✉

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MARY ANN MADDEN #908

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

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Above, Excerpts from a Directory of Services for the Coming Century. One entry, please.

Results of Competition 905, in which you were asked for three versions of a random sentence.

Report: We must start meeting this way. At the White House. Aboard the *Titanic* (separate stories despite what you hear). Aboard the *Pequod* (Call me Ish). Divorce court (Take my wife, please). On the campaign trail (See Dick run). At the festival (I won Competition 905. I want to go to the festival). And, of course, at the reptile hangout in the zoo. You heard us. Reptiles. Lizards, mainly. Problem with providing an example for these things—your admirable but scrupulous tendency to mimic. Even lizards. Thwaaaap. These entries got successively thinner and richer. Hoping you the same.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

Honest, Officer, I didn't know the gun was loaded.
I loved her more than life itself.
Dead?
John Blumenthal, Rye, N.Y.

Thou fair unravish'd bride of quietness
Thou fairest sylvan bride of the
There once was a girl named Venus
David Rozenson, Newton, Mass.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

Good nutrition is the key to successful dieting.
Exercise, even more than nutrition, is the essence of weight loss.
That John Goodman is one hell of an actor.
Jeff Brauer, Brookline, Mass.

To each his own.
To each their own.
People may like different things.
Tom Frenkel, Sunnyside, N.Y.

He struck and struck again; the bitter day departed, swaddling him in sullen darkness.
The brisk staccato of his hands pulled over his weary head the star-covered blanket of the night.
He clapped twice, and the lights went out.
James H. Tucker, St. Albans, N.Y.

And Honorable Mention to:

I could see her lithe silhouette moving languidly toward the threshold like a sated cheetah.
She opened the door with the sangfroid of a Louis Quatorze courtesan.
"It's open," she called.
Elaine Stallworth, New Port Richie, Fla.

She did a demure tap-tap-tap with her fingernails on the door frame.
He beat at the door with his fist, shaking the glass panel.
Somebody was at the door.
David I. Warren, Chagrin Falls, Ohio

He loves me.
He loves me not.
The big creep.
Ruth Van Dyck, Englewood, N.J.

O'Malley was concerned lest liberal Los Angeles fans hate him for selling to a man they hated even more.
O'Malley remembered how bitter Brooklyn was when it lost its "Bums" to Lalaland.
The Dodgers' owner took the money and ran.
Al Hattal, Marina Del Rey, Calif.

"Radio Flyer . . ."
"Flexible Flyer . . ."
"Rosebud . . ."
James Leary, Winnetka, Ill.

The apparition danced before her eyes, then vanished into the dark mirror.
She glanced into the mirror and saw a man looking over her shoulder.
BOO.
Marjorie J. Levine, N.Y.C.

August: when the heat rises from the pavement in dull yellow waves and the sun can burn a hole in a man's skull.
August: the trees, a fatigued gray-green; the air, a sour soup of overripe melons and decaying dreams.
It was Christmas, it was snowing, and August was but a dim memory.
Larry Laiken, N.Y.C.

A shrill cry permeated the unending darkness.
A familiar wail floated on the stagnant night air.
Damn cat.
Jan Streilein, Lansdale, Pa.

I had a decision to make: Should I let the lying, cheating bastard crawl away?
How we got into this situation—Garrick on the floor, me with a knife at his throat—is somewhat complicated.
I probably should have killed him when I had the chance.
Suzie Bolotin, Chapel Hill, N.C.

The mists lifted and the morning glories shouted their revelries to an expectant world.
A new dawn, a new day, a new beginning.
Monday.
Alex Wang, N.Y.C.

It was a dark night.
It was a stormy night.
It was a dark and stormy night.
Marie Morris, Boston, Mass.

The bullet pierced my gut like a red-hot lance.
What unholy pain felt I as the projectile entered my being.
Ow.
Shane Perez, N.Y.C.

Always protect your gluteus maximus from attack.
Do not place your posterior regions in a vulnerable position.
Never moon a werewolf.
Patsy V. Felmet, Wintersville, Ohio

Magnificent Winesap
Huge Empire
Big Apple
Louis Phillips, N.Y.C.

Her time was running out, like an FAA computer with the Y2K problem.
Her time was running out, like an unmailed Publishers' Clearing House sweepstakes entry.
Her time was running out, like, now.
Bob Kopac, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Despite being perplexed by the excessive amount of stickiness left deposited on the odd-shaped jar, he briskly created an antidote for his somewhat steadily growing craving for food.
Overwhelmed by this sense of urgency, he impulsively opted for convenience over culinary chic and slapped together a particularly crunchy version of his favorite boyhood treat.
Peanut butter and jelly, yum.
Lawrence Herman, Brooklyn

"Hoy-hoy, Horsie."
"Giddy-yap, gee-gee."
"Hi-yo, Silver."
Kim Brigham, Lincoln, Mass.

He stood at the podium, his thin lips creased in the vulpine grimace his press aide called a smile.
The tone was carefully modulated and the words benign, but those icy eyes were still tallying ancient grievances.
The mayor spoke.
A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.

After such a long and close relationship, I have finally realized that you will always do whatever serves your own interest, so

I can only tell you to do whatever you think best.
During our relationship, you have directed so many threats and ultimata at me that I have become more or less indifferent to them, and I feel the same about this one.
Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn.

John Foshee, Austin, Tex.

Ten seconds later, the air was accelerating through me at 9.8 m/sec^2; or rather, I was accelerating through it.
Ten seconds later, my view looked like one of those diner placemats with a map on it, only colored with just earth tones.
Ten seconds later, when the rip cord came off in my hand, I knew I was in trouble.

Todd Feitelson, Millbrook, N.Y.

There seemed to be an eerie feeling about this stretch of road as it disappeared into monstrously tall cornstalks far into the horizon.
As they drove along the ribbon of road ahead they were swept through a sea of corn tassels as far as the eye could see.
We must be in Iowa.

Sandra Mauro, Kansas City, Mo.

She came at me in sections, like the cells, columns, and rows of her quivering electronic spreadsheet.
She undulated toward me, unhinging a hundred and one unfathered, ungodly fantasies I could ill afford.
She strode down the hall and handed me the invoice.

Paul Kocak, Syracuse, N.Y.

It was suddenly clear that my argosies of artifice and a thousand subtle persuasions had run hard aground.
In a mind where grays were banned, her stark rejoinder dashed my every hope of appeal.
She said no.

Bill Wilson, Huntsville, Ala.
sp. ment.: Janice Wigg, Portland, Ore.

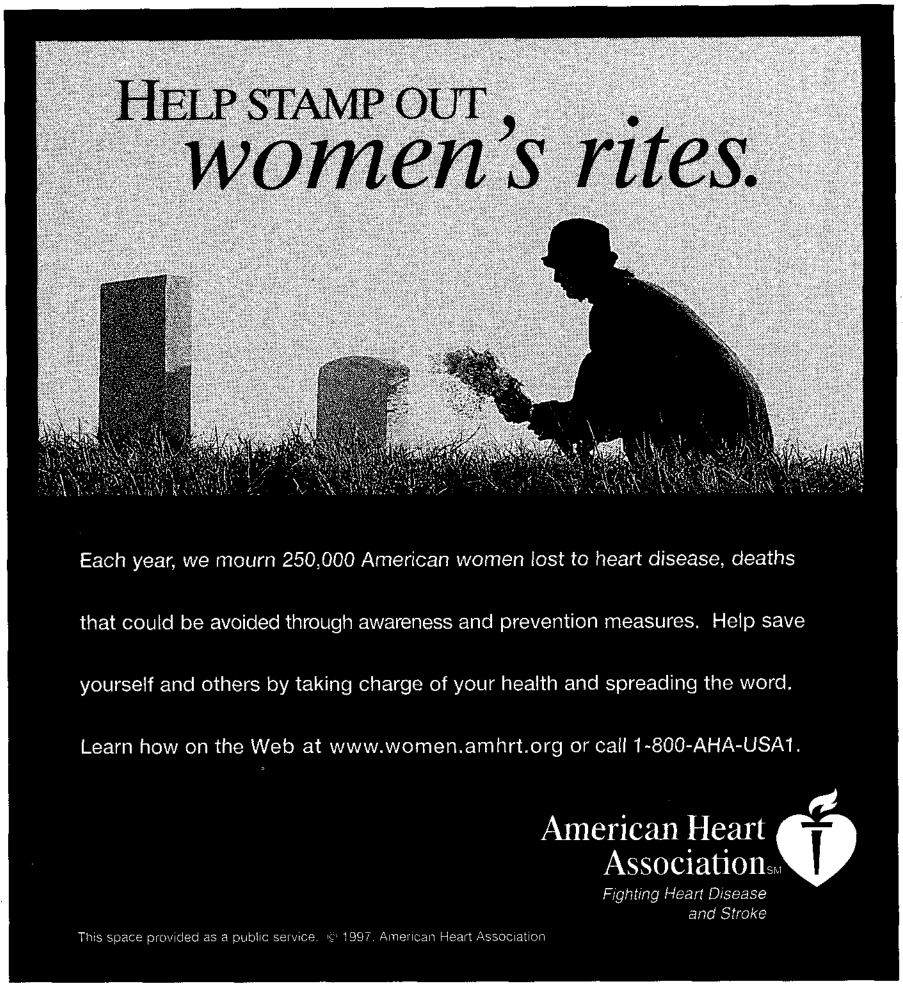
The netherworld awaited; I descended to join the fetid, clamorous throng.
Chewing gum clawed at my feet, unearthly noises filled the air; I stepped downward and the heat of human bodies took my breath away.
I took the subway downtown.

J. Bickart, N.Y.C.

I was physically consumed by her innocent yet age-old sexuality and seething passions.
I was aroused by her bold, thrilling here-I-am-come-ravish-me sensuousness and uninhibited desires.
I fell in love with her mind.

Fran Manne, Mahwah, N.J.

Rules: Postcards, please, typed if possible. **ONE ENTRY ONLY** to Competition Number 908, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999. E-mail to 104700.2563@compuserve.com, **WITH STREET ADDRESS.** Entries must be received by April 17. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York*. Results and winners' names will appear in the May 11 issue.



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Solutions to last week's puzzles

■	P	■	L	■	F	■	W	■	E	■	F	■	A	■
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New York

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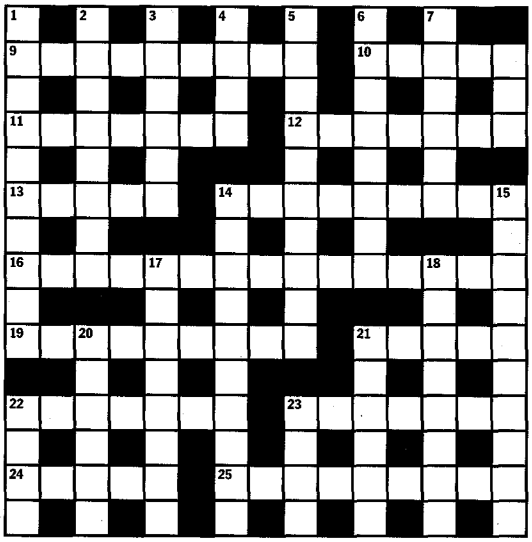
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

9 Defer till end of holiday perhaps. (5,4)
10 Accomplished in one department. (5)
11 Conjoined in rough ride on sheep-back. (7)
12 Couturier overcome by your Adam's apple? (7)
13 Remained reportedly steady. (5)
14 Music driving churchman to drink. (9)
16 Choosing where one lives as a means of wooing voters. (8,7)
19 Plant proving money-maker on spare plot. (9)
21 Carries on for financial reward. (5)
22 To a bird, one drink. (7)
23 Footballers in their place of entertainment. (3,4)
24 Poles to get outside support in time. (5)
25 Right name perhaps for a horrifying experience. (9)



DOWN

1 Are they the best teachers of art? (3,7)
2 Vehicle bearing. (8)
3 Time for hurt pride about nothing. (6)
4 Very keen to see singer's come-back. (4)
5 Reformer in favour of worker being put on trial. (10)
6 Formative time for young gangster. (8)
7 Iron-road headgear? (6)
8 Boss with a way acceptable to many. (4)
14 Stipulations on food. (10)
15 Simple way to find a comfortable situation. (4,6)
17 Insects' time to rest perhaps. (8)
18 Encourage a boy to have a meal. (3,5)
20 Message conveying money to queen. (6)
21 The war tribute to the departed. (6)
22 Child-power it is said. (4)
23 External protection for a Roman goat? (4)

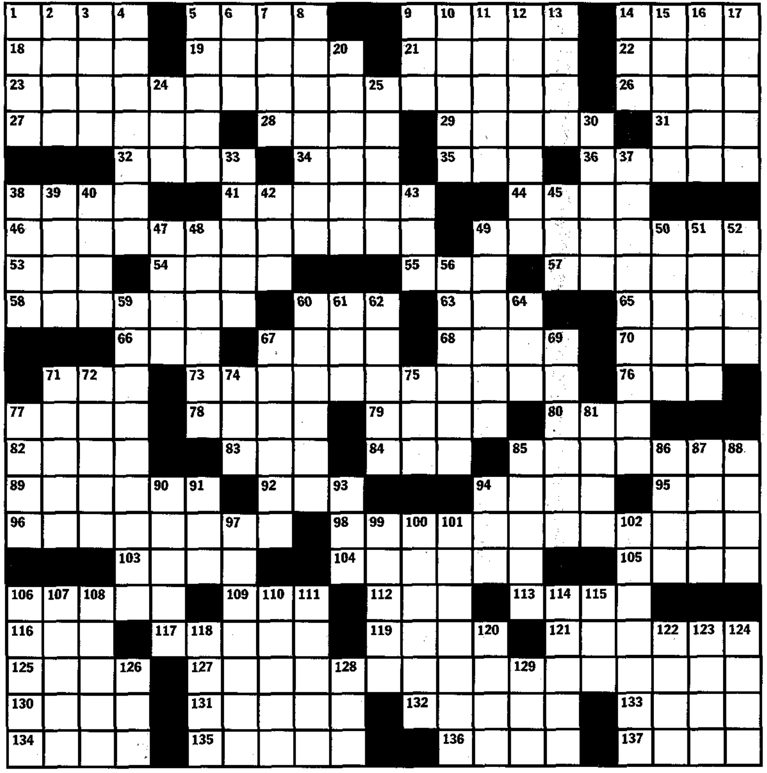
'N.J. Meeting': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Maggie Smith's title
5 Greek cheese
9 Explorer Polo
14 First Arabic letter
18 Pizzazz
19 Ten-percenter
21 Lacking motion
22 Dog of a 1974 movie
23 Nickname of a Yankee great
26 Critical point
27 Fashion's concern
28 E.T.O. battle town
29 More hobbled
31 Lode load
32 Longest-running Broadway show
34 In a lather, with "up"
35 Bullring bravo
36 Willow twig
38 Le Moko of "Algiers"
41 Worshiped
44 Apropos of
46 In an unwise manner
49 Britain's flag
53 And not
54 Woody Guthrie's son
55 Unit of work
57 Saint George's foe
58 Revolves
60 Apple computer
63 Biographical datum
65 Bagel middle
66 Maiden-named
67 One-man stint
68 Short-order dressing
70 Canal of song
71 And, but, or or: abbr.
73 Kids of old comics
76 Delhi bread
77 Points, in math
78 Antitoxins
79 Is obligated to
80 —— generis (unique)
82 Inland sea of Russia
83 Pine tree's kin
84 Sofa, converted
85 Deserving compassion
89 Wan
92 School-support org.
94 Salad fish
95 Health club
96 No beauty
98 37th President
103 Aviation prefix
104 City in Illinois
105 Top-drawer
106 Consigns to perdition
109 Before two las
112 "Do —— say . . ."
113 Someone else's child
116 Woolly female
117 Bushed
119 Hindu god
121 Maltreated
125 Minstrel-show instrument
127 Kids' "Teenage" hero of the '90s
130 Civil disorder
131 Pedro's pal
132 Folklore dwarf
133 Slacken
134 What three men were in
135 Miles per hour
136 Dolls' dates
137 Ginger cookie

DOWN

1 —— vu
2 Very much
3 Brewing grain
4 Lured
5 Type of plane engine
6 Sense of self
7 Golf-bag items
8 "A Loaf of Bread —— beside me . . ."
9 She played Rosemary
10 English-speaker, to a Latino
11 Fit for a king
12 1853–1856 war
13 Branch of the Sioux
14 Channel 7, in N.Y.
15 "Vive ——!"
16 Do physical harm to
17 Repairman
20 Roofers, sometimes
24 Belfast rebel gp.
25 Auto court
30 Helicopter propulsion
33 Puts out to sea
37 Famed Norwegian skater
38 Table-tennis half
39 Get pleasure from
40 Satisfied meow
42 End of a rooster's greeting
43 Go blond
45 Imogene's co-star
47 "Must have been something ——"
48 Small streams
49 "Hallelujah, Baby!" star Leslie
50 Athenian marketplace
51 General Powell
52 Place for Sonny Boy
56 Collided by intent
59 "It's a Living" actress
60 "Amadeus"
61 Milwaukee product
62 Scam
64 Hook's go-with
67 Zebra feature
69 "Twelfth Night" duke
71 Reef buildup
72 Central Florida city
74 Pershing's command: abbr.
75 Bedazzle
77 Nomadic Norseman
81 East of Nevada
85 Where Lahore is capital
86 —— buco
87 Second Grimm word
88 Mentally balanced
90 Jokingly
91 Historic women's assn.
93 Yodeler's backdrop
94 You, familiarly: Fr.
97 Bridge bid
99 Leavening catalyst
100 Nuzzling
101 Behind the wheel
102 Human and Mother
106 Paget or Winger
107 Be in store for
108 Adolphe of early films
110 Make a double knot
111 Proverb
114 Has status
115 —— Simbel
118 "—— corny as Kansas . . ."
120 Variety of pear
122 Memorable Getz
123 "Lohengrin" heroine
124 Kind of freeze
126 N.Y.C. betting parlor
128 Land east of Eden
129 An Irving



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 95.

Advertisement

Spring Restaurant Review: Sharon Melville

A SECRET GARDEN IN GREENWICH VILLAGE

Ye Waverly Inn: An Enchanting Jewel

With its skylit patio garden, this enchanting jewel tucked away in Greenwich Village is the perfect place for a Spring afternoon or evening. Ye Waverly Inn is located on the corner of Bank Street and Waverly Place. There, you are greeted outside by russet marigolds, scarlet geraniums and deep pink petunias and marvelled inside by the many antique adorned rooms as you travel through the restaurant to its treasured skylit patio garden.

Built over 150 years ago as an inn for travelers, and converted to a restaurant/tea room in 1920, Ye Waverly Inn is a delicate reminder of a gentler era. The quintet of enchanting dining rooms offer up a true history lesson in 19th century decor – from pewter candlesticks to antique sconces, authentic prints and wrought iron lanterns, each item adding to the unforgettable atmosphere. On quiet nights guests have reported sighting a ghost or two. Perhaps the spirits of the literary legends who lingered in the warmth of the brick fireplaces earlier this century. The likes of Robert Frost, Edna St. Vincent Millay and Eugene O'Neill. These days, celebrated writers such as Quentin Crisp, award winning actors Matthew Broderick, Sarah Jessica Parker, Brad Pitt, Kevin Spacey, Uma Thurman and Marisa Tomei, or model Liv Tyler may be having a tête-a-tête just a table away from you – except you may be just too entranced by the excellent dish in front of you to even notice.

Indeed, for many a New Yorker, a leisurely dinner at the Inn is the ideal antidote to a hectic day. While their American fare has always been first-rate, Ye Waverly Inn's new menu is truly superb, borrowing from both the glories of the past and the brilliance of the present. For starters, the Sunflower Seed Crusted Jumbo Shrimp with Pineapple Chutney ($8.00) could not be more delicious, but those who prefer lighter fare will be just as overjoyed with warm Goat Cheese over Arugula-Beet Salad ($7.00) or Grilled Shitake Mushroom Hearts of Palm Salad ($7.00). Is there any food more comforting than the house's signature entrees, Chicken Pot Pie ($12.75) and French Peasant Meatloaf ($11.75)? NO! But lately I'm taken with such recent creations as: Salmon & Crabcakes ($15.75), Tuna Steak with Lime Ginger Sauce served over Watercress & Caribbean Style Rice and Beans ($17.00) and the Grilled Medallions of Beef Tenderloin with Portabella and Corn Hash ($18.75), all sophisticated and divine. And trust me, there's plenty more here to tantalize your taste buds.

Desserts are so good here that I make sure to make room for at least one bite. When I'm feeling virtuous, the homemade Mango Sorbet is a not-so-guilty pleasure, but when it's calories-be-damned, the Chocolate Espresso Mousse Pie is the treat I choose. Rich, satisfying and utterly sinful, it's my perfect ending to a perfect meal.

Weekend Jazz Brunch is especially popular, an elegant yet comfortable affair highlighted by sparkling champagne, sumptuous omelettes or extraordinary French Toast with Bananas & Cinnamon. If your schedule permits, take advantage of weekday lunch or the early dinner special offered Monday through Thursday. But no matter when you arrive, it's the right time to be at Ye Waverly Inn.

Ye Waverly Inn, 16 Bank Street, on the corner of Waverly & Bank (929-4377/78). Monday through Thursday Lunch 11:30 am to 3:30 pm; Dinner 5:00 pm to 10:30 pm; Friday Lunch 11:30 am to 3:30 pm; Friday-Saturday Dinner 5:00 pm to 11:30 pm; Saturday and Sunday Brunch 11:00 am to 3:30 pm; Sunday Dinner 5:00 pm to 10:00 pm. AMEX, MC, VISA Accepted.

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